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Jackie Chan, girlfriend training, and how to make a roadkill coat

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"Watch out—we're gonna do a cannonball!"

WE CHARM HER PANTS OFF!

PAGE 106

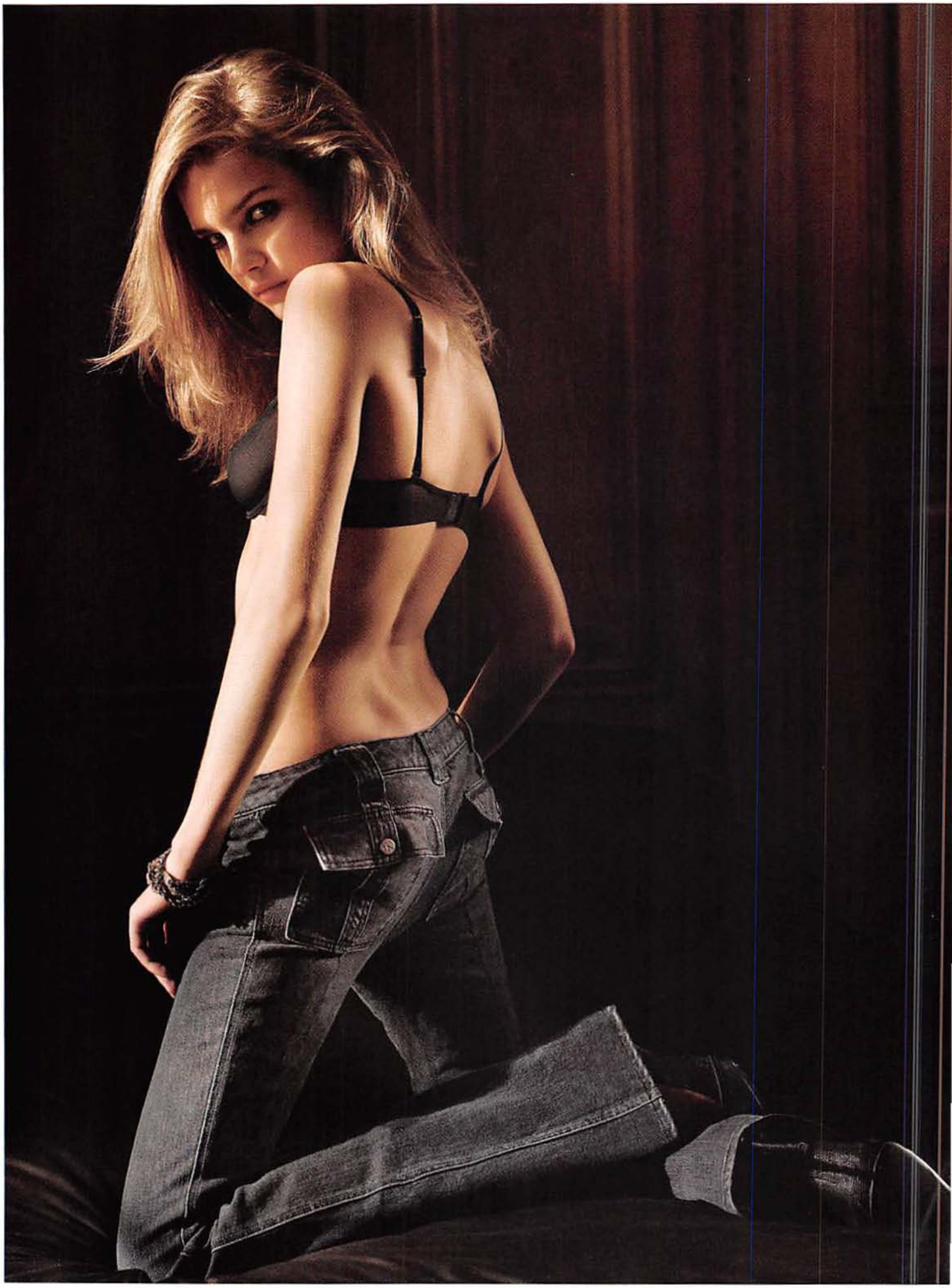
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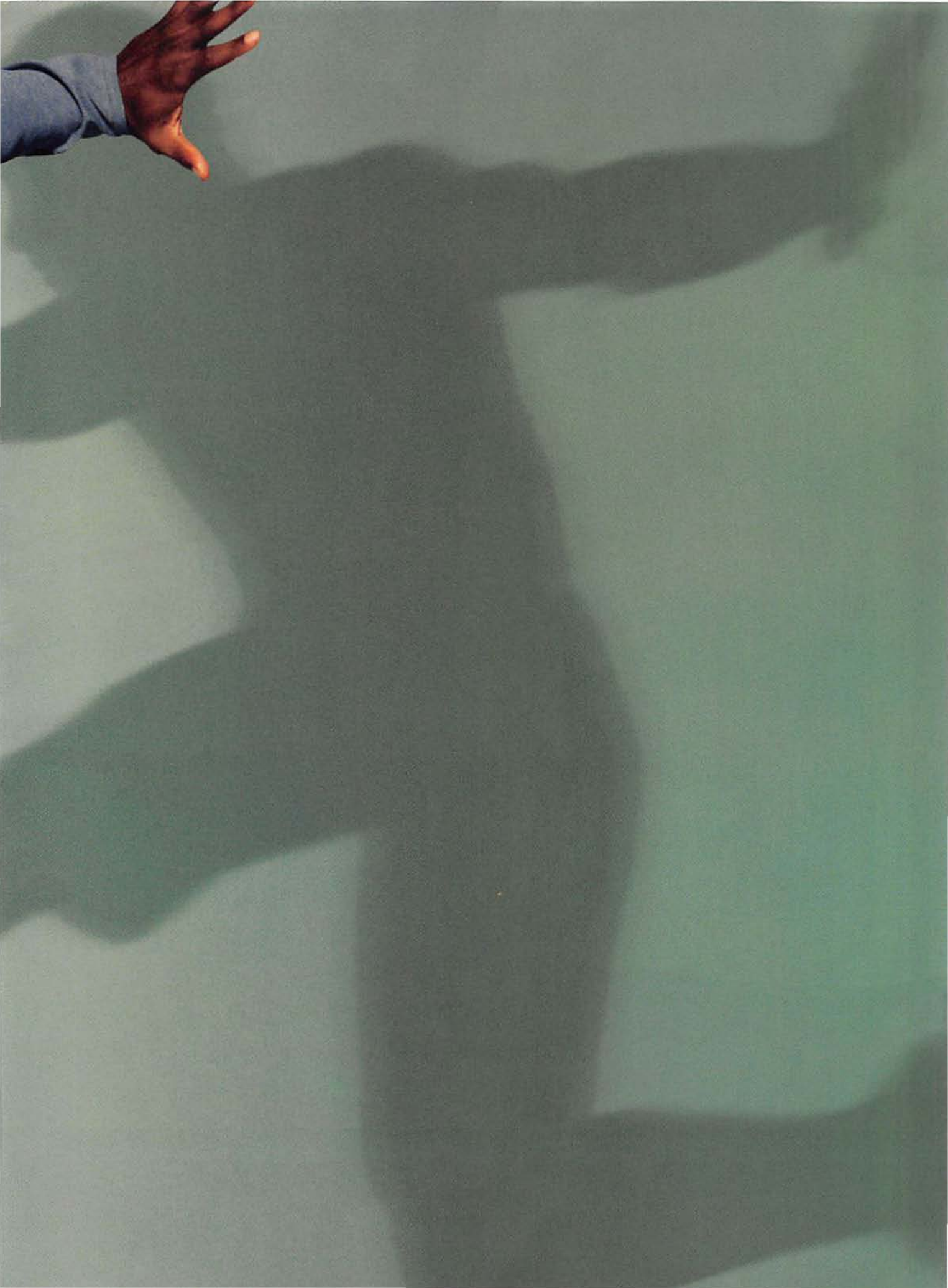
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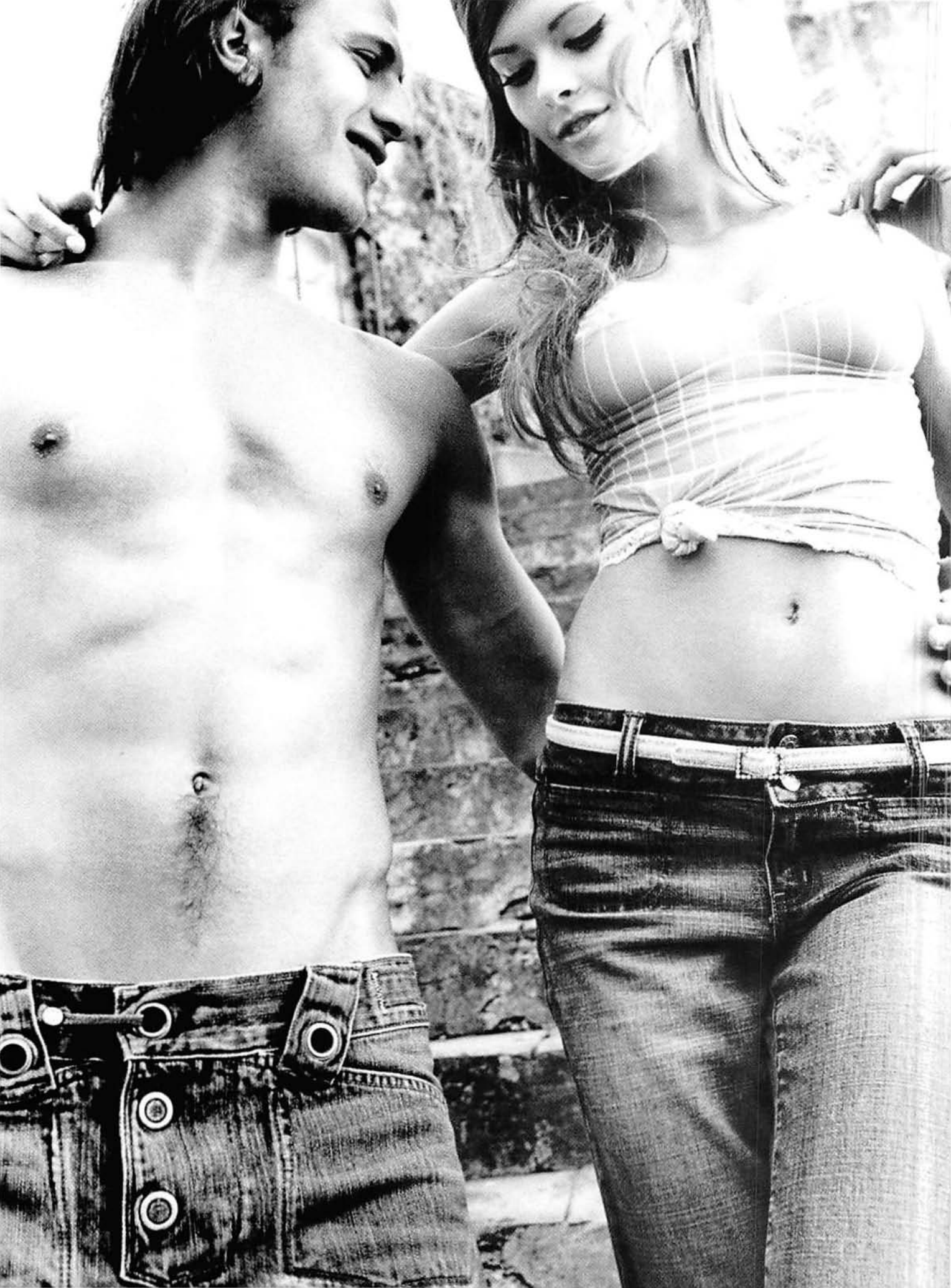




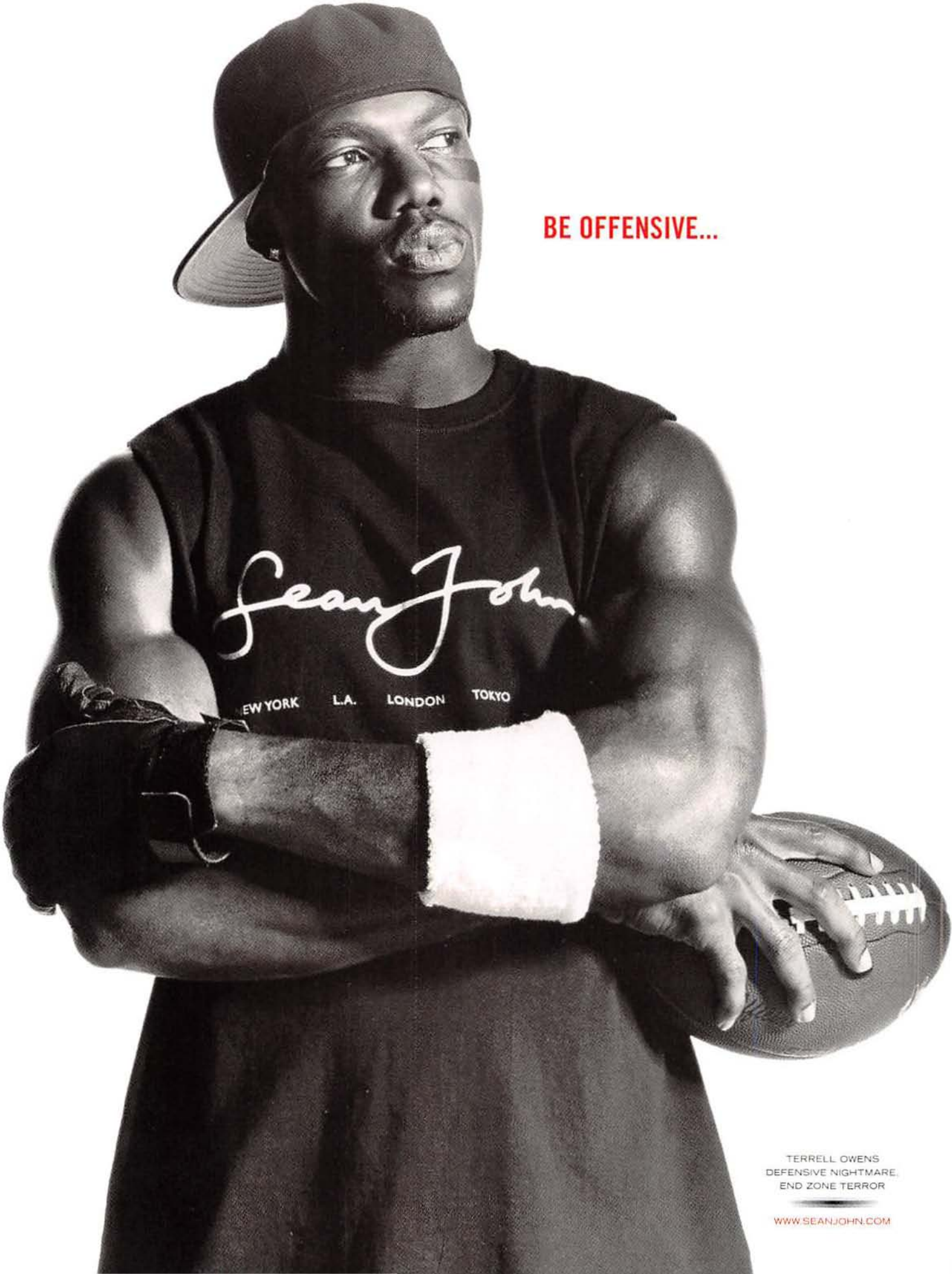
cK Calvin Klein Jeans

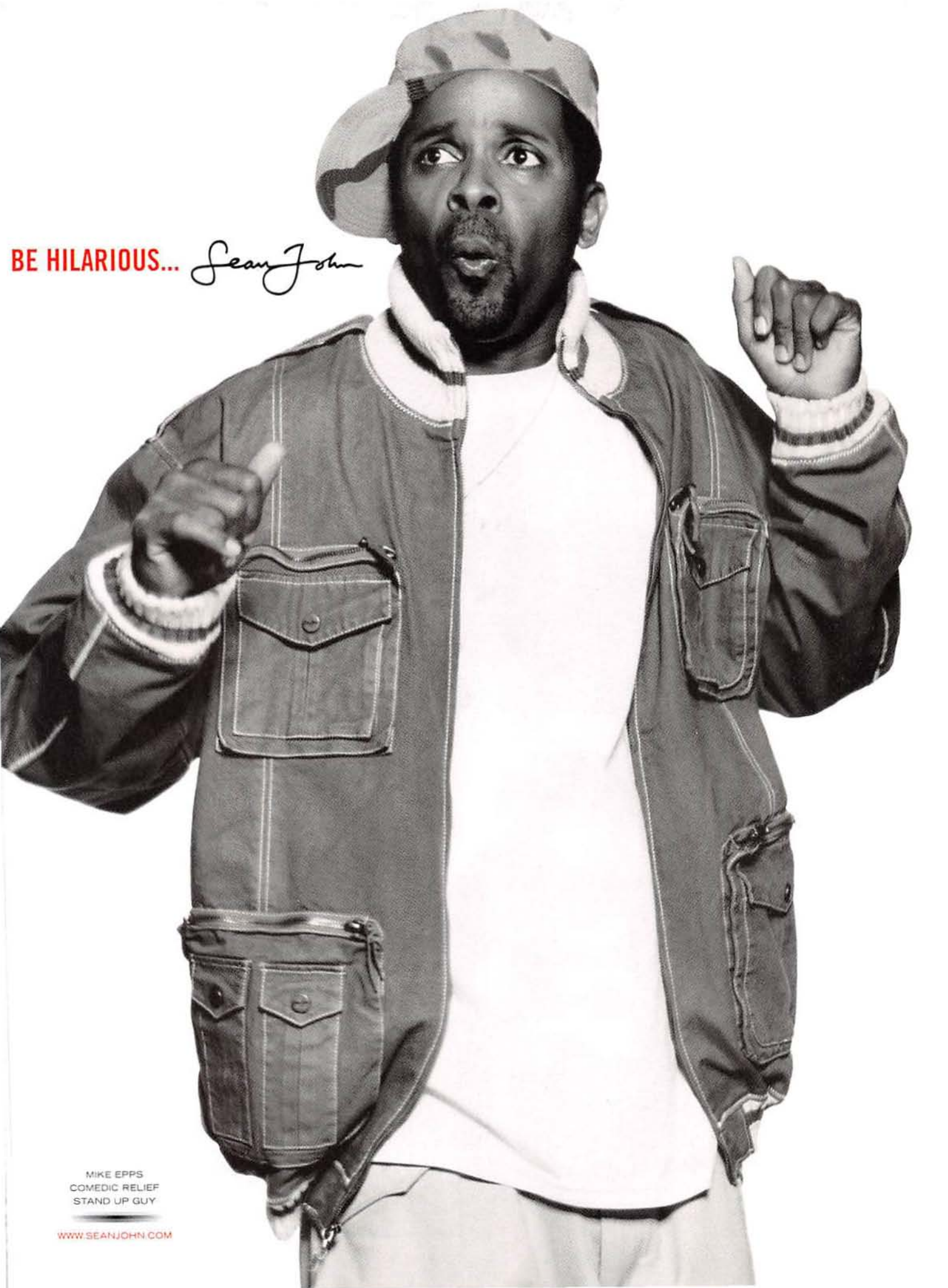

MICHAEL VICK
DRI-FIT SWITCHBACK TOP
FLEXIBILITY TO GO
MADE TO MOVE



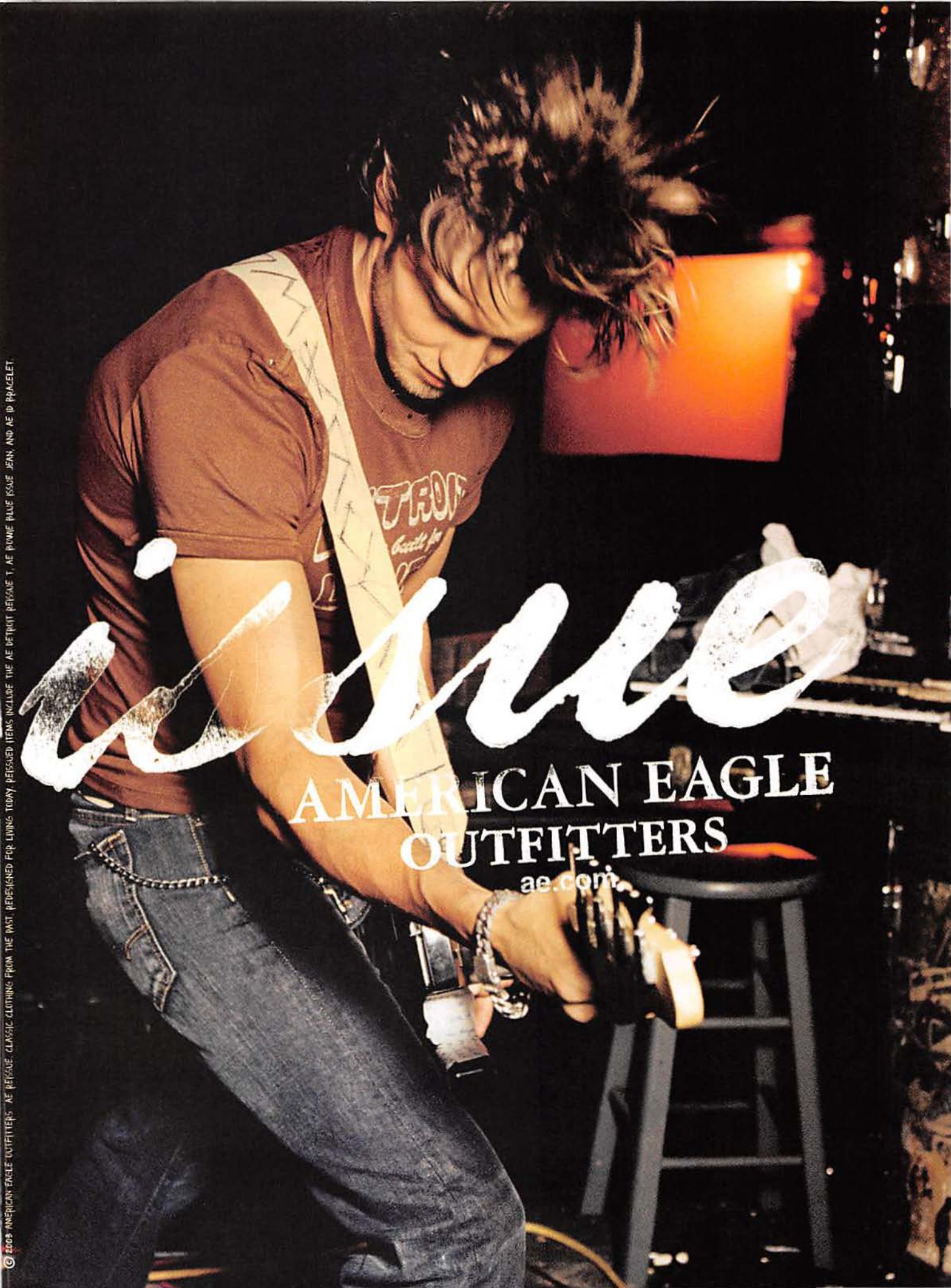



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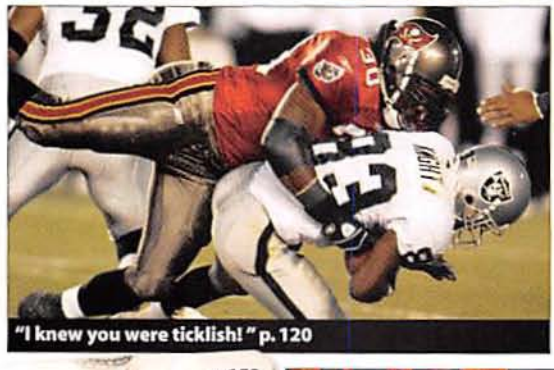


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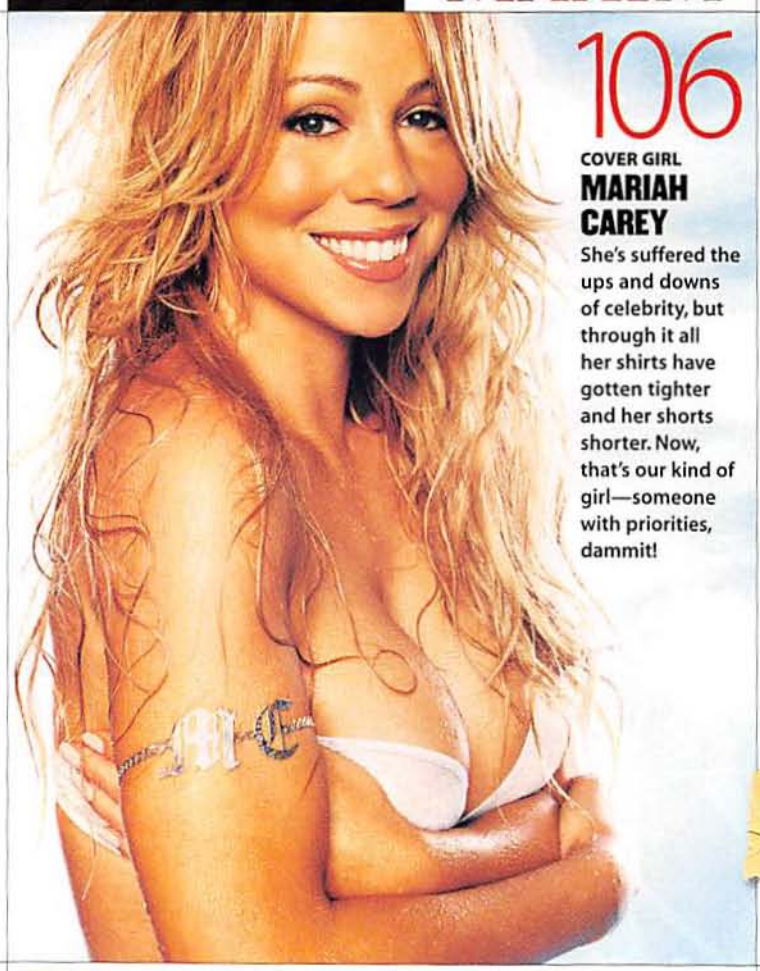


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COVER GIRL

MARIAH CAREY

She's suffered the ups and downs of celebrity, but through it all her shirts have gotten tighter and her shorts shorter. Now, that's our kind of girl—someone with priorities, dammit!



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CONFERENCE CALLS

BREAKING IT DOWN

Where will the chips fall come January? Which teams will be tearing through conference rivals like Kelly Osbourne at a raw bar, and which'll be packing their bags for a long winter's nap? We've scoped the AFC and NFC, and here's what we know. Plus, the real reason God created football: cheerleaders.

BLITZ! 2003 SEASON PREVIEW

WE WANT ANSWERS!

104 JACKIE CHAN

Sticks and stones can break your bones, but who cares if you can single-handedly bitch-slap six bikers and take on the Chinese Mafia? Pain does not exist in this dojo.

DANGER ZONE

142 BOMBS AWAY

Think hidden nukes are just for Kim Jong Il? Think again. Handfuls of bombs have been lost in military accidents, and you could be the next to recover one.

TRAINING DAY

144 GIRLFRIEND OBEDIENCE SCHOOL

New girlfriends are like puppies: loving and playful, needy and incontinent. Follow our eight-point course and teach them to shit on the newspaper—not on you.

LIVE FROM THE FRONT

152 IRAQ'S WILD WEST

American soldiers police the border town of Al Qaim, where every man in their midst walks the fine line between friend and foe. Our man on the ground, Adam Piore, takes you on a tour.

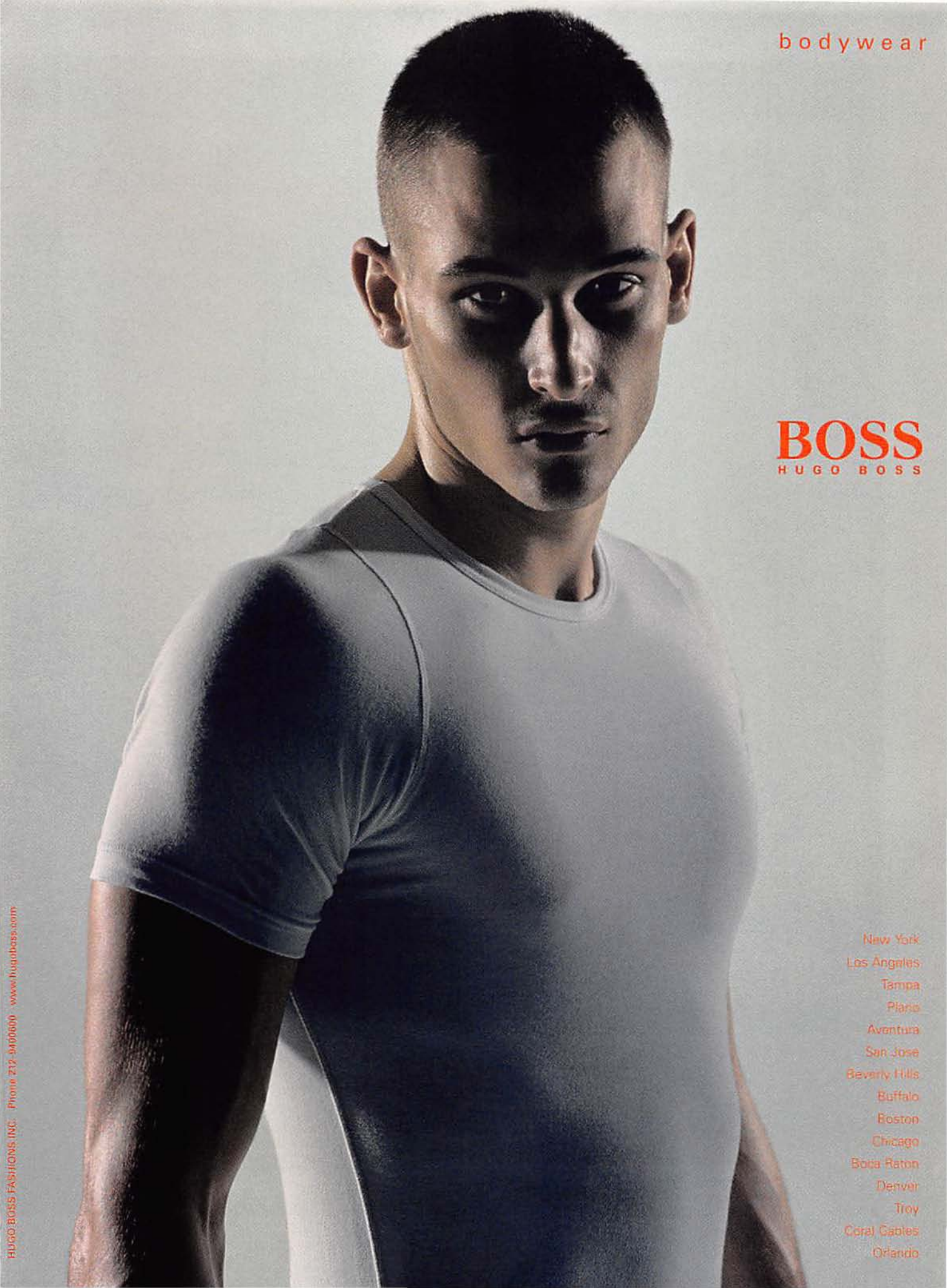
AMERICAN BEAUTY

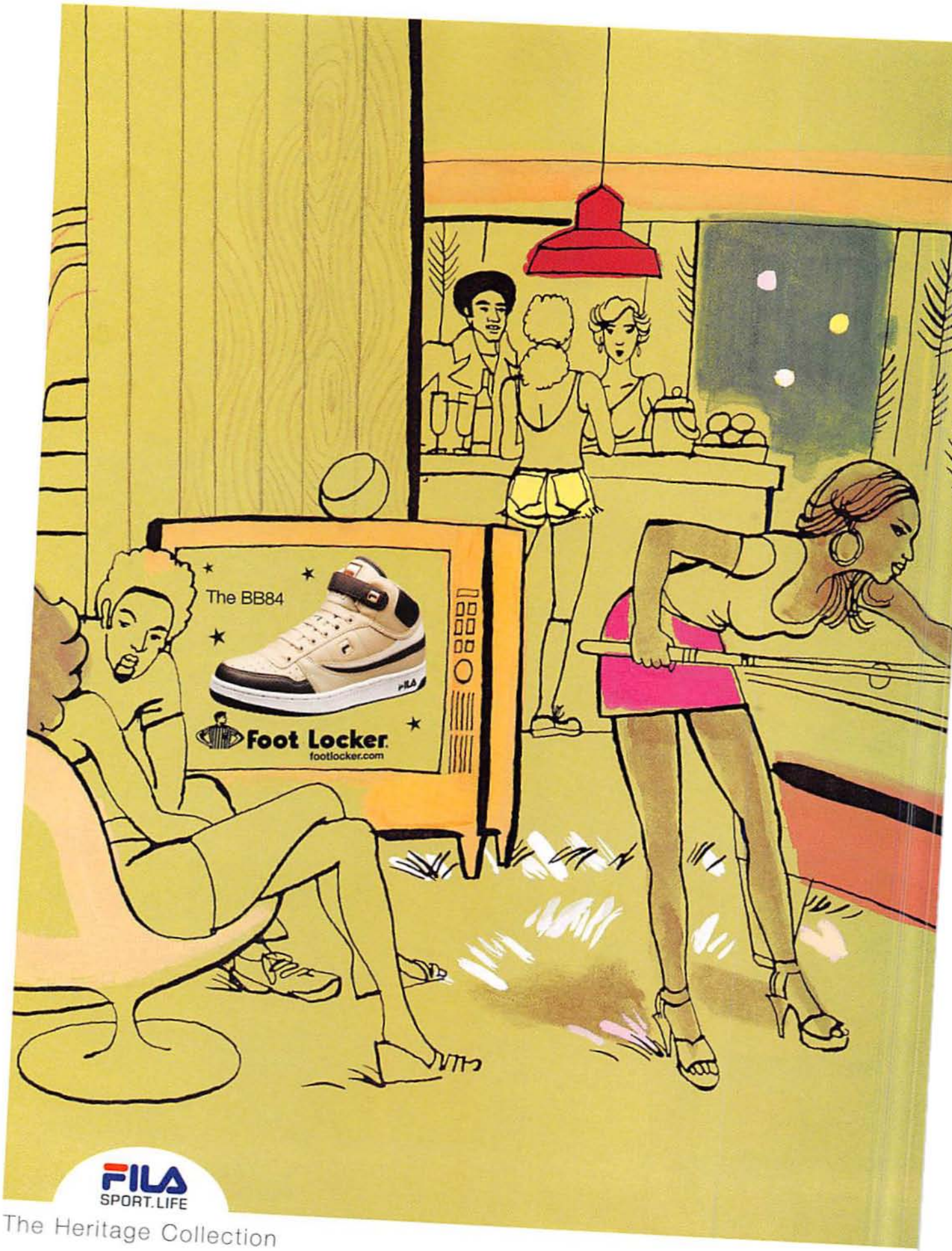
162 AMANDA SWISTEN

The newest hottie to bless the *American Pie* franchise, Amanda tarts it up as a German dominatrix. *Achtung*, baby!

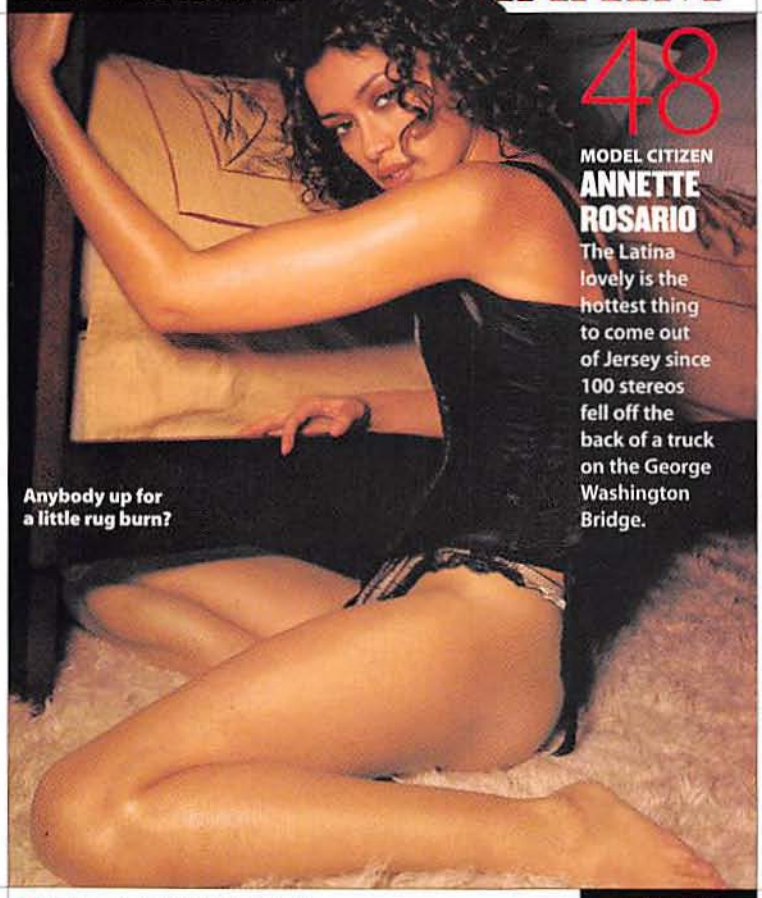


That's not all, folks! p.162


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Anybody up for a little rug burn?

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MODEL CITIZEN

ANNETTE ROSARIO

The Latina lovely is the hottest thing to come out of Jersey since 100 stereos fell off the back of a truck on the George Washington Bridge.

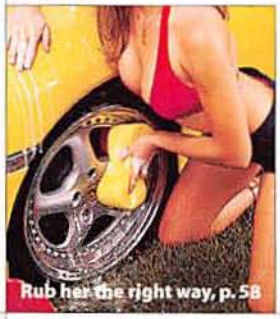
Regulars



Catcalls, p.50



Just play along... p.80



Rub her the right way, p. 58



Fun bags, p.170

Win this phone, p.30



30 READERS' LETTERS
Hear ye, minions! It's your turn to come work at *Maxim*! Throw your *cojones* on the line and enter our contest. We'll weigh and measure 'em and pick the winner in nine months. See inside for details.

36 JOKES
Your mama's so ugly there's a mask of her face in the contraception aisle. Oh-h-h!

38 CIRCUS MAXIMUS
It's the animal kingdom! We've got ballistic bees, elephant orchestras, and cats as canvases. Plus: New York's best dogs—deep-fried and wrapped in pig. What's that? PETA calling?

58 HOW TO
Date two women and clear a minefield—surprisingly similar tasks. Plus: Build a radio, wash a car, and make a road kill coat. Who's on line two? Again?

SAYS HER
66 SWORD SWALLOWING
How many licks does it take her to reach the creamy center? We've got five tips to coax your lady downtown—anytime, anywhere.

BODY SHOP
80 ASK DR. MAXIM
Lying on pins and needles, braving the crimson tide, and a fix for flakes. Okay, you're done. You can get your clothes back when you pay the nurse.



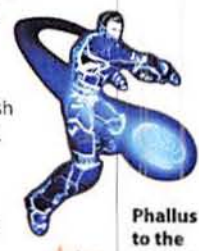
Cher's comeback tour 2047, p.198

86 HOT ZONE
Eve goes digital in Ubi Soft's *XIII*. Plus: the wildest, deadliest, eardrum-blastingest movie shootouts.

169 MAXIM FASHION
Mod looks that'll have throngs of teenage girls screaming with glee. Floppy hair optional.

197 TOP GEAR
An MP3 player small enough for your girlish hands and a T-X head scarier than your ex.

204 BAR EXAM
Executive editor James Heidenry can sing rings around that Clay Aiken.



Phallus to the rescue! p.100

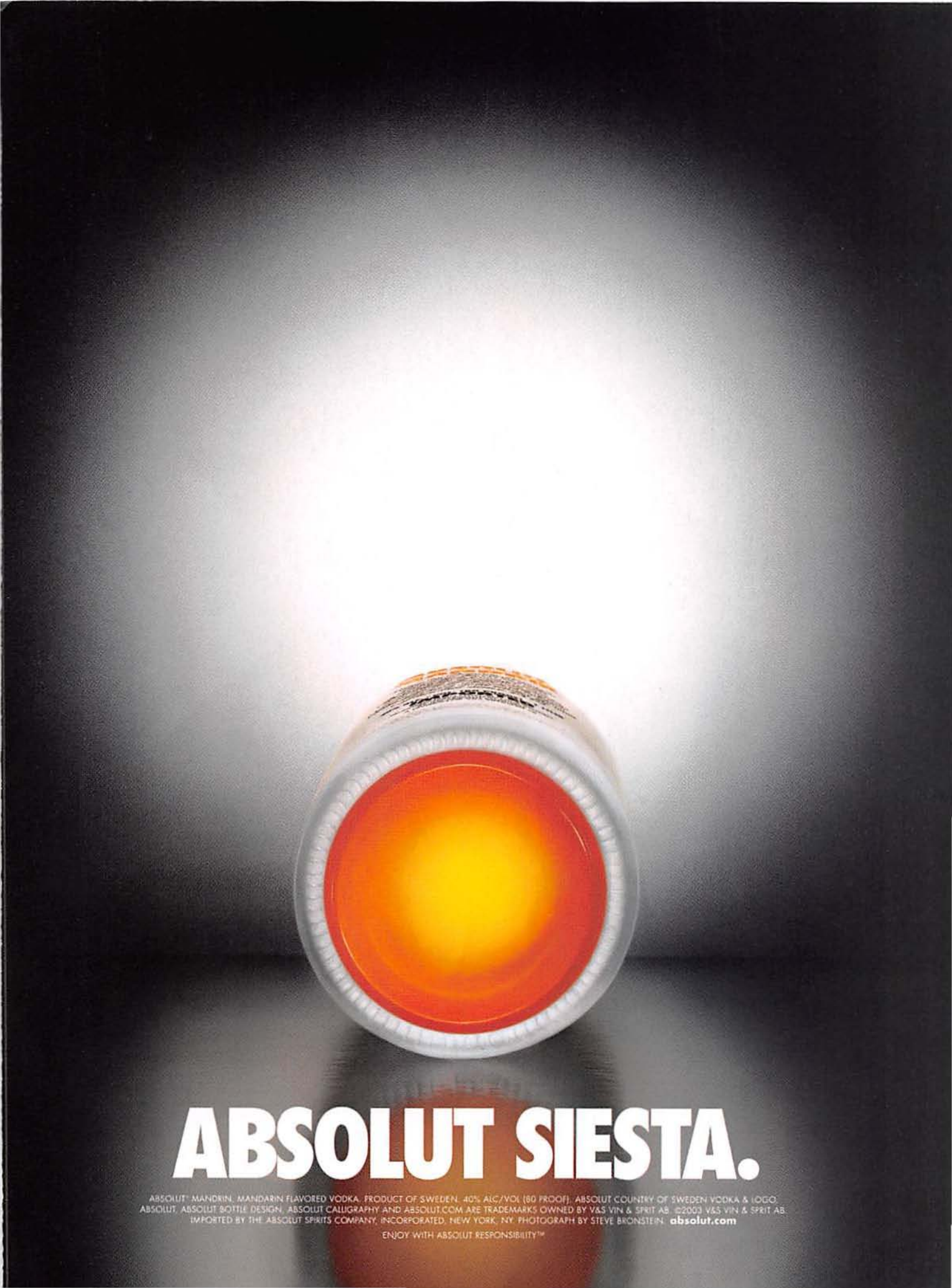
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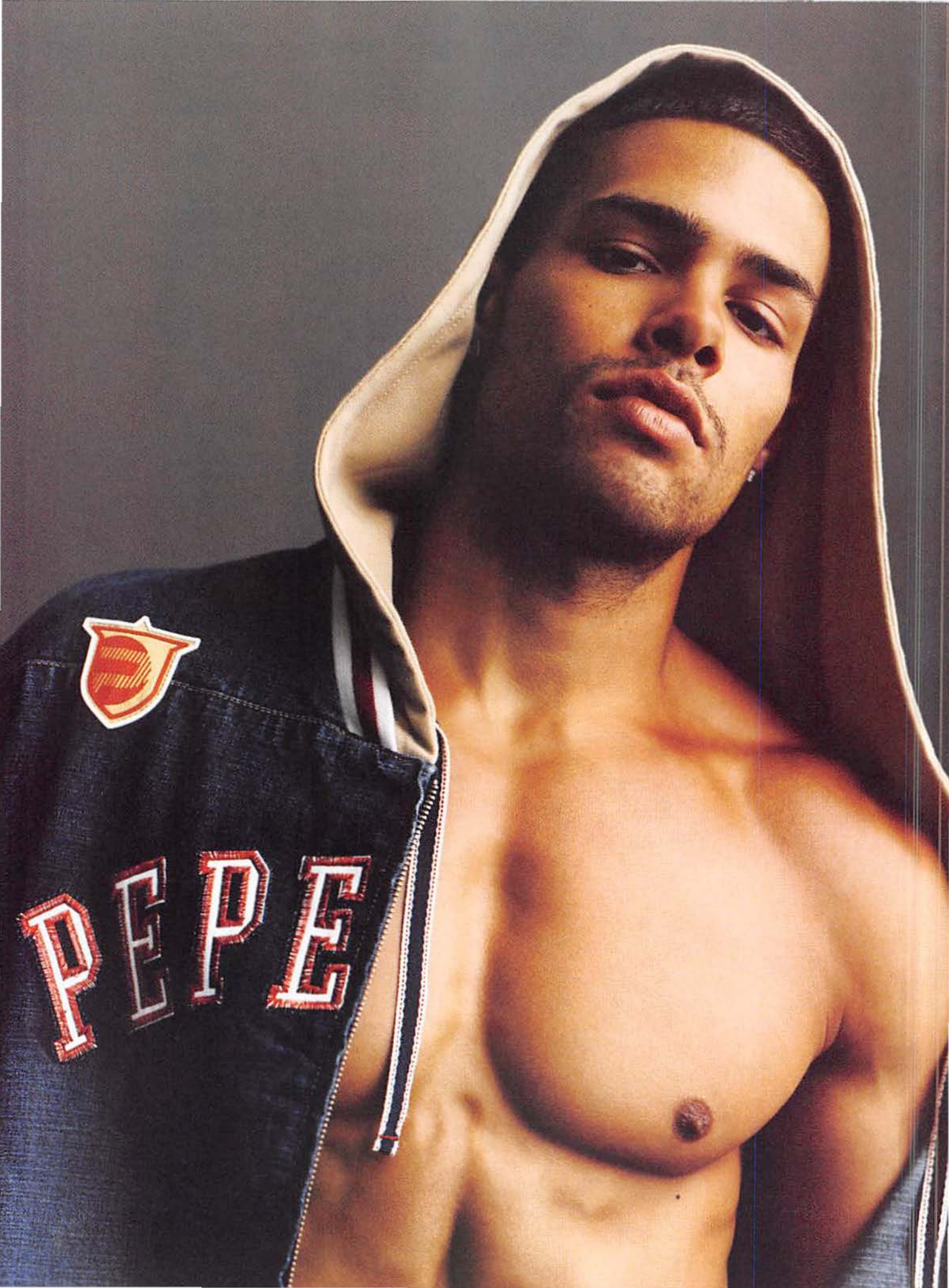
THE BACHELOR PARTY BIBLE

BOOK ONE: LAS VEGAS

Sex with the same woman...forever? We'll show you how to bravely face your future with a weekend in Sin City.




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MAXIM's Hometown Hotties

After thousands of entries and months of voting, the 10 hottest girls in America are ready for their closeups!

THIS NOVEMBER!

TOP TEN HOTTIES EXPOSED!

You saw them in these pages. You harbored thoughts that would have you expelled from every major faith on Earth. You dutifully voted for your favorites. And now the 10 sexy semifinalists are being flown from all over the U.S. to Los Angeles, where they'll be photographed for a special 24-page supplement in our November issue. Don't miss this roadside attraction en route to the #1 hottie in America!

BONUS!
VIDEO FROM THIS SPECIAL-DELIVERY SHOOT AT MAXIMONLINE.COM
GENELLE!

Photograph: Charlie Langella; styling: Cannon for Oliver Pira; set design: Shawn Patrick Anderson for JGK; makeup: Tommy Joiner for Artistry; hair: Todd Bush. Shot at Industrial Super Studio.

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Help wanted, yo.

▼ **Keith Blanchard**
His adult diaper leaked...again



This one goes out to all the college seniors out there. Congratulations—you made it! May senior year be all you ever dreamed of; it is truly a blessed, magical time. Leaping out of bed at the crack of noon...tackling a grueling two-credit schedule of Cartoonology 101 and Art of the Album Cover...honing your Bong-opoly skills...bowling inebriated roommates into Cuervo-bottle pyramids...The memories will last a lifetime. And before you know it, it'll be June, and you'll be joyously whipping that mortarboard into the air.

But you know what they say about what goes up. By the time you catch your hat, you'll have only a few minutes left to cut your hair, ditch the piercings and the attitude, strap on a suit, and get thyself a job. What will your major be for the *next* 50 years? Will you sell insurance? Double-check columns of numbers? Do blah-blah-blah for the Web site of a small pharmaceutical blah-blah-blah?

Working for the man...ain't *that* a cue ball to the nuts. Job hunting can be dreary in the best of times, but when the economy's taking one up the ol' service entrance, it's downright depressing. Let's see if this helps. Drumroll, please...*Maxim*'s hiring! That's right: We're offering one real, paying editorial assistantship to a new graduate this June...details on page 34. Warning: Applicants will be put on humiliating public display at maximonline.com. May the best slacker win.

I'm not gonna promise you a rose garden: Let's just say the lucky winner is going to make a lot of coffee and road-test a lot of anal lubes before getting to the fun stuff, which this month could have meant investigating bachelor party possibilities in Vegas (p.74), sparring with Jackie Chan (p.104), and analyzing cheerleader film for the gratuitous wing of our mammoth NFL preview (p.120). But, hey: It's a living.

Enjoy the issue; I'm off to unpack my shot glass collection.

Keith Blanchard



ON THE COVER:
MARIAH CAREY

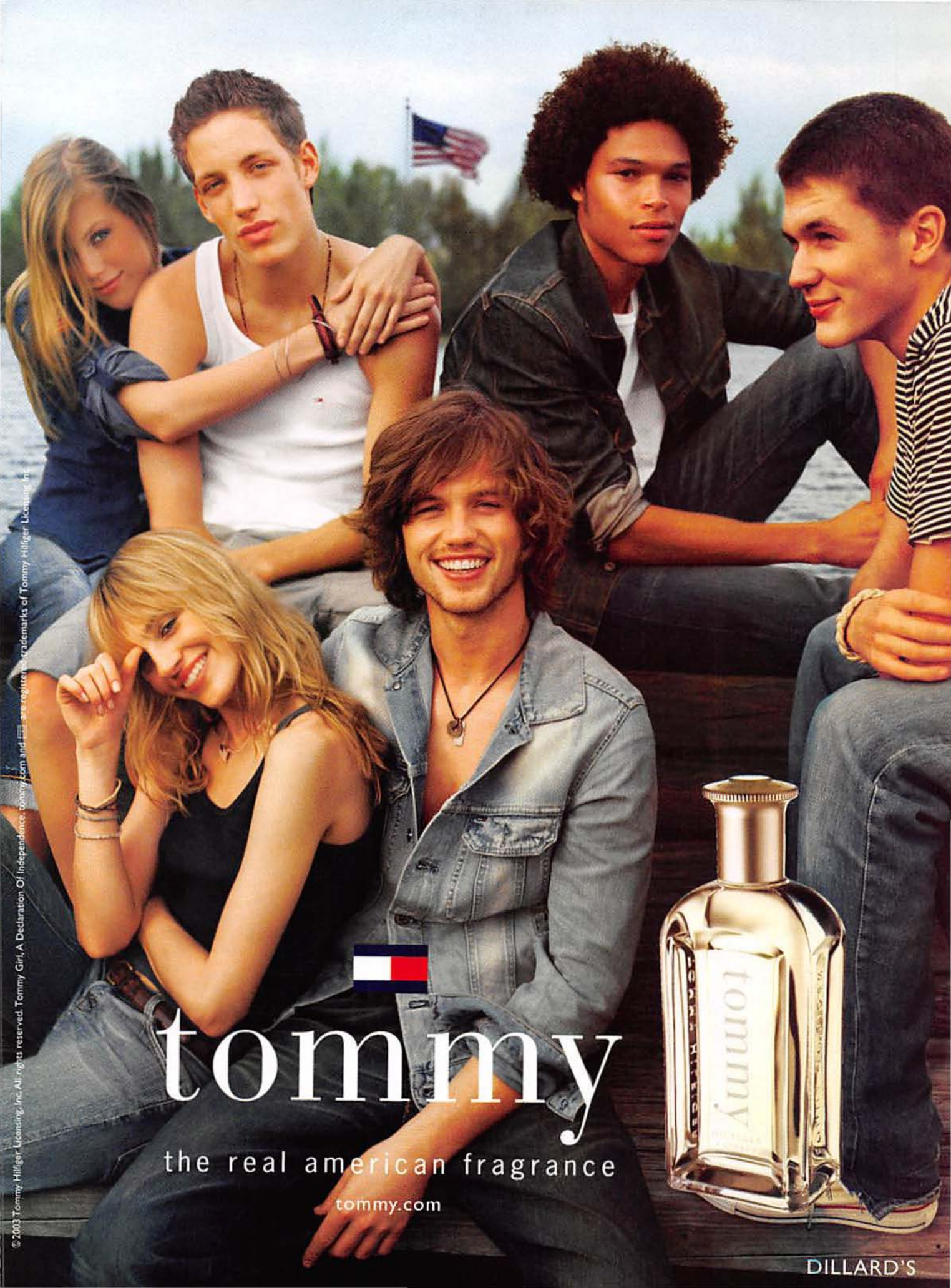
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Mariah wears silver bikini available at Barneys New York; armband available at Amy Chan, N.Y.C.

This Month in Maxim

The cold, hard numbers behind this issue.



Protein bars downed by office services' Bill Horton on a $125 bet	9
Minutes before he covered our floor with stomach confetti	92
Live crawfish hidden in staffers' desk drawers as a practical joke	4
Girlish screams heard as a result	2
Car accidents in the driving histories of our 11 NFL cheerleaders	31
Traffic tickets received by the cheerleaders as a result	0
Euphemisms for a blow job in this month's Says Her article (p.66)	10
Euphemisms unused, including "frim-framming on the jim-jam"	12,317
Sex requests Jeremy Shockey made to our reporter Diane Hill	5
Requests granted	0
Portable bidets received by mail	2
Our new rank among mags with the cleanest asses (damn you, *GQ*!)	2



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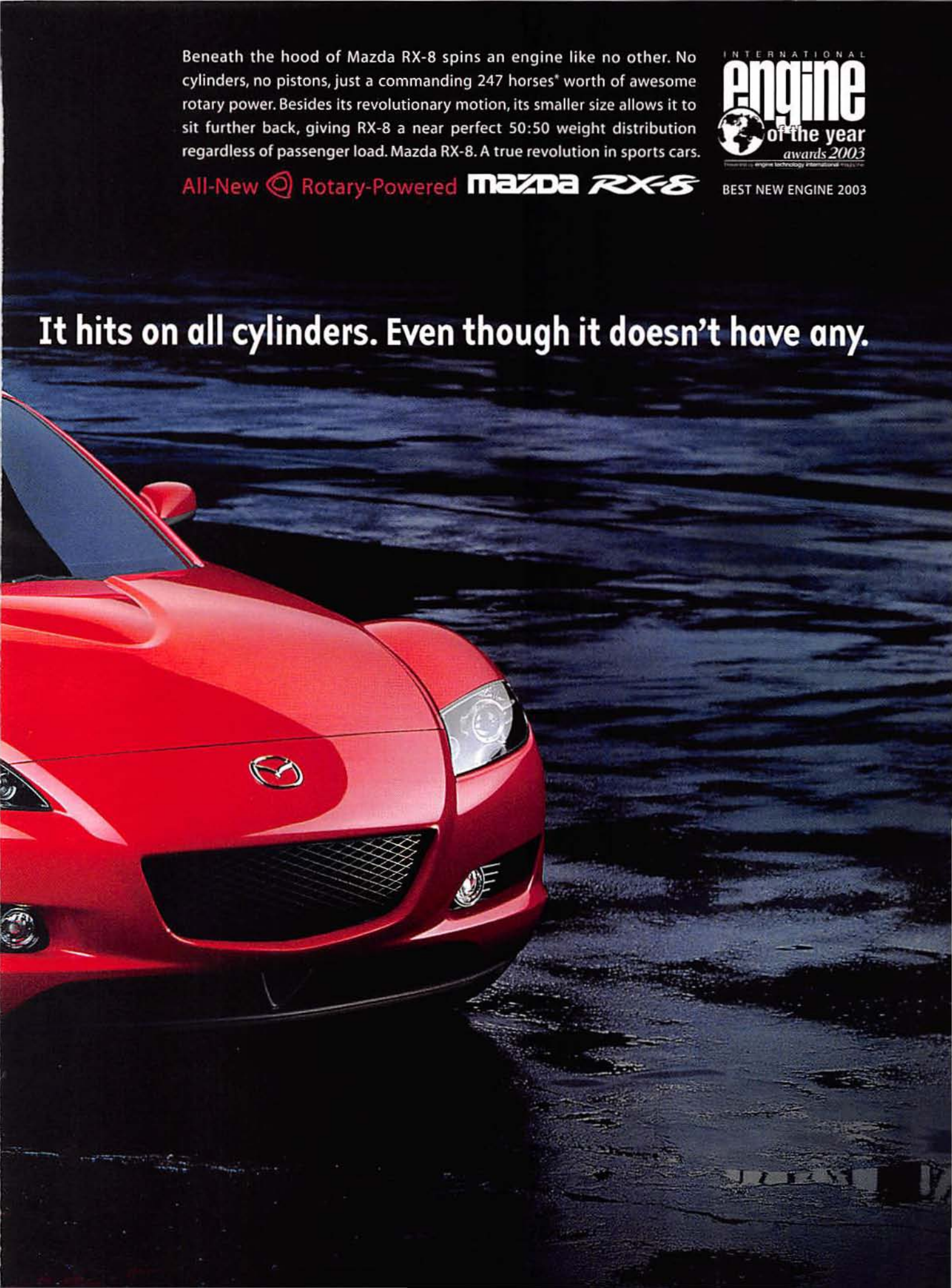
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"Hey, remember that time I married Tom Green?"

One for the Books

It's bad enough that I have to spend nine hours a day working in the musty bowels of the Library of Congress processing serial publications. Now I have to contend with an embarrassing full-on hambone throughout the day, thanks to the half-naked pics of Lucy Liu, Cameron Diaz, and Drew Barrymore that appeared in your July issue. It's making me look bad in front of my coworkers. Come on, give a working guy a break.

Paul Miller
Via e-mail

What's the big idea, screwing off and ogling girls on company time? Who do you think you are...us?

Something Special in the Air

In your article "How to Stay Up All Night" [July], the writer recommends viewing porn in the wee hours of darkness. Well, I work the late shift as an air-traffic controller, and I can tell you from experience that this X-rated remedy does the trick. But I think it may be distracting the other controllers.

Peter M.
Dallas, TX

Yeah, not to mention confusing to the pilots who hear a voice screaming, "Yes! Yes! Faster!" in their headsets.

Conan the Illustrator

Ever since Ah-nold starred in *Conan the Barbarian*, the iron-pumping Austrian has ranked as my favorite action hero. But when I read about how he hand-paints Valentine's Day cards [We Want Answers!, July], I kept thinking, What a *weibchen*! (By the way, that happens to be German for "bitch.")

Bert Rothschild II
Skokie, IL

Hope you don't mind, but we've passed your letter and address along to Herr Schwarzenegger. We'd strongly advise you start learning the German for "If it's not too much trouble, could you please remove my scrotum from that vise, sir?"

Eunuch Opinion

I was surfing the Web a few weeks ago and came across *Maxim*'s list of the 100 hottest women in the world ["*Maxim* Hot 100," June]. To my chagrin, Janeane Garofalo did not make the cut. How is that possible? She's smart, reads books, and is incredibly sexy! I think I speak for your entire middle-aged, divorced American male readership when I say she's at the top of our "snuggling list."

John Leeper
Ridgely, TN

Good luck sewing it back on, pal. ▶

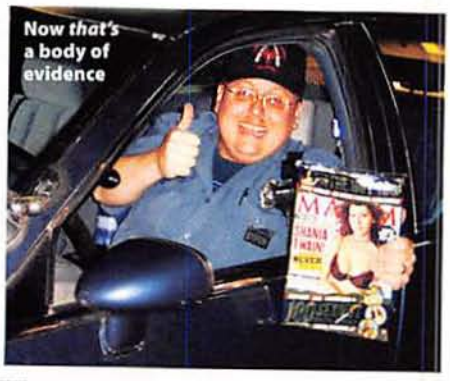
PUT ME IN MAXIM!

Tour of Duty

As a public safety officer at the 131st Fighter Wing Air Base in St. Louis, I protect the troops that keep the skies of the Midwest safe and sound. *Maxim*'s support of the military has helped me realize how important this duty is. To repay you, I'd like to show you guys the local hot spots here in the Gateway City.

Brian M. Stanfield
St. Louis, MO

Our own police escort through the heart of St. Louis? That's a 10-88 on those "hot spots," Brian. You bring the cruiser and we'll bring the dollar bills.



Now *that's* a body of evidence

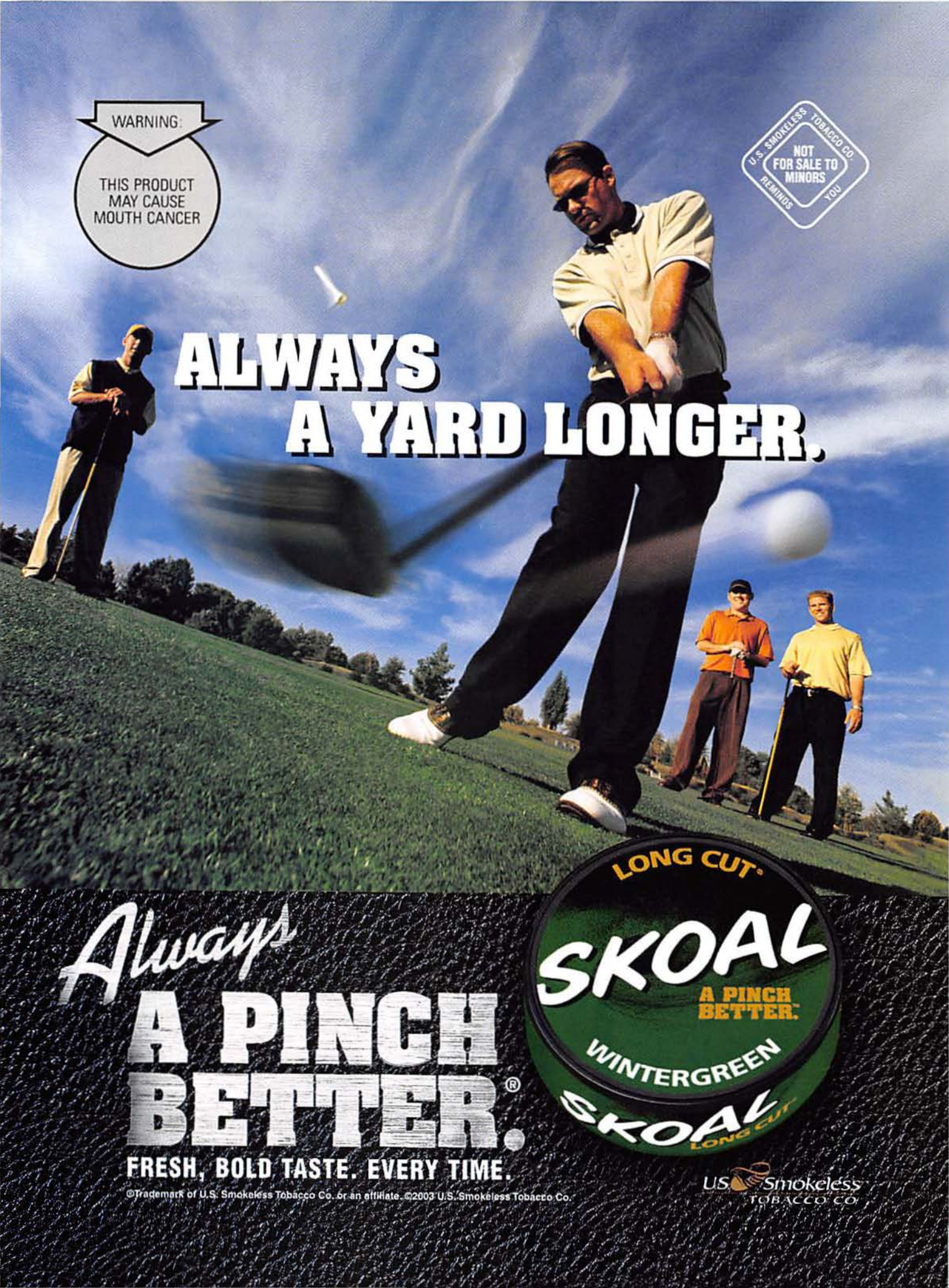
YOURS FOR THE TAKING!

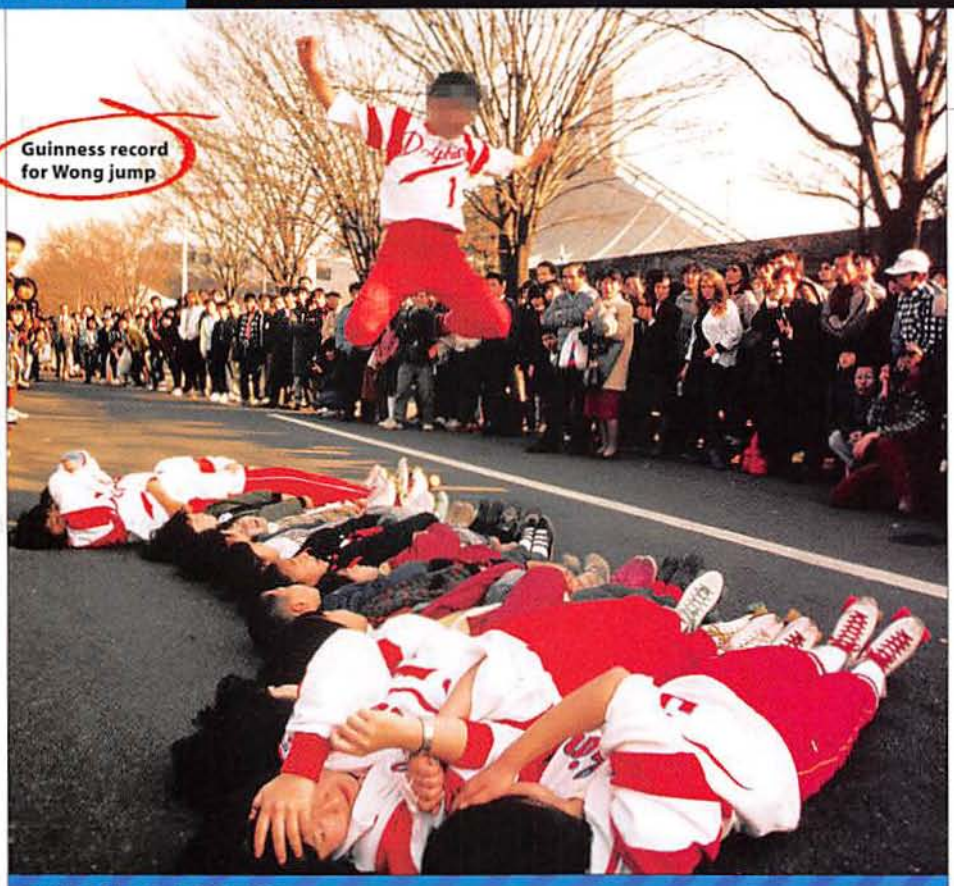


Get on Board

Did you miss out on summer vacation? Now's your chance to hit the beach, dude! Lose the water wings and grab this board from Evolution Surf. Perfect for beginner or expert surfers, the handcrafted Evo Fun Series offers a thicker, wider plane shape, so any shubee can hang 10. (Yes, even you.) But here's the cool part: If you win you'll get to customize an Evolution board from start to finish. Pick a design that fits your ability, and choose the board's color, length, width, and fin type. Towel included. For a chance to score the $1,500 surfer package, visit maximonline.com and go to the contest page to enter. All phone calls, faxes, and walk-ins will be jettisoned in chummed waters and fed to the great whites.

Photographs, Antoine Verglas (Drew, Lucy, and


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OUTSMART MAXIM

BEAT THIS CAPTION!

As you read through *Maxim*, ever get the feeling you could come up with better captions than we do? Prove it. Look at the photo above, of Yakuza street performers, and send us your best one-liner. If your caption beats the one we've circled, we'll ship you four pairs of GBX shoes. We'll also frame your winning caption in an upcoming issue. E-mail us at caption@maximmag.com or snail-mail your idea to Beat This Caption! Dept. 20, P.O. Box 3065, Edison, NJ 08818-3065.





JULY'S WINNING CAPTIONS

WINNER
Wait'll they find out where the gunpowder goes.
Jack Torano, Chicago, IL

RUNNERS-UP
"This isn't what it looks like, Sarge."
Greg Greenberg, New York, NY

"All right, pledges. This is a little game that we call 'Pull the trigger, shoot your load.'"
Julie Kaufman, New York, NY

Sadly, some men never come out of their shells.
S. Norton, via e-mail

"Johnson, you really need to find friends of a different caliber."
Marian Burns, Tucson, AZ


"Why, yes, we *are* going down."

Ambulance Chaser

In "Panty Raid 2: Son of Panty Raid" [Says Her, June], there's a picture of an EMT dressed in cotton panties. Her name is Lori Friedman, and I'm in love. Does she live in New York City? Could you introduce us? I'm not willing to pose in my undies, but I will provide her with photos, a résumé, tax returns, and criminal records.

Tom Mullaney
New York, NY

It's easy to meet EMTs, Tom: Just lie down in traffic and wait.

Doctor Who?

Your "How to Fit In Anywhere" feature [July], about blending into any scenario or situation, was hilarious. But you should have included a section about making new friends in an emergency room. I have a thing for nurses and could really use some advice on "playing doctor."

Timothy Tibbons
Benton, AR

Just mention that you have some great "gonorrhea" you'd like to show them. They'll be putty in your hands!

No Joking

I am outraged, appalled, disgusted! There simply are not enough words to express all the anger I feel toward you. What were you thinking, publishing a "joke" about a child losing her eyesight [Die Laughing, July]? I am determined to expose each of you for the sick, depraved idiots you are. Were no human beings in the room when this decision was made?

An outraged reader
Via e-mail

You may be relieved to know that no real-life blind girls were harmed in the writing of that joke.

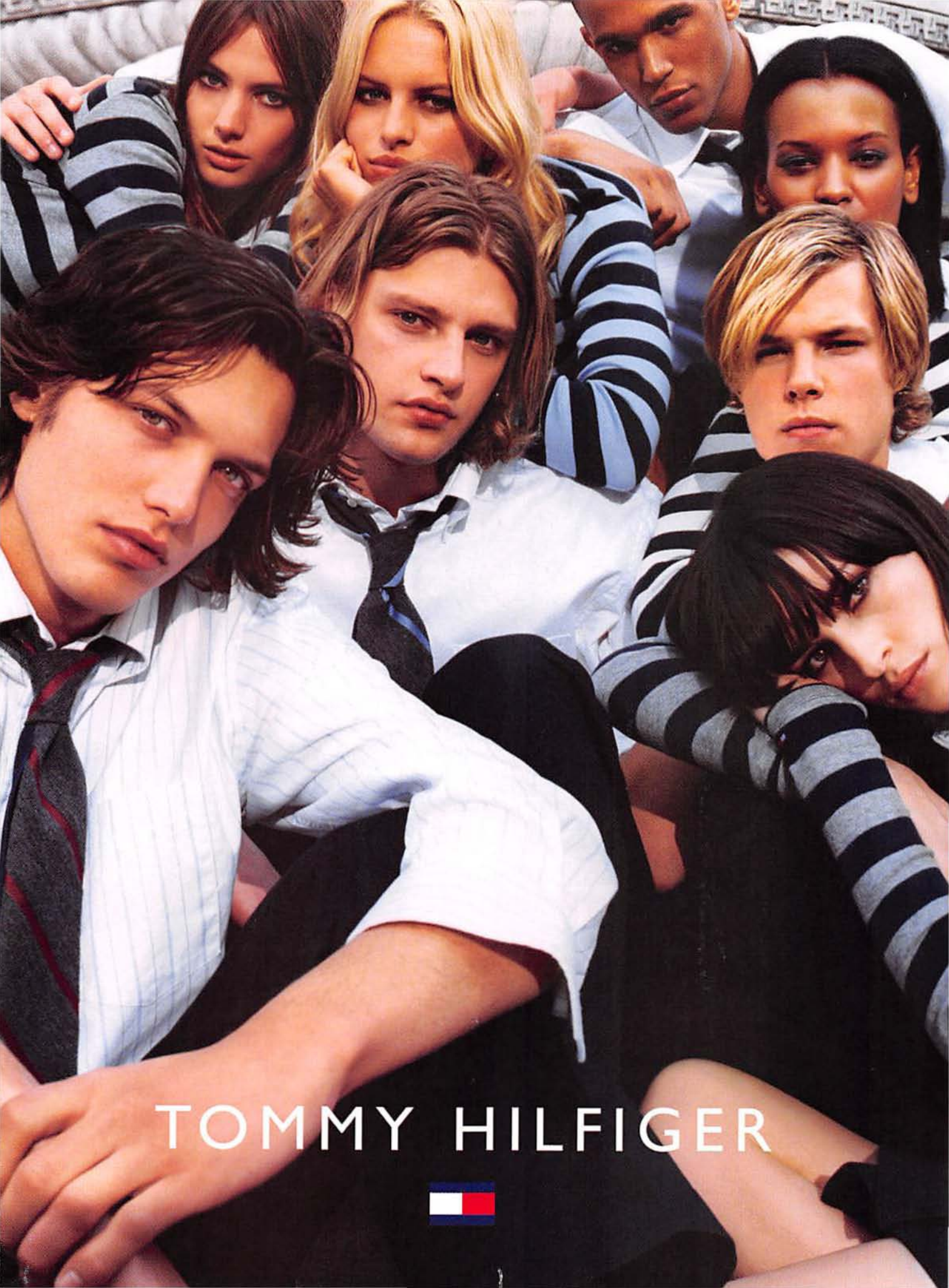
Soldier's Misfortune

I'm a staff sergeant in the U.S. Army stationed in Iraq, and about two weeks before I deployed, my wife of five years told me she wanted a divorce. I won't be back to the states for about a year, but by then I'm afraid I'll have lost my mojo. I was hoping you guys at *Maxim* could give me some advice on how to talk to women.

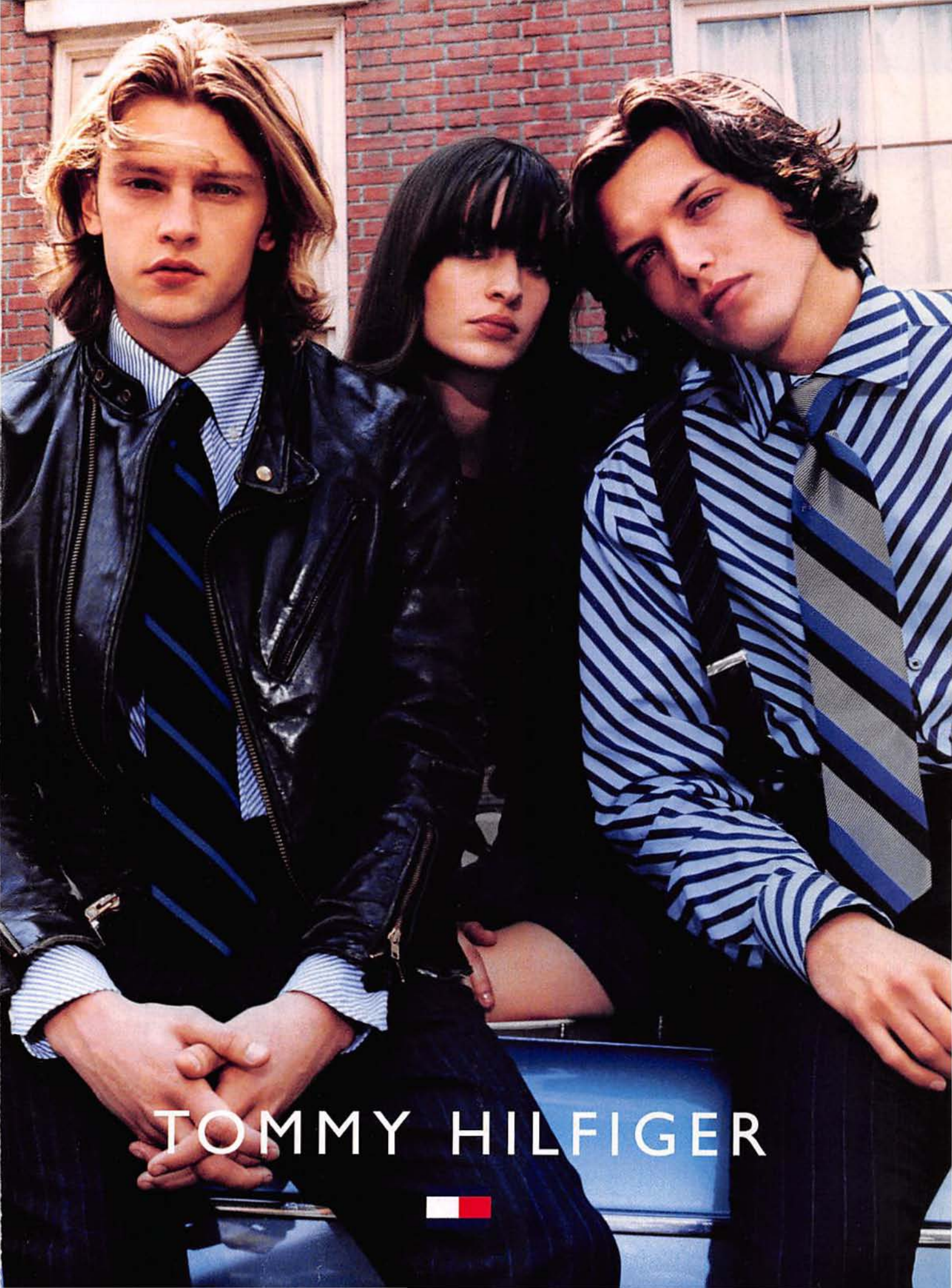
S.Sgt. Stewart S.
Iraq

Here's a line for ya: "Sand gets in the darnedest places. Wanna see?" ▶

Photograph, Robert Glasgow (shoes)


TOMMY HILFIGER

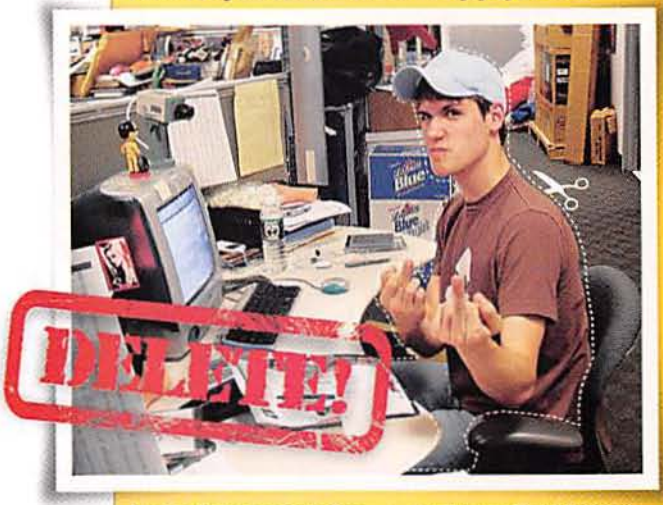

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TOMMY HILFIGER

DREAMS DO COME TRUE

WIN A JOB AT MAXIM

Our editorial assistant just isn't working out. Time for *you* to take his measly paycheck!



Hey, college seniors: Can you write articles, compose funny captions, fetch industrial-size tubs of mayonnaise, and demean yourself on a daily basis? Then maybe, just maybe, you have the ninjalike skills required to become the lowest-ranking member of our team of typewriting monkeys. That's right: *Maxim*'s hiring! In June we'll invite one lucky grad to join us in *Maxim*'s New York City office to replace editorial assistant Jon Wilde. We'll provide you with a rickety desk, a stapler, an official-looking ID card, keys to the office minibar, and, for commuting back and forth to your piece-o'-crap rat-infested New York apartment, a killer Tony Hawk–signed skateboard, courtesy of video game publisher Aspyr Media. Think you've got the chops? Go to our Web site to read the contest rules, then complete your job application and join the fray. But hurry—you only have until October 31 to apply. What the hell are you waiting for, slacker?



DEADLINE: OCTOBER 31
Apply now at maximonline.com/winthisjob for a chance to win every guy's dream job.



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Va-va-Van Susteren

Why haven't you ever featured the networks' sexiest female news anchors? They're hot and making headlines. Readers feel a connection with these women; we wake up with them every morning and go to bed with them every night. As a loyal customer, I insist you feature "The Babes of Network News" in a future issue.

Chris B.
Via e-mail

We looked into it, but the best we could get you was Dan Rather. But, hey, the man has a great pair of tits!

Christ, I Love This Mag!

My father is an avid collector of Bibles. I'm an avid collector of *Maxim* magazines. We both read our respective texts with religious fervor. However, I'd like to think my vast anthology puts his to shame. Only problem is...my sundry copies of *Maxim* are beginning to take up way too much space in an already cluttered apartment.

Zakk
Berlin, NH

Wait—your dad collects Bibles? Aren't they all pretty much the same? The guy still dies in the end, right?

Pickup Wine

With your "Jazz in a Box" Instant Expert [June], you've uncovered and exposed my secret to attracting the opposite sex (thanks a lot, fellas!). Nothing gets a girl wetter faster than Miles Davis' *Kind of Blue* and a bottle of merlot.

Joseph J. Wenrich
Via e-mail

You get a whole girl wet with only a single bottle of merlot? Wow, you must pour very carefully!

Buggin' Out

After reading your roundup of the world's worst parasites ["Ask Dr. Maxim 2," July], I became completely paranoid. Now I spend my days inspecting my food, dusting my bedsheets, shaking out the clothes in my closet, and checking my feet for guinea worms. I'm totally paralyzed. I can't think straight. The thought of having to extract a three-foot squirmer from an ulcer in my foot makes me want to hurl.

Jordan Kinny
Via e-mail

Paranoid about parasites? You and your paramour must be paralytic. You need a paradigm shift. Put on a parapants and go find a paramedic.

SHOW US YOUR TIPS!

Spoiled Brats

No tailgate is complete without grilled bratwurst. They're tricky to cook, though, because they tend to stay raw on the inside even as they char on the outside. The fix: Simmer 'em in beer for 20 minutes the night before the game. This'll help them cook through—and as an added bonus, it gives your brats a hearty, malty taste.

Robert Avon, Wauwatosa, WI

Cool as Ice

Forget bagged ice. Fill plastic milk containers with water and freeze 'em. This way your Igloo won't overflow with dirty cooler swill, plus you'll have plenty of fresh ice water for, say, a postgame wet T-shirt contest.

Jeremy Bender, Atlanta, GA

Sugar and Spice

Is your game-day chili hot enough to melt gold? Cool it down a notch by adding a few teaspoons of sugar to every half-gallon batch. Sweet relief.

Randy Karnicki, Syracuse, NY



Burn That Fat!

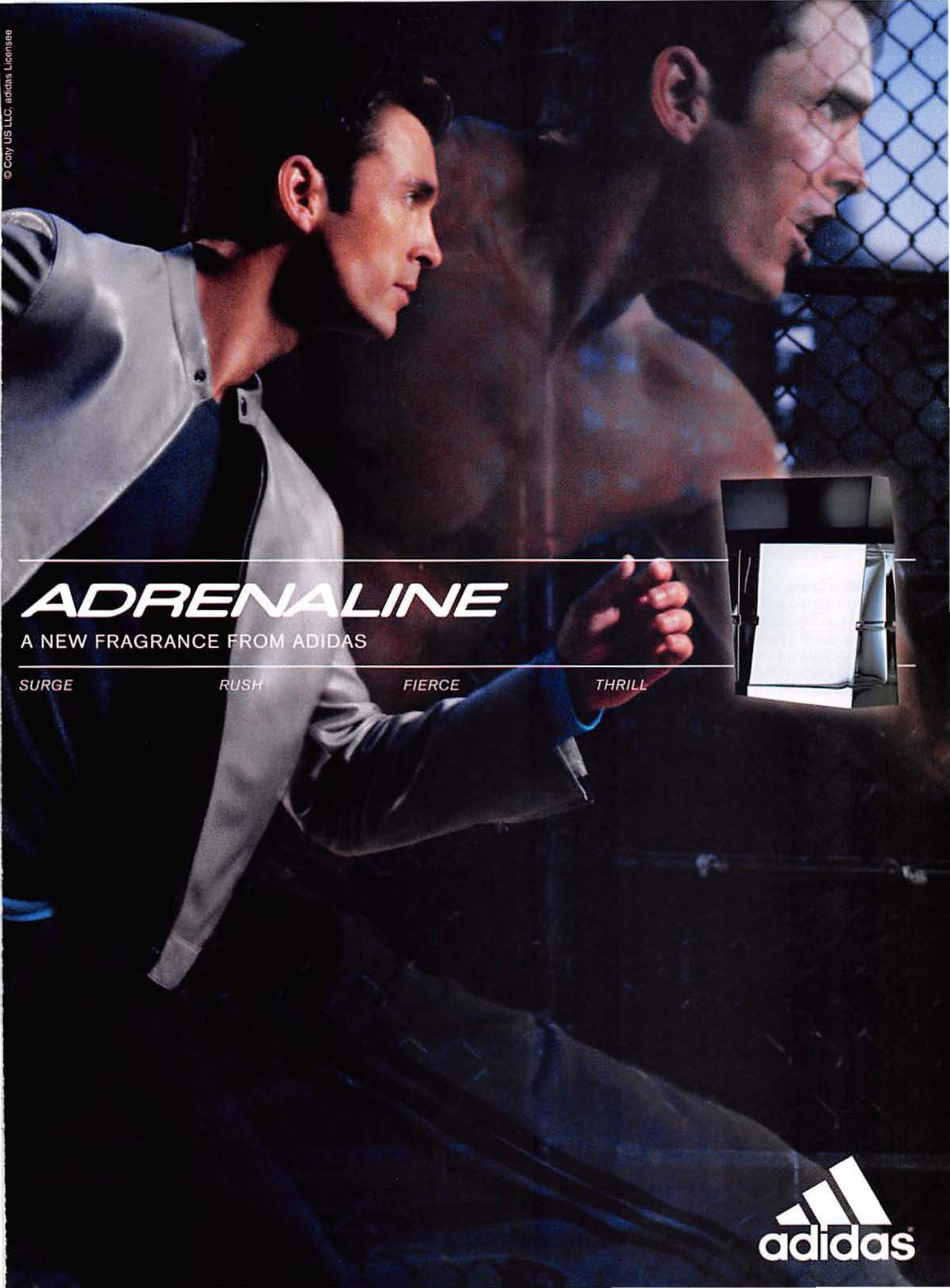
Don't waste your precious pregame boozing hours fooling around with slow-burning charcoal starters. For faster ignition, light up using trimmed fat from your last steak-fry (if you don't trim your steaks, get some from your butcher). Melt the fat, let it harden, then cut the lard into one-inch cubes. Refrigerate. At grilling time lay the cubes over a bed of charcoal and set them ablaze. Your meat will be cooked before kickoff.

Darryl James, Tampa, FL

Send all tips to tips@maximmag.com or snail-mail your entry to Show Us Your Tips!, *Maxim*, 1040 6th Avenue, 16th Floor, New York, NY 10018. If we can't scrounge up anything better to print, we'll give you a superneat prize: Your name immortalized in a future issue and all that other jazz. Wow!

Photographs, Robert Glasgow (skateboard and brats)

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NYUK, NYUK, NYUK!

Got a joke that can top these? We'll pay $150 for the next Joke of the Month. E-mail 'em to jokes@maximmag.com or send 'em to Jokes, Maxim, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 16th Floor, New York, NY 10018.

Making the Rounds

A surgeon is talking to a blonde who is about to undergo an operation.

"Do you have any questions?" the doctor asks.

"Yeah, how long before I can get back to my normal sex life?"

"I hadn't really thought about that," says the surgeon. "After a tonsillectomy, I'd say a week."

—Jerry T. Perkins, Pueblo West, CO

Office Grace

On his first day at a new job, a guy attempts to phone an intern. "Bring me a cup of coffee, pronto," he bellows.

"Do you know who you're talking to?" the voice on the other end of the line shouts back. "This is the president of the company."

"Do you know who the fuck *you're* talking to, buddy?" the guy yells.

"No, I don't," replies the president.

"Thank God for that!"

—Dan Reiner, Orlando, FL

Double Vision

A guy runs into his ex-girlfriend at a bar.

"I had sex with another woman last night," he tells her. "But I was thinking of you the whole time."

"You miss me that much?" she asks.

"No," he says. "But it kept me from coming too fast."

—Rocky B., via e-mail

Busted!

A man approaches a beautiful woman in a supermarket.

"I've lost my girlfriend," he tells her. "Can you stand here and talk to me for a few minutes?"

"Sure, but I don't understand how that would help," she replies.

"Well, every time I talk to a woman with tits like yours, my girlfriend appears out of nowhere."

—Ryan Band, Louisville, KY

He Be Illin'

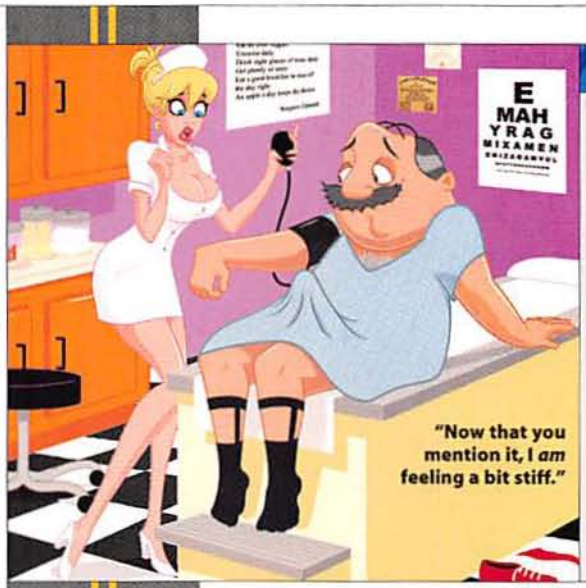
A guy goes to see his doctor.

"I have some good news and I have some bad news," says the doctor.

"OK," says the patient. "Give me the good news first."

"Well," says the doctor, "they're going to name a disease after you…"

—John Steen, Depoe Bay, OR



THE $150 JOKE

Head Case

A 60-year-old man is getting his annual physical.

"Doc, do you think I'll live another 40 years so I can reach 100?" he asks.

"That depends," says the doctor. "Do you smoke?"

"No."

"Do you drink?"

"No."

"Do you fool around with loose women?"

"Of course not."

"Well, then," says the doctor. "Why the hell do you want to live for another 40 years?"

—Marcos Dominguez, L.A., CA

Endless Love

A farmer is arrested for having sex with one of his cows. During the arraignment, the judge looks at him with disgust and asks, "Son, what the hell were you thinking?"

"Well," says the farmer, "I reckon I was thinking about a younger, hotter cow."

—C. Donaghey, Moore, OK

Salty Snacks

Q: What's the difference between beer nuts and deer nuts?

A: Beer nuts will cost you at least one dollar, while deer nuts are always under a buck.

—Duane A. Lofton, via e-mail

Shell Games

An extremely upset tortoise crawls into a police station.

"I've been robbed by a marauding gang of snails," he cries to the officers.

"Calm down," says a cop. "Just tell us everything that happened, to the best of your memory."

"That's difficult," says the tortoise. "It all happened so fast…"

—John Parlier, Atlanta, GA



Golden Years

Two geezers are sitting in the lounge of their retirement home, complaining about the indignities of growing old.

"My hands shake so badly," says the first guy, "that when I shaved this morning, I cut my face in four places."

"That's nothing," says the second man. "My hands shake so badly that when I took a piss this morning, I came three times!"

—Mike Walker, Kansas City, MO

Terms of Endearment

A man is standing at the register of a hardware store while a clerk rings up his items.

"Excuse me, sir," says a woman in line behind the man. "But I couldn't help but notice back in the plumbing supplies aisle that you were calling your wife Crisco. Is that really her name?"

"Oh, no," says the man. "That's just a pet name I use for her in public."

"What do you call her at home?" asks the woman.

"Lard ass."

—Dustin Degering, via e-mail

Going Down

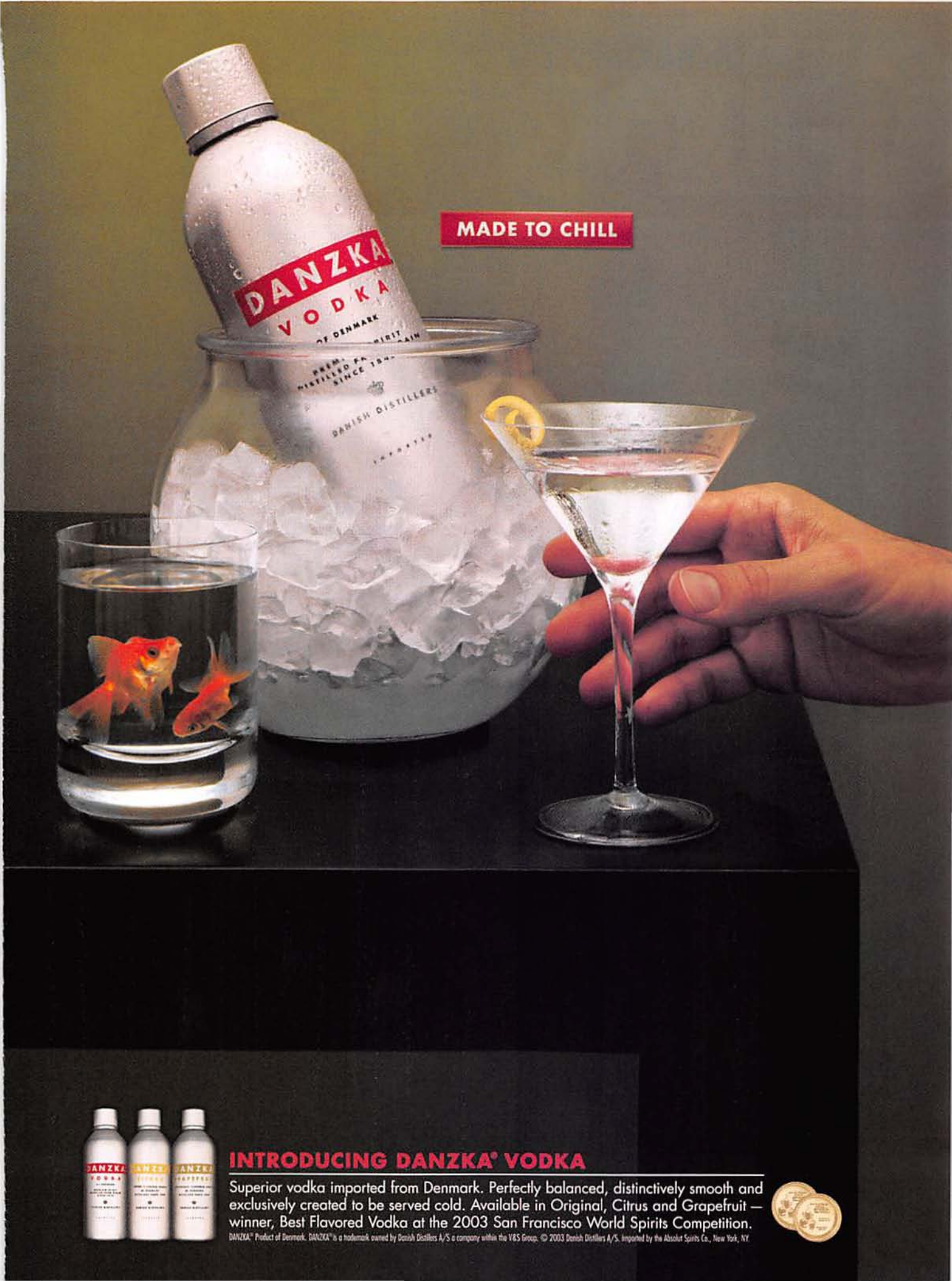
A guy in the elevator of a four-star hotel shouts, "Ballroom, please!"

The lady standing in front of him turns around and says, "Sorry, I didn't realize I was crowding you."

—Melissa Miller, Columbus, OH

Bust a gut. Read hundreds of jokes or submit your own at **maximonline.com.**

Illustrations, Gary Ham for www.superham.com



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A MAXIM VIEW OF THE WORLD

Circus M





The bees' brush-off made him bristle.



Not every Disneyland ride can be a winner.

HIVE BAIT



Intrepid African tribesmen beehave unbeelievably beestupidly.

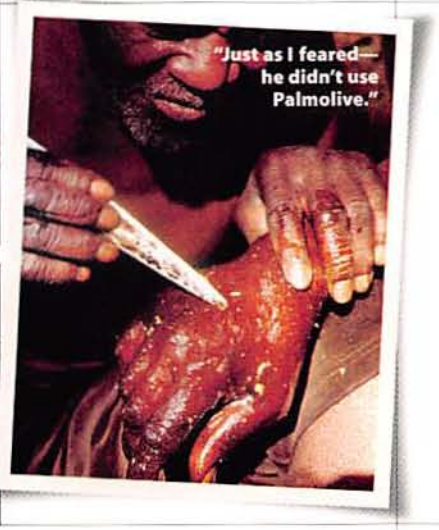
What would possess a grown man to dress like a broom, climb 70 feet into the air, and rile up hundreds of testy bees? Booze, of course! The Gbayas Yaayuwee tribe of Cameroon use honey to make *kui*, an alcoholic mead that serves both as an integral part of tribe ceremonies and as an antidote to the horrific agony of hundreds of friggin' bee stings. Wearing protective-ish grass suits called *làbí*, tribesmen scale homemade 70-foot ladders, then dope the unsuspecting bees with a sedative made of mashed-up *gbìì-betàná* plants. Unfortunately, even totally stoned bees get pissed when playas invade their cribs—and since the wicker armor doesn't come with matching gloves, the harvesters' hands get stung continually as they vigorously fist the hive. Sadly, the tradition is disappearing; although these men hold a place of honor in the tribe, kids today just aren't interested in working hard, saving up, and getting perforated by angry bees. Thank goodness the neighborhood supermarket carries those little plastic honey bears.



The Human Laundry Basket



Prom date stood her up



"Just as I feared—he didn't use Palmolive."

GRAND PRIZE WIENERS

DOGGY STYLIN'

The classic all-American dish has been reinvented by New York City stoner-geniuses.



Got pork?

As grub goes, nothing beats a plump dog grilled over an open flame—unless, of course, it's wrapped in bacon, then deep-fried and smothered in chili and jalapeños. That kind of colon-Drano-in-a-bun is the specialty at Crif Dogs, a late-night haven in New York City's East Village.

■ Feast your eyes on the Spicy Redneck: bacon, chili, slaw, and jalapeños!

■ Crif's F-you-vegan-bastards deep-frying method is modeled after old-school wiener joints like Rutt's Hut—clogging arteries in Clifton, NJ since 1928.

■ "Hot dogs are all snouts and assholes," explains frank co-owner Kerry Kramer. "If you accept that, then you don't care if it's deep-fried."



■ The Tsunami has pineapple, green onions, and teriyaki sauce. The Good Morning's got bacon, egg, and cheese. What, you scared?

■ Kramer and his partner Brian Shebairo developed Crif Dogs' eclectic menu after long hours of painstaking research: "Basically, we smoked a lot of pot."

■ Please note: The dogs are wrapped in bacon *before* they're dunked in the fryer for maximum fatty goodness.

■ To get some prime tubesteak in you, make entrails to 113 St. Marks Place, New York, NY or call 212-614-2728.

■ Veggie dogs are available for your boyfriend.

■ Not all of Crif's experiments are successes. "The bacon-wrapped peanut butter and jelly dog didn't make the cut," says Kramer. "Not even when high as you could possibly be."

A NEW WRINKLE IN EXTREME SPORTS
HOT TREND

How Wile E. Coyote gets his trousers pressed

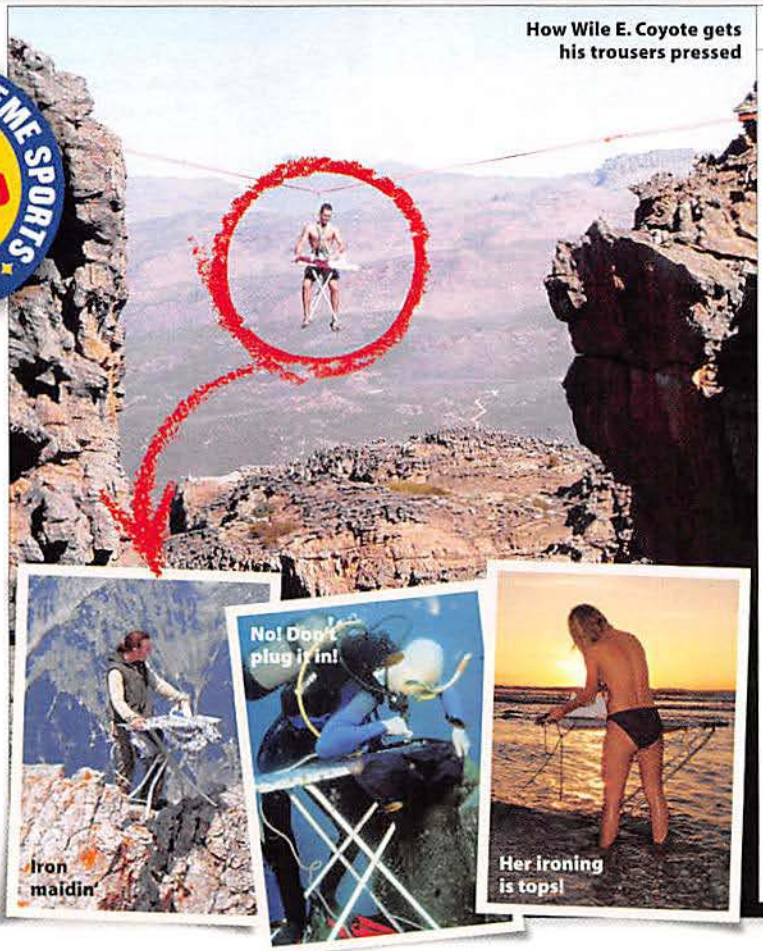
EXTREME HOBBIES

IRON EAGLES



Why iron slacks whilst cheating death? Because you *can.*

For centuries, ironing was a soul-destroying chore meant only for dry cleaners, barefoot women, and dandies. But recently, some well-heeled daredevils have changed that with Extreme Ironing. The idea is simple: Travel to remote places and do dangerous things while—you guessed it—ironing! "People ask if we'd ever do vacuuming," says Brit Phil Shaw, who founded the Extreme Ironing Bureau in 1998. "But that's pointless." Today EIB members combat wrinkles by land (halfway up Mt. Everest), by air (BASE-jumping off Australia's Blue Mountains), and by sea (*330 feet* down the Egyptian coast's Blue Hole). Shaw, who claims there are hundreds of extreme ironers worldwide, has his sights set on the Olympics. "If they have synchronized swimming," he reasons, "why not this?" Feel the burn at extremeironing.com.

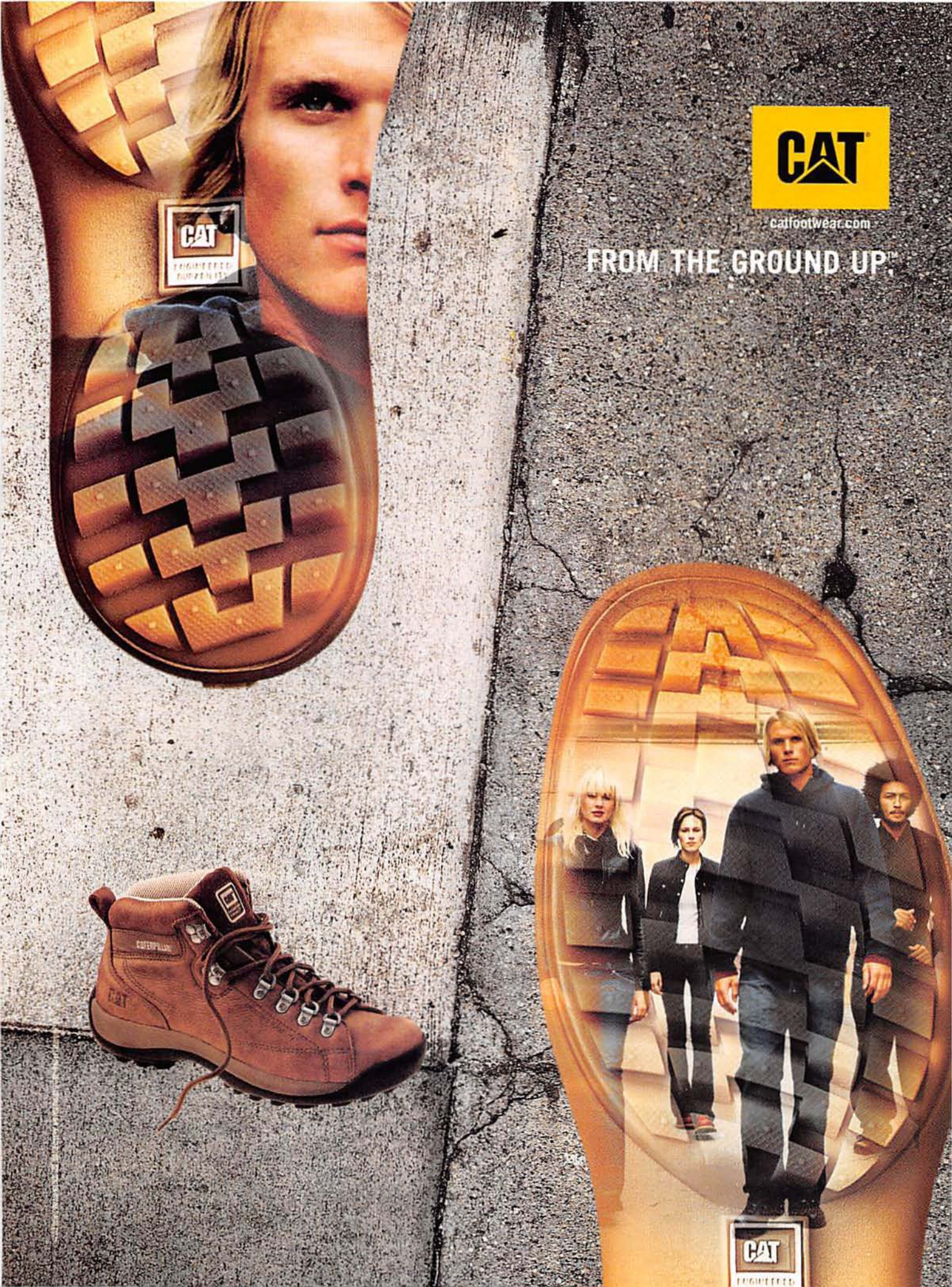


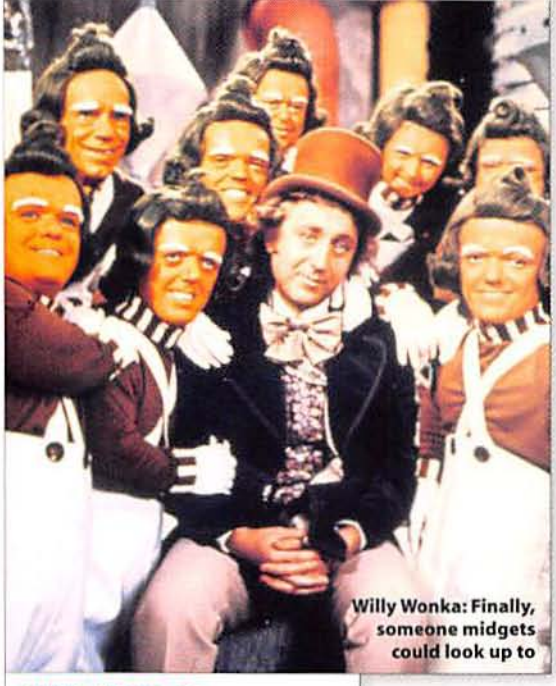


72

Percentage of American men who say they approve of cosmetic surgery. Cads!

Photographs, Robert Glasgow (hot dog); DoubleDee Marie (inset)


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catfootwear.com
FROM THE GROUND UP™
CAT
CAT
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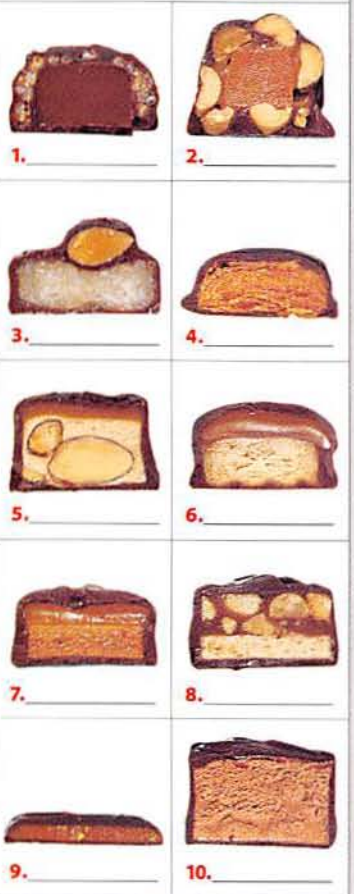


Willy Wonka: Finally, someone midgets could look up to

JUNK FOOD IQ

BITE CLUB

Hey, tubby! Can you tell which delicious chocolate bar is which?



1.____ 2.____
3.____ 4.____
5.____ 6.____
7.____ 8.____
9.____ 10.____

WORD BANK

Almond Joy
Skor
100 Grand
Twix
3 Musketeers
Mars
Milky Way
Snickers
Baby Ruth
Butterfinger



130

Americans who die after falling out of bed each year.

"Hulk horny!"



SEEMS WRONG SOMEHOW

FOUND PORN

Someone actually thought this stuff was innocent.

▶ **$150 WINNER**

Why give Junior a bath with normal soap when you can treat him to a lifetime of horrible nightmares and expensive therapy bills!
—Alexis Kinloch, Saskatchewan, Canada



GIRLFRIEND APPROVED



▲ **RUNNER-UP**

The ball boy was heartbroken.
—Andrew Diezel, Sewell, NJ

▶ **RUNNER-UP**

The herbal moisturizer of choice for the discriminating fraternity pledge.
—Bill Wilson, Portland, OR





▲ **RUNNER-UP**

Guaranteed not to get stuck in your throat!—*Steven Silva, San Diego, CA*



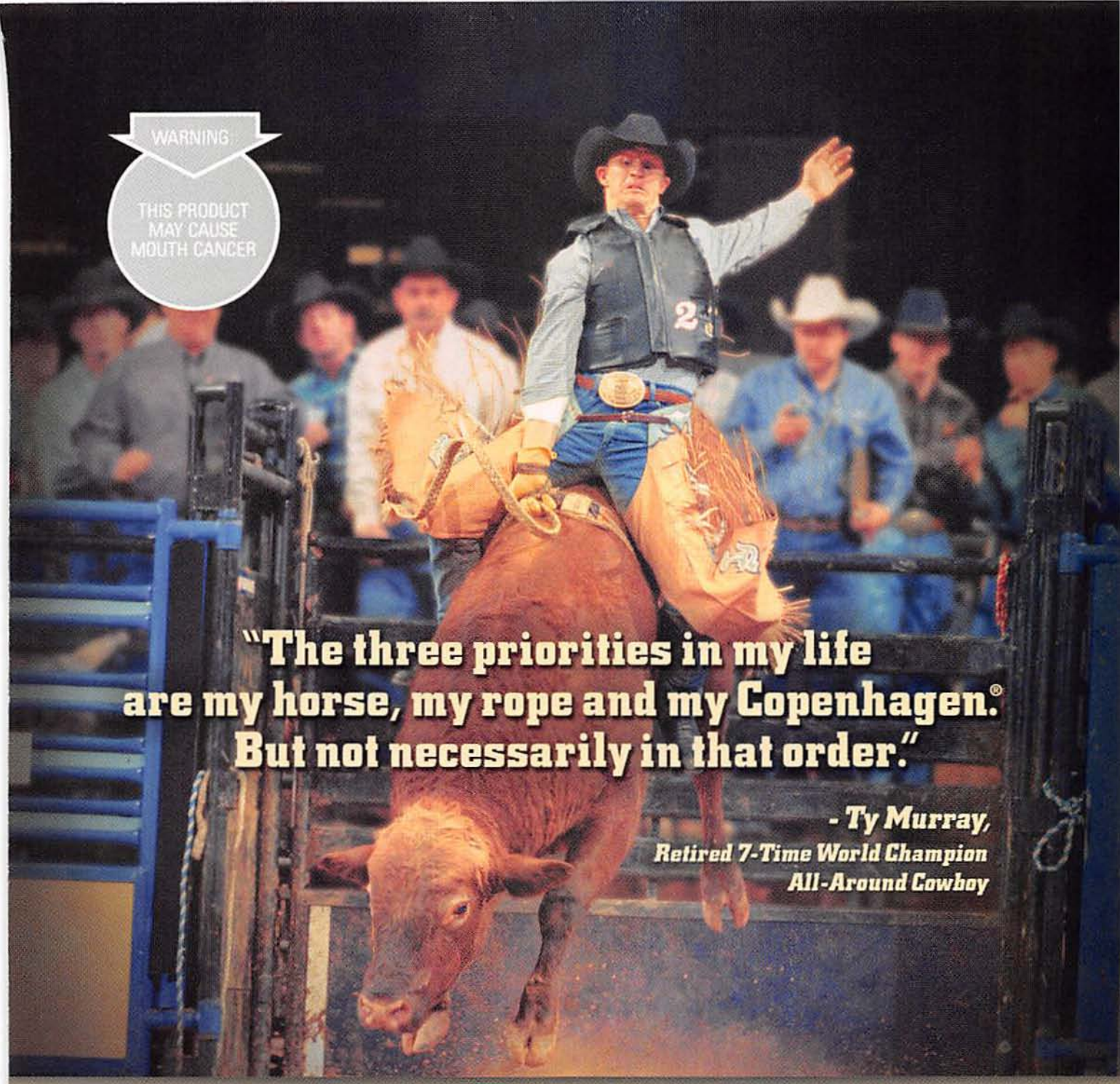
▲ **RUNNER-UP**

It doesn't *always* pay to recycle...
—Tina Krug, Appleton, WI

HAVE YOU SEEN ANY UNINTENTIONAL PORN LATELY?

If it turns us on, we'll send you $150! Mail your entry (we old skool, yo) to: Found Porn, *Maxim*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018.

Bite Club answers: 1. 100 Grand 2. Baby Ruth 3. Almond Joy 4. Butterfinger 5. Mars 6. Twix 7. Milky Way 8. Snickers 9. Skor 10. 3 Musketeers. Photographs: Robert Glasgow (candy bars, porn)



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CLICK IT!

Sprint to our Web site for all things skin—pig and otherwise.

OPENING ODDS

Maxim Online gives you one million imaginary bucks to start the pro football betting season. Blow it on each week's games as you see fit, then await a golden postgame shower of prizes—all for free in the Great *Maxim* Football Challenge.



OFFENSIVE LINES

Keep tabs on all things college football with JoBu's Bulbous Mail Sack, and follow the NFL with our spanking new gameday preview, Shine My Helmet!

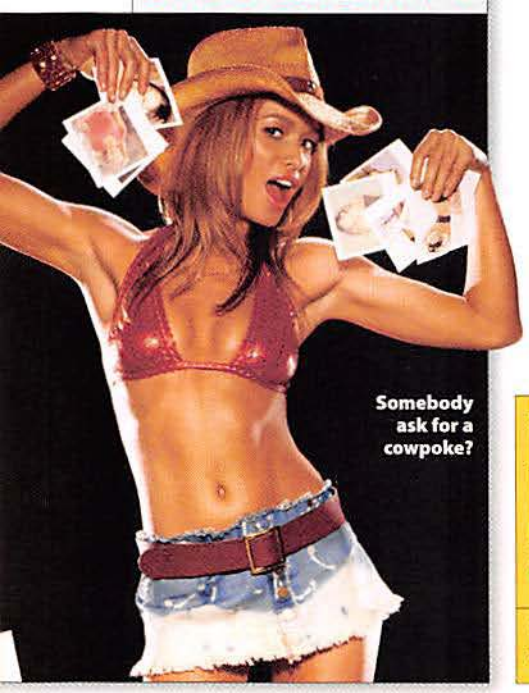
OPEN TRYOUTS

Attention, college seniors: Win a staff job at *Maxim*! For a chance to be overworked, underappreciated, and left in a ditch once you've outlasted your usefulness, simply apply online!

SPECIAL TEAMS

Subscribers get exclusive photos and video of Amanda Swisten and Nicki Aycox *free* in the *Maxim* Lounge. Plus, Genelle takes over as our Hometown Hotties ringmaster!

MAXIM ONLINE.COM





BAR O' THE MONTH

FAST EDDIE'S BON AIR

This Midwestern tavern offers low-budget paradise by the neon light.





Good news, fatso! You can eat like a king at Fast Eddie's Bon Air, located 20 miles north of St. Louis, Missouri in down-home Alton, Illinois. And with its rep as "one of America's most haunted small towns," the locals need to gird themselves with gluttony. Every item on the bar menu is under $2, including the Big Elwood on a Stick beef kabob and the ever-popular Mexican shrimp (anal corks not included). Opened in 1921 by Anheuser-Busch, the Bon Air is standing-room-only on weekends, despite its 400-person capacity. The only illumination is provided by beer signs—and the mood lighting works, according to Fast Eddie Sholar himself, the owner since 1981. "You can get blow jobs on the dance floor, but you can bring your mom here, too." Classy! Haul your curiosity and your liver to 1530 E. 4th St. or call 618-462-5532.

Enter your dive at mybar@maximmag.com and win $250. Hit up maximonline.com for rules.



13

Vertical feet a flea can jump.

WHAT'S HE THINKING?

GRAY MATTERS

This month: Inside the mind of half-pint "bad boy" Colin Farrell.

27% I don't remember dating Britney! Blimey, I've gotta lay off the Guinness.

23% Calculating yearly child support payments...my penis itches.

17% Script revisions for *Phone Booth 2: Anytime Minutes.*

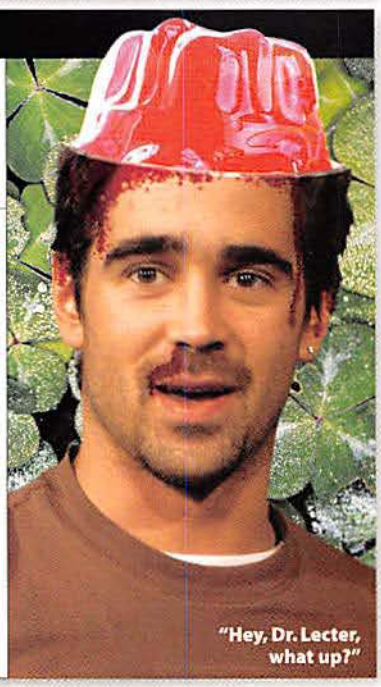
11% Lucky Charms? Magically delicious, my ass.

9% Let's settle this like men, Affleck.

7% Eyebrow waxing? Maybe.

5% Charlie Sheen: What an actor!

1% Faith and Begorrah! Four box-office bombs in two years and I'm *still* earning $8 million a movie! Blimey!



Photographs, Brian Kuhlmann (Fast Eddie's)

THE MALE THOUGHT PROCESS



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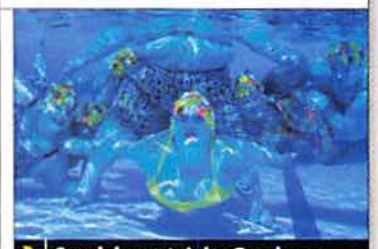
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Who wants a fluffernutter?



Redefining the breaststroke



Special guest: John Goodman



"Wonder Twin powers, activate!"



Not Genelle

BATHING BEAUTIES

Supersize synchronized swimmers have a whale of a good time.

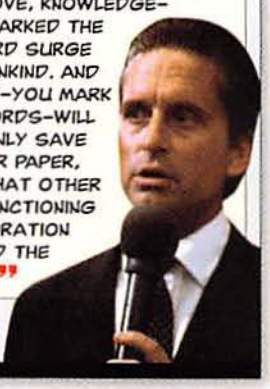
"Beauty comes in all sizes," proclaims self-described "fat activist" Shirley Sheffield, referring to her aquatic performance troupe the Padded Lilies. "Plus, we thought fat women doing synchronized swimming would be funny." Formed in the Bay Area in 1997, the Lilies—Sheffield and four similarly sized friends—have performed their delicate water ballet on *The Tonight Show* in flowered bathing caps and *Baywatch*-red swimsuits. The Lilies also participate in plus-size burlesque shows and cheerleading squads, yet Shirley never worries about being ridiculed. "We get laughed *with*, not *at*, because we have a sense of humor about ourselves," she says. "Our motto is, 'You don't need a diet; you need a bathing suit.'" Looking to liven up your pool party? Stroke over to paddedlilies.com.

GREAT QUOTES

GET IT RIGHT

Gordon Gekko's charitable speech from *Wall Street*.

"THE POINT IS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IS THAT GREED, FOR LACK OF A BETTER WORD...IS GOOD. GREED IS RIGHT. GREED WORKS. GREED CLARIFIES, CUTS THROUGH, AND CAPTURES THE ESSENCE OF THE EVOLUTIONARY SPIRIT. GREED, IN ALL OF ITS FORMS—GREED FOR LIFE, FOR MONEY, FOR LOVE, KNOWLEDGE—HAS MARKED THE UPWARD SURGE OF MANKIND. AND GREED—YOU MARK MY WORDS—WILL NOT ONLY SAVE TELDAR PAPER, BUT THAT OTHER MALFUNCTIONING CORPORATION CALLED THE U.S.A."





7

Percent chance you'll contract an infection during a hospital stay.

Just dial down the middle!



TECHNOLOGY REPORT

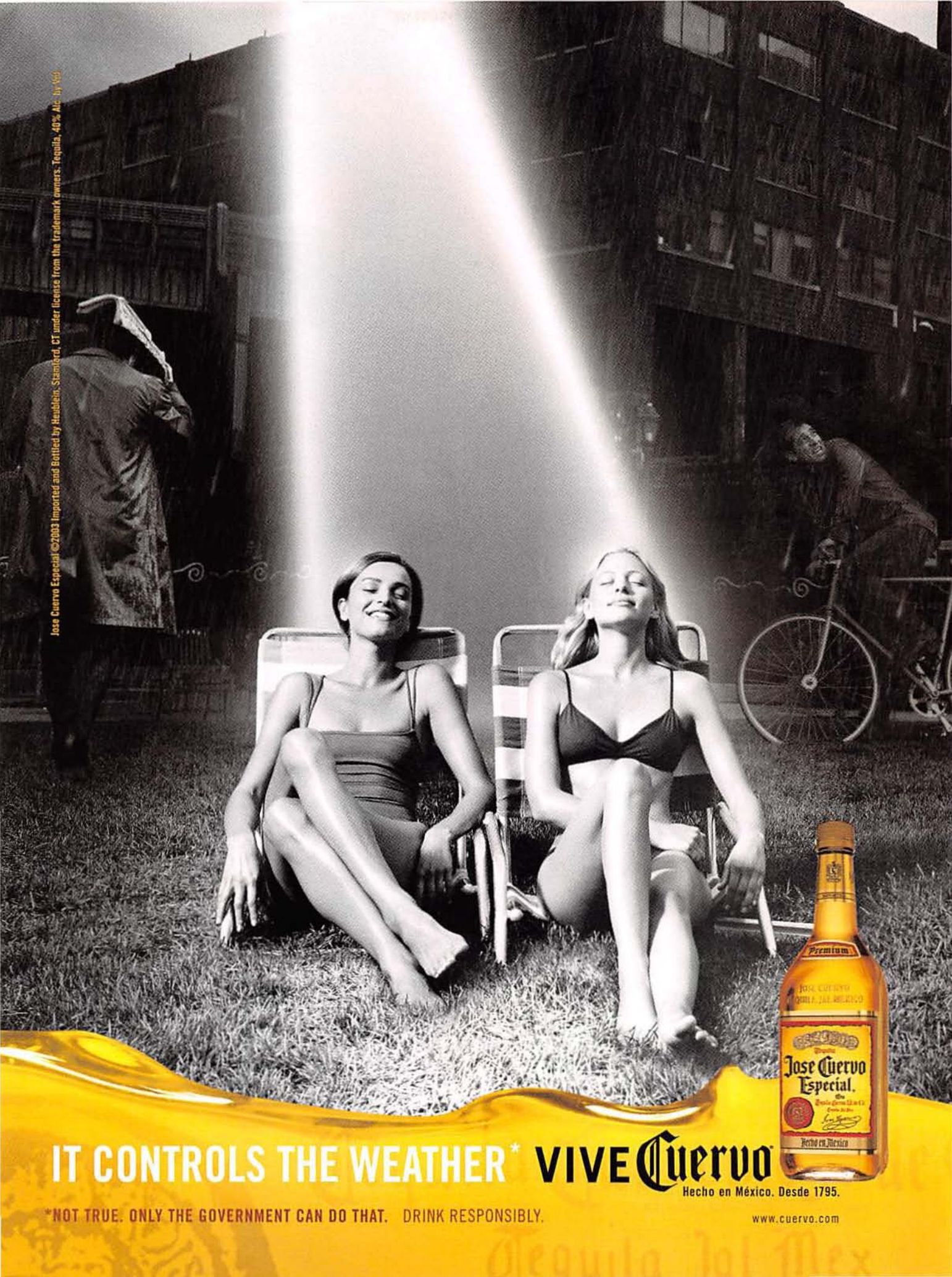
PHONE SEX

Girlfriend threatening to buy a vibrator? Then call her muff.

Most women love being on the phone, but few love being *on* the phone. That'll change when they download Purring Kitty, a program that turns an ordinary cell phone into a vibrating pocket rocket. The god-send to sexually frustrated women too uptight to buy a Hedgehog Replica Meat Hammer was invented in—where else?—England. Anyone who owns a Nokia, Sharp, or, um, Siemens phone can order the Kitty software for a mere $2.50—but does it work? Just ask inventor Zoe Walsh: "One girlfriend grabbed my phone, shoved it down her pants, and wouldn't give it back till the batteries died." To finally give your girl that orgasm she's been asking about, dial up vibelet.com. Woof!



"He went that way."



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MODEL CITIZEN

ANNETTE ROSARIO

Her gigs: Clairol, Revlon, L'Oréal
Her story: It's no secret that Hollywood starlets sometimes use stand-ins for whatever, whenever. So when Revlon needed a reliever for Halle Berry while filming a commercial, they turned to pro hottie Annette Rosario. "The closeup of her eye is actually mine," confesses the lovely Latina. "I was in makeup for 10 hours while a dozen people argued about how to style my eyelashes." Though Annette doesn't exactly look like a tomboy, growing up in Jersey City, New Jersey with two brothers left her with a fondness for danger. "I was doing a shoot for the X Games when I decided to hop on a dirt bike," she says. "But I wiped out around a turn and landed headfirst in front of the crew." She politely refused their offers of mouth-to-mouth.
Accidents will happen: "It sounds conceited, but I love driving around and seeing myself on billboards." We've been meaning to take a road trip...

THE MAXIM LOUNGE
Check for more sizzling pics at **maximonline.com.**

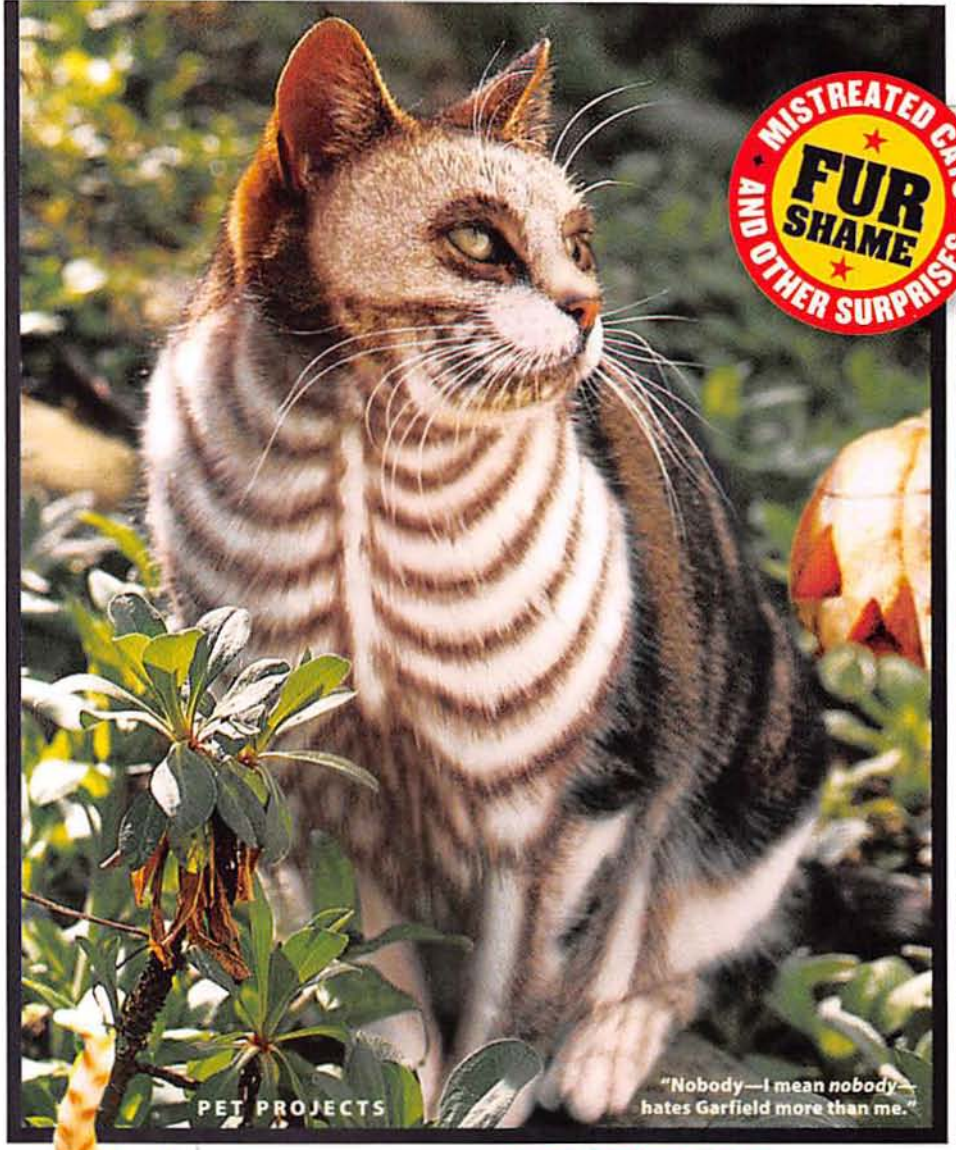


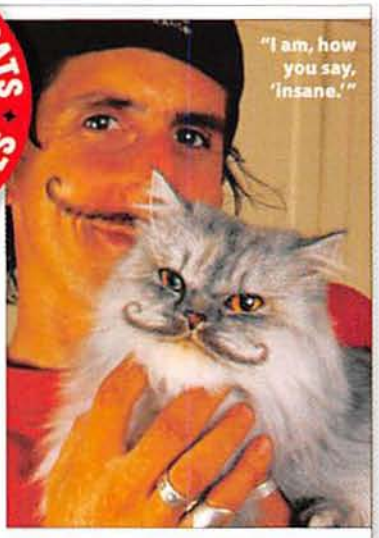
'It sounds conceited, but I love seeing myself on billboards.'

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLIE LANGELLA



'No one has ever successfully hit on me—but guys sure are persistent!'









What a little tramp!

KITTY PORN

Always wanted to paint your cat like an alien but never had the balls to try?

Up until now, cats have been available only in a dull selection of colors—not a single flower print, tartan plaid, or Charlie Chaplin ass-tattoo to speak of. Fortunately, a semicontroversial new book from New Zealand showcases a new range of new possibilities for defiling Whiskers. The rainbow-hued felines of *Why Paint Cats*, by Burton Silver and Heather Busch, are presented not as, say, victims of sociopathic, attention-starved shut-ins, but rather as living masterpieces of a bold new artistic genre. The catch? It's all bogus—the cats are merely composites. The book is intended to spark debate about the inhumane overbreeding of pets for fun and profit, but most readers are not only oblivious to the political agenda and ethical conundrums, they're disturbingly eager to turn their own hairy pussies into works of art. "Some people in the U.S. who really do paint their cats contacted us saying they were happy to see such a big movement," marvels Silver. To get your paws on a $17 copy of this feline freak show, pounce over to tenspeed.com. You too, Mr. Barker.





55

Percentage of all e-mail that's spam.

ASIAN MONKEY DEATH HOOKERS!

BONUS!

Recent outbreaks of monkeypox, SARS, and scurvy have now been linked to Southeast Asia's newest deviant sex trade: monkey prostitution. Officials blame a poor economy and twisted German businessmen for the problem.



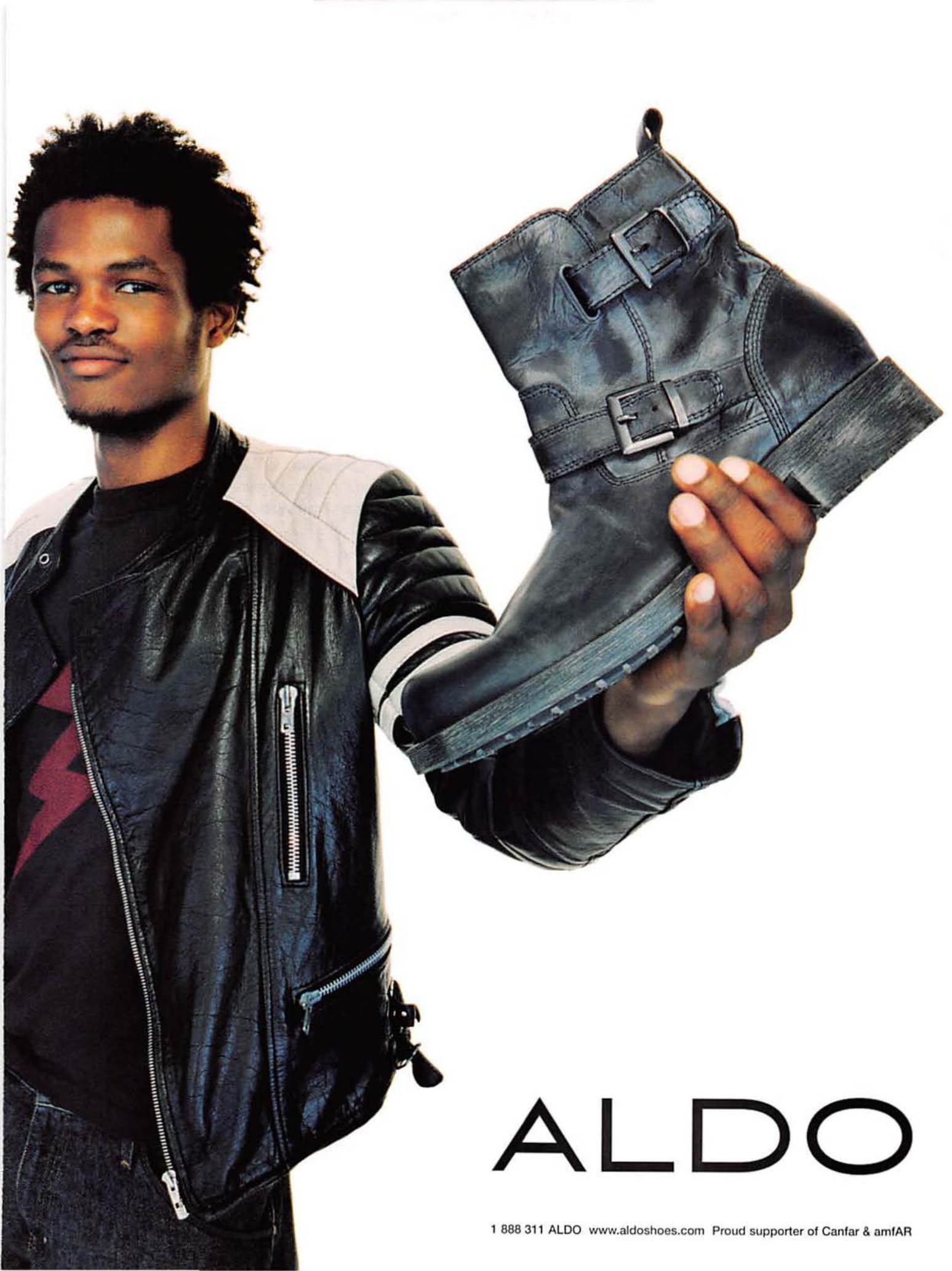
Nice hummer!



She needs a wax



Monkey pimps are in for 50 percent


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NEWS YOU CAN LOSE

THIS JUST IN!

If someone else printed it first, then it must be true.

These stories seem crazy, but three came from reputable sources. Can you guess which one we made up?

1.

YOTHERS SUCKS IN NEW PLAY

Former *Family Ties* temptress Tina Yothers will portray porn star Linda Lovelace in *Lovelace: The Musical*. The play, which is cowritten by Charlotte Caffey of the Go-Go's, chronicles the off-camera life of the *Deep Throat* thespian.

2.

Problem Children Take Pink Bus

English officials plan on punishing unruly students this winter by sending them to school on a bus with no heat. Nicknamed the Pink Peril, the specially painted bus will serve as a mobile detention on the Isle of Wight. "When troublemakers get a taste of the pink medicine," one administrator said, "they won't want a second dose."

3.

MEXICAN LAWSUIT PLUM LOCO

The relatives of 11 Mexicans who died of dehydration in 115-degree heat while attempting to sneak into the United States are suing the U.S. government for $42 million. The suit claims that the U.S. Border Patrol was negligent in failing to install water stations in the desert east of Yuma, Arizona.



4.

BELGIANS WAFFLE OVER PROSTITUTION CHARGES

Eight different public officials in Antwerp, Belgium have resigned following reports that a subsidized housing project planned for the city's outskirts was actually intended to be a high-end brothel. Construction on the complex has been halted pending further investigation.



The early version of Tha Dogg Pound got little respect on the streets

PET SOUNDS

DOGHOUSE ROCK

We played four "animal-sound" CDs to a 12-year-old mutt named Sam for the lowdown on today's beastliest recording acts. No joke.

THAI ELEPHANT ORCHESTRA

This pachyderm sextet proves you don't need a fancy degree to play jazz.

Standout track: "Thung Kwian Sunrise" suggests six elephants trampling a grandfather clock.

Sam's response: *[Mistakes chimes for doorbell, barks]*



ORCA'S GREATEST HITS

On first listen, whales sound like babies being flayed alive. Second listen, too.

Standout track: "Orca Reggae" combines the sounds of dolphins, guitars, and Bob Marley spinning in his grave.

Sam's response: *[Whines anxiously]*





1

Rank of William Shatner's "Lucy in the Sky With Diamonds" among the worst covers of Beatles songs.

ANTARCTICA

The creator of this Arctic "soundscape" risked life and limb to record *penguins*.

Standout track: The 20-minute "Weddell Seals" is longer than "In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida," yet sans drum solos.

Sam's response: *[Humps intern's leg]*



ANIMAL MUSIC/TIERMUSIK

All the fun of a pack of howling sled dogs, but none of the odor!

Standout track: A tie! All 35 "songs" are just recordings of barking dogs—yet not a single rendition of "Jingle Bells."

Sam's response: *[Licks balls feverishly]*



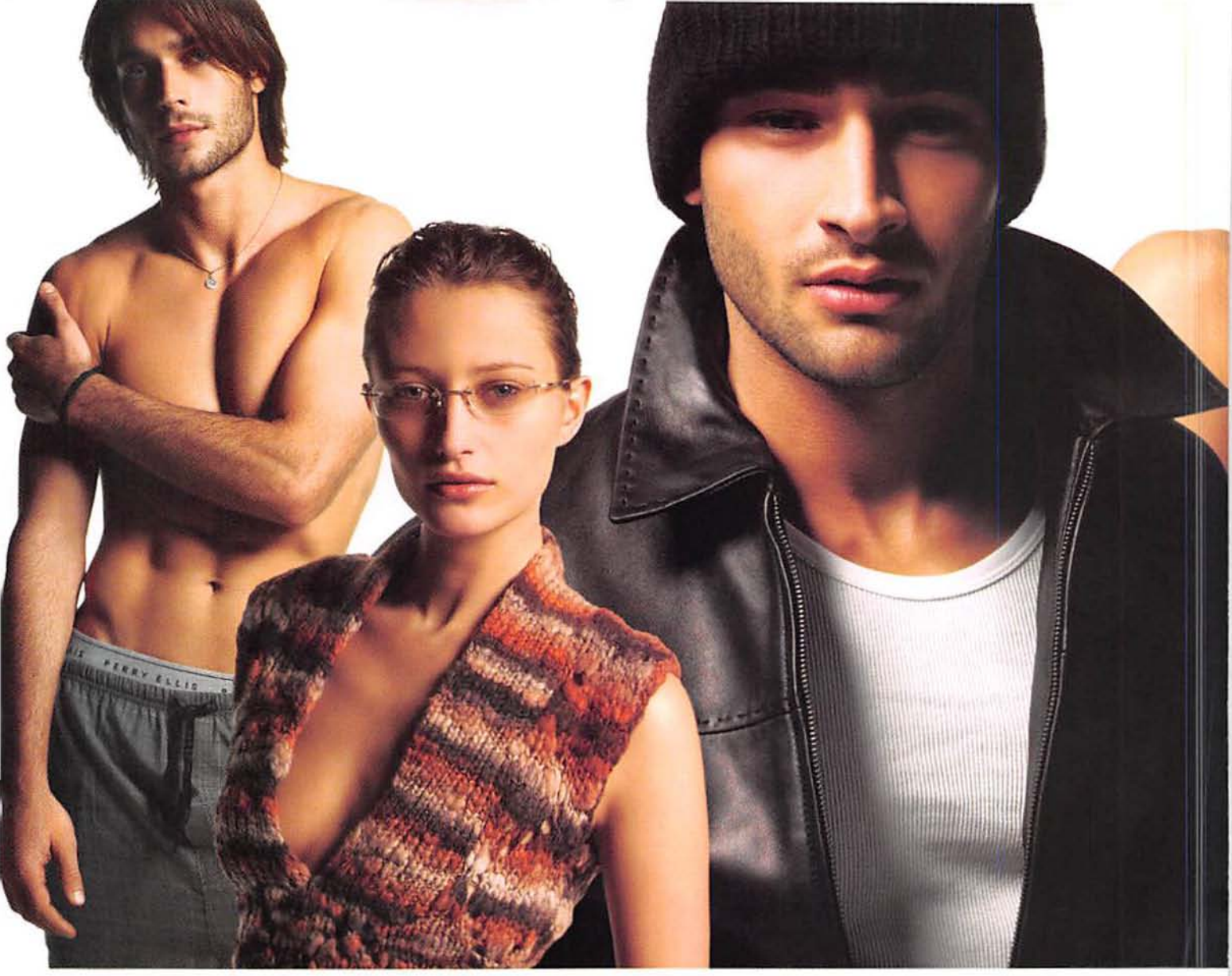
INSIDE POLITICS

EVERYBODY LOVES BUSH

The continuing adventures of America's wackiest unwanted houseguest!

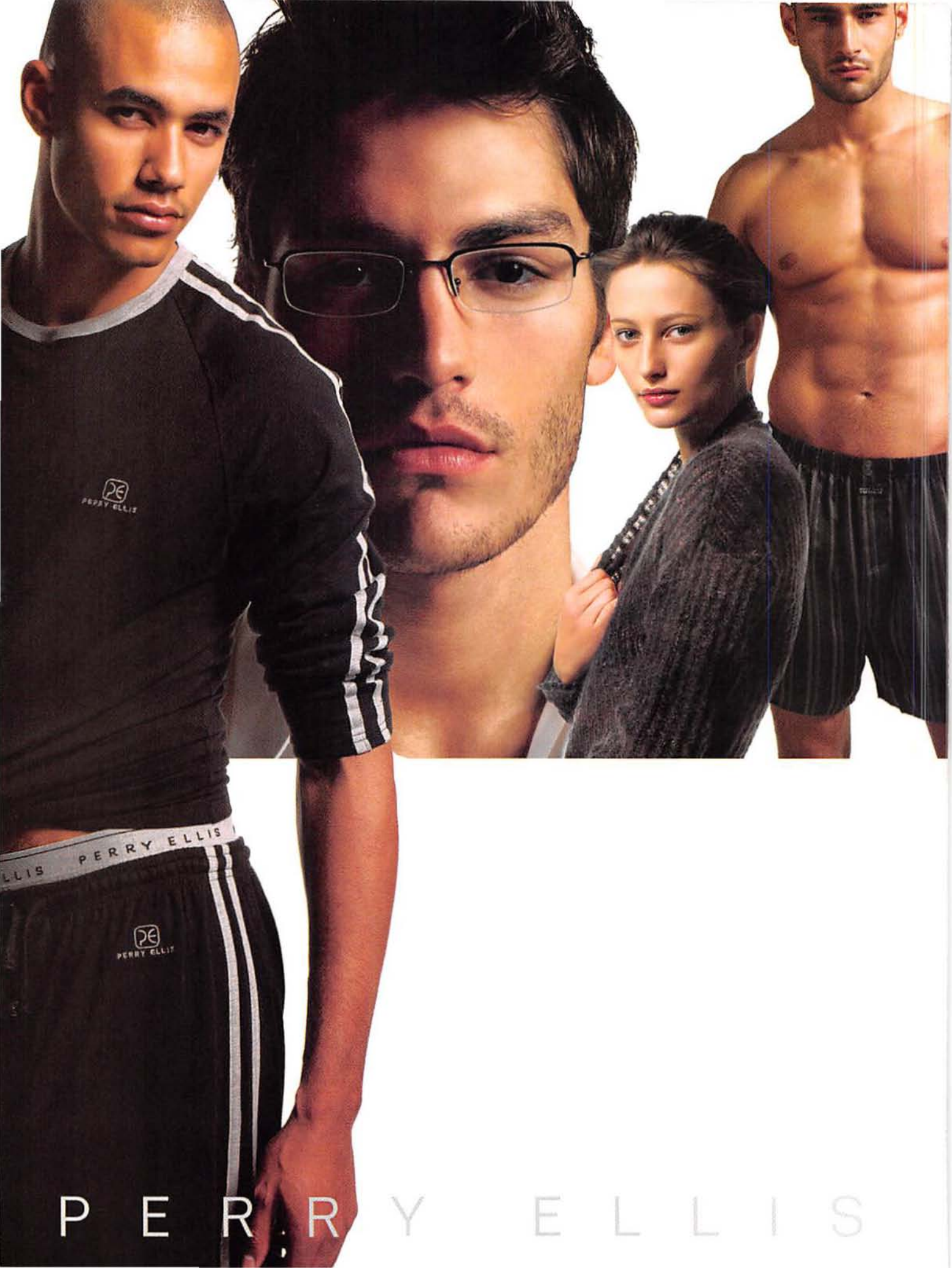


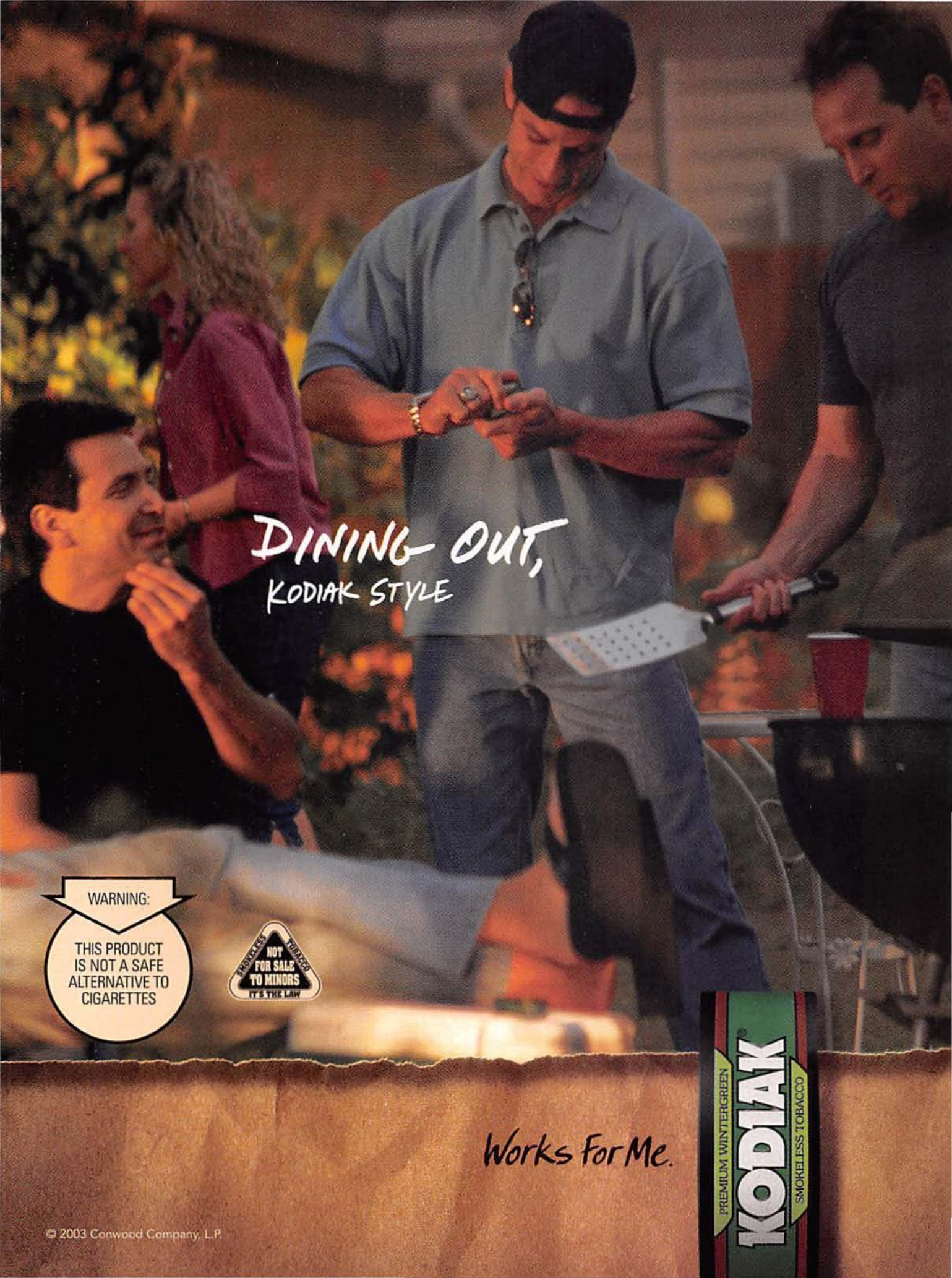

PERRY ELLIS



PERRY ELLIS


PERRY ELLIS
PERRY ELLIS


PERRY ELLIS
PERRY ELLIS
PERRY ELLIS



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WORLD OF BEER

LIQUID LUNCH

Wet your whistle with brews that pack a little somethin' extra.

CHOCOLATE BAR
The "Magitastical Liquor Lab" scene was cut from *Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory*, but Carlsberg shows what might have been with Criollo Stout, an ultradark beer with 10 grams of Valhona chocolate in every bottle. *(carlsberg.com)*

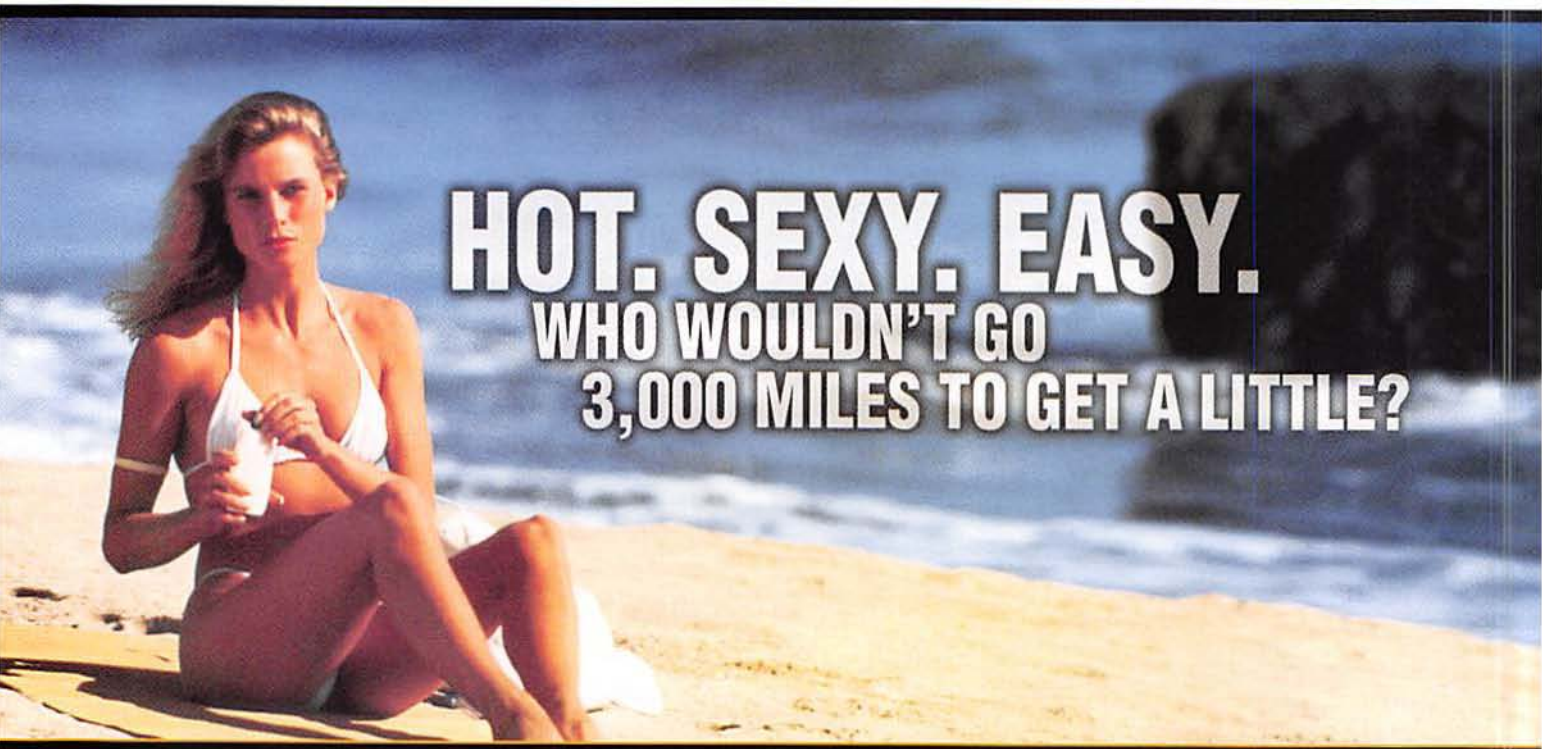
POT LUCK
Take a hit of Genuine Beer's Hanfblüte, a Swiss hemp brew with .2% THC. And keep those Chee-tos handy! *(genuinebeercompany.ch)*

SHELL SHOCK
When randy seamen want a beer with the tang of shellfish and the kick of Viagra, they reach for Ventnor Oyster Stout. *(ventnorbrewery.co.uk)*

WET NOODLE
Buckwheat is the main ingredient in Morimoto Soba, a refreshing ale that's perfect for quenching thirst *or* carbo loading. Otay! *(rogue.com)*

LUBRICATED CONDIMENT
Bister's La Jamboise: the only Belgian beer with mustard flava! Mix with puréed pig anus for the perfect ballpark treat. *(bister.com)*

Photographs: Satoshi; prop styling: Eyal Baruch





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She's every guy's dream...but only one guy's *sure thing*. John Cusack stars in this "intelligent, charming and engaging" (*Blockbuster Entertainment Guide*) movie that *LA Weekly* calls "the greatest film ever made"! Now available on Special Edition DVD.

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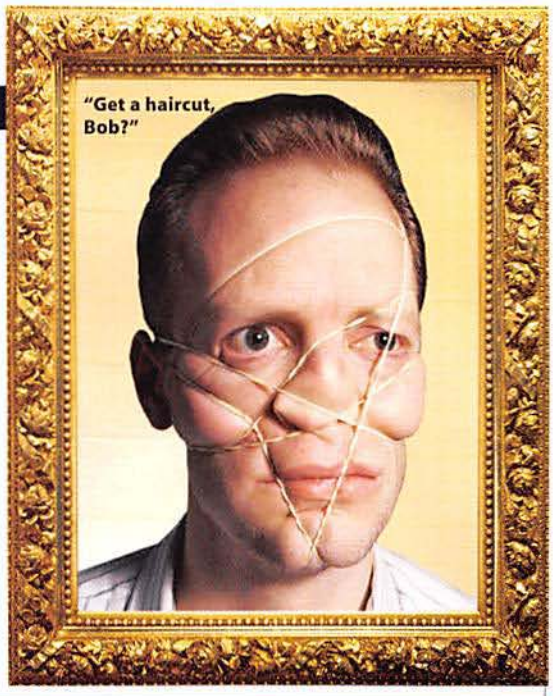
MAXIM SALUTES



ALLIANCE RUBBER BANDS

We offer a 21-gun salute to the most welterrific of all office supplies.

Long before instant messaging or Internet porn, workday tedium could be relieved only by discreetly placed flasks or spirited rubber band wars among disgruntled pencil pushers. Our office is certainly no exception, which is why William Spencer deserves long-overdue recognition as an American hero. Although a primitive version of the rubber band was invented in 1845, Spencer, who founded Alliance Rubber in 1923, created the version that we all know and love and fire at our boss' forehead today. "We've developed a secret 'soft modulus' process that makes our bands the stretchiest *and* the strongest," proclaims Wanda Spencer, daughter of William and current president of Alliance. "It's very hard to get both." Although rubber band wars are strictly verboten at the company's Hot Springs, Arkansas HQ—chaos would ensue with so much ordnance readily available—the Spencer family is proud of its contribution to the annals of office hijinks. "Our 7"x1/4" band has the highest accuracy within 20 feet," boasts Wanda. "But the 7"x1/8" is better for distance." (We prefer the latter because of its bitchin' *whoosh* sound that paralyzes targets with fear a split second before impact.) So raid your local Office Depot or steal as many boxes from the supply closet as you can, and on our signal...unleash hell!



A GALLERY OF WAR WOUNDS FROM THE MAXIM BATTLEFIELD



YOU'D NEVER DO THIS

TO YOUR BACKPACK.

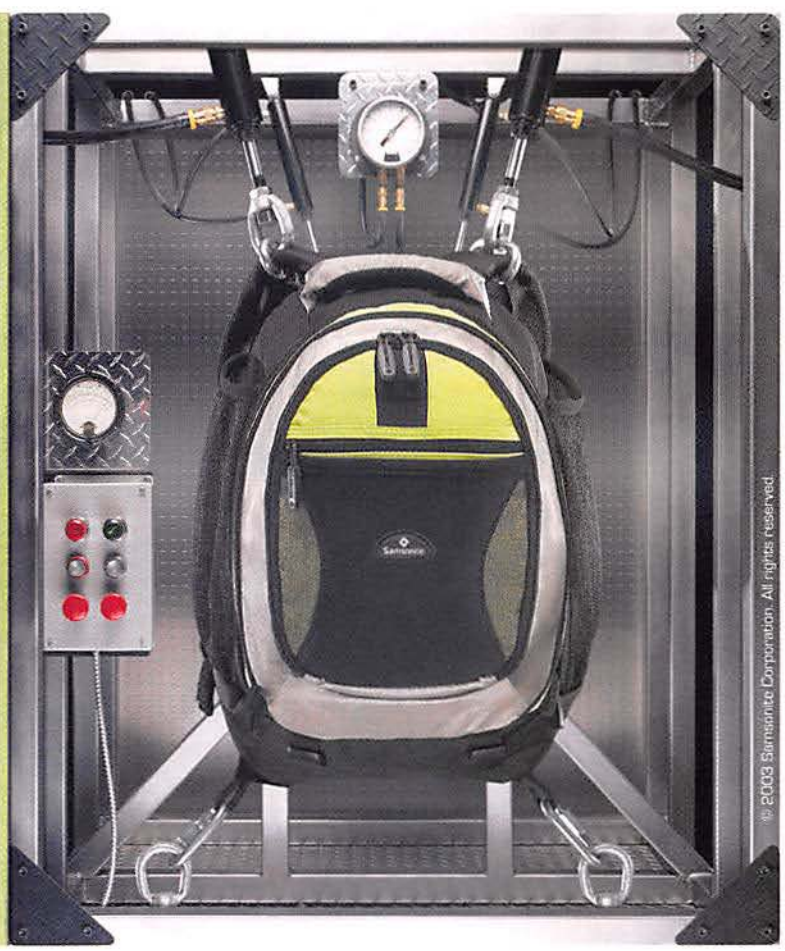
THAT'S WHY WE DO IT

FOR YOU.

STRENGTH IS A COMFORT

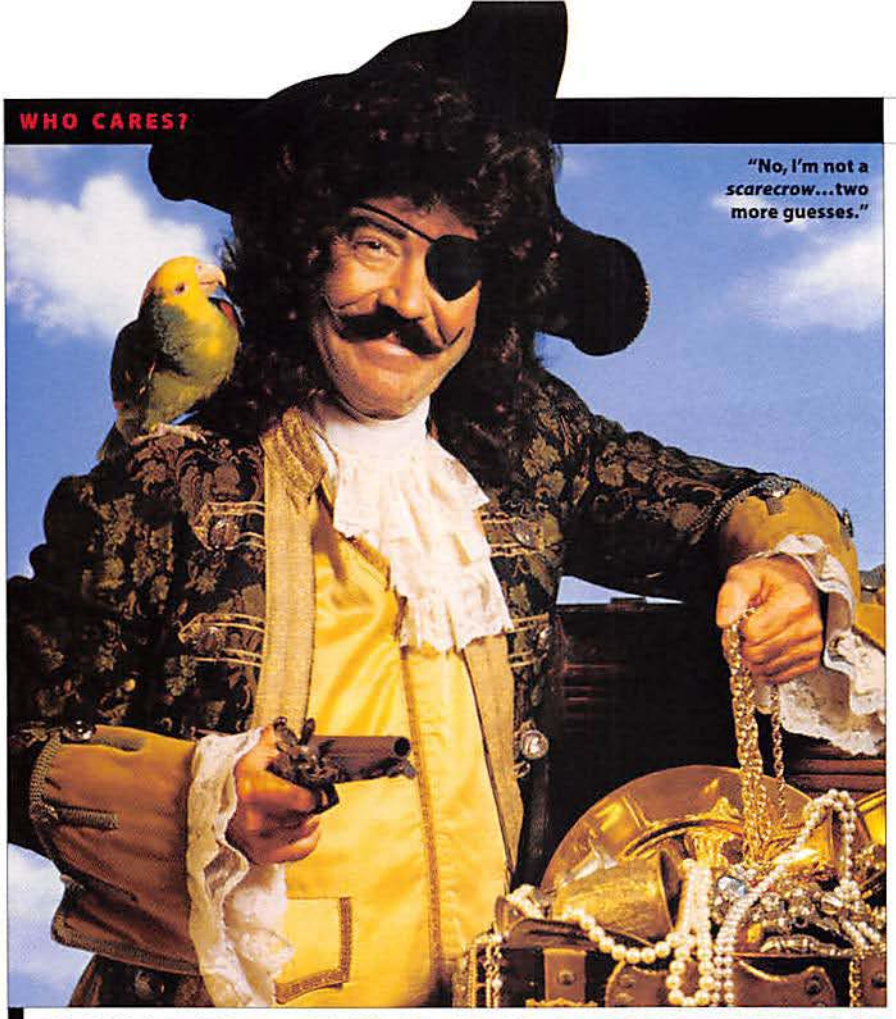
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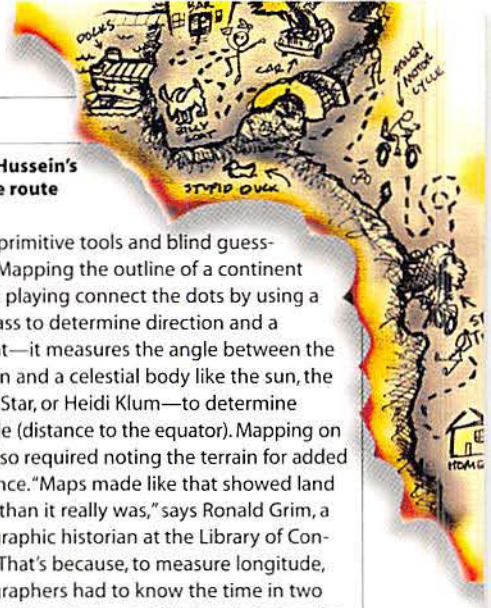


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WHO CARES?



"No, I'm not a scarecrow...two more guesses."



Uday Hussein's escape route

G'HEAD, ASK US ANYTHING

Maxim answers your international, directional, directorial, vaginal questions.

Q: Can I do whatever the hell I want in international waters?

A: As long as you don't pee in *our* pool, we couldn't care less how you befoul the Earth's water supply, but others might. "Boats are governed by the laws of the country in which they're registered," says Houston Lowry, a maritime attorney in Meriden, Connecticut. "However, it is possible to be in international waters without being on a boat." International waters typically begin 12 miles out to sea, and crimes committed on, say, an unclaimed island or an abandoned oil rig can be prosecuted by any nation, but countries typically do so only if their property or citizens are involved. Treaties prohibit piracy, drug trafficking, and torture, but you have every right to fish, film porn, or conduct atomic tests with reckless abandon. Have fun, there, Blofeld.



"Work it, baby!"

Q: How did explorers make maps?

A: The same way you steal the kidneys of passed-out Mexicans: by using primitive tools and blind guesswork. Mapping the outline of a continent meant playing connect the dots by using a compass to determine direction and a sextant—it measures the angle between the horizon and a celestial body like the sun, the North Star, or Heidi Klum—to determine latitude (distance to the equator). Mapping on foot also required noting the terrain for added reference. "Maps made like that showed land wider than it really was," says Ronald Grim, a cartographic historian at the Library of Congress. That's because, to measure longitude, cartographers had to know the time in two different locations—a difficult task before the conceptualization of Greenwich Mean Time in 1884. Sadly the mapmaking art became all but obsolete with aerial photography's arrival in the 1930s. OK, next enthralling question...

Q: If I have video of me and my high school girlfriend having sex, am I a criminal?

A: While your awkward bouts of 10th-grade coitus were perfectly legal, videotaping it made you open to criminal charges the second you started humping...assuming you lasted that long. "You cannot possess a tape in which a sexual act is performed by a minor, even if you're a minor at the time," explains Chicago attorney Matt McQuaid, who has defended several degenerates charged with possessing kiddie porn. If convicted, you could face two to five years in jail, though probation would be more likely. E-mail those images to your buddies or transport the tape across state lines, however, and you could face federal charges. "No one gets probation in federal court," McQuaid warns.



Q: Do WNBA players have larger-than-normal vaginas?

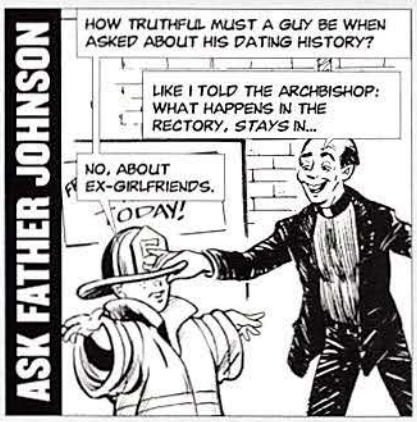
A: Yes, but their balls are smaller.

GOT YOUR OWN DOPEY QUESTIONS?

Send them to Ask Anything, *Maxim*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018, or e-mail ask@maximonline.com. Hurry up, ass clown!

MORAL AUTHORITY

ASK FATHER JOHNSON





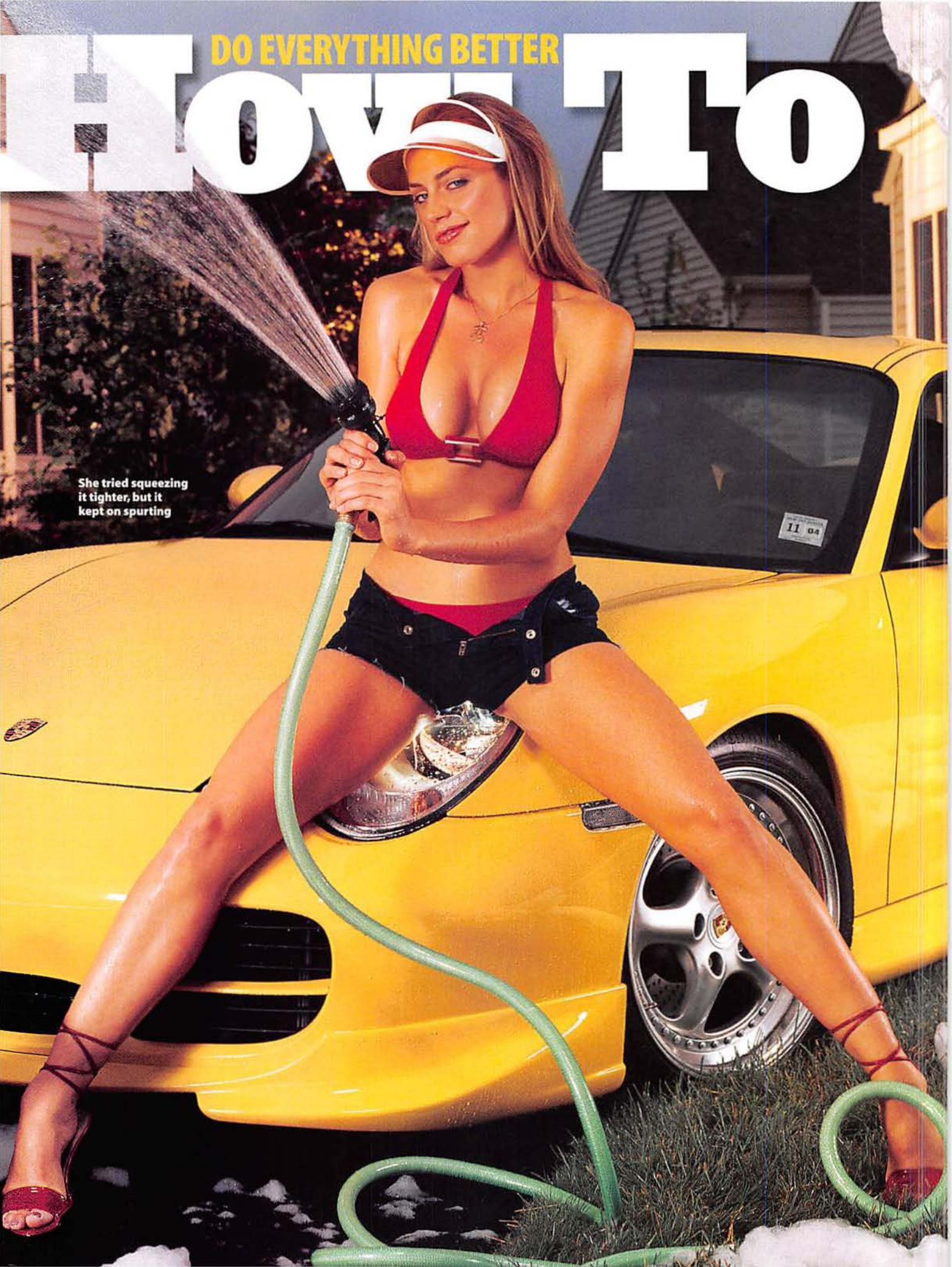


Circus Maximus/How To contributors: Mike Austin, Gordon Bass, Craig Better, Ky Henderson, Jessica Hundley, Steve Kandell, Amy Keyshian, Dan Kraus, Alex Porter, Marcy Smith, Andrew Vontz, Jon Wilde, Mark Yarm. Father Johnson illustrations by Lyman Daily.


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DO EVERYTHING BETTER

How To



She tried squeezing it tighter, but it kept on spurting

SUDS HER DOWN

Make your 1978 Datsun station wagon sparkle like a 1983 Datsun station wagon!

Back when you were first learning to drive, Dad would tell you that a clean car runs better than a dirty one. Sure, Dad was whacked out of his skull with all the Scotchgard he was sniffing—but washing your car *does* help prevent rust and body damage. Newfangled automated car washes can never beat a good old-fashioned hand job, so grab a bucket, squeeze yourself into a pair of Speedos, and get to work.

1. LATHER HER UP

Much like your morbidly obese mother, a car must be prepped before receiving its monthly scrubbing. "If you just pick up a sponge and go, you'll rub built-up road grit into your car's finish," warns Mick Jenkins of So-Cal Speed Shop in Pomona, California. First, spray the whole car with your hose. (That's your *garden* hose, big guy.) Then remove bird shit by dousing it with seltzer; the acidic carbonation will break it down. Use a quality liquid soap—Meguiar's, Mothers, and Eagle One can all be found at any automotive shop—a cleaning mitt or a soft sponge, and cold water to protect the car's wax finish as you wash your ride from top to bottom. Repeatedly dunk the sponge in the bucket to rinse off dirt and grime, making sure to clean the tires and rims last. Be sure to rinse the car as you go, or the drying soap will make your ride spottier than a syphilitic leopard.



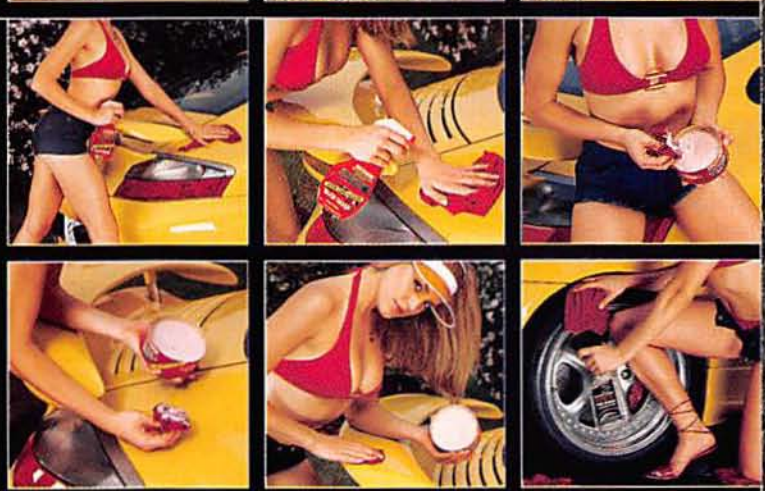
2. TOWEL HER DOWN

Once your car is sparkling—make sure you got *all* the blood out of the grill—squeegee most of the water with a California Water Blade, which you can pick up for $20 at calcarcover.com. Towels can leave fuzzy residue; you'll get better results with a leather chamois (it's pronounced "chamois") that you can get at any auto parts store for $10 to $15. Use a long, smooth dragging motion—imagine you're pushing the water off the car—and dry in the same order you washed. Rinse and wring out the chamois constantly to avoid streaks, especially when drying bug-splattered windshields and bling-bling hubcaps. (To keep the chamois clean, dry your tires with paper towels or Grandma's wig.) Finally, get rid of water trapped in nooks and crannies by rolling the windows up and down and slamming each door a couple of times—feel free to use a mob rat's head to cushion the blows.



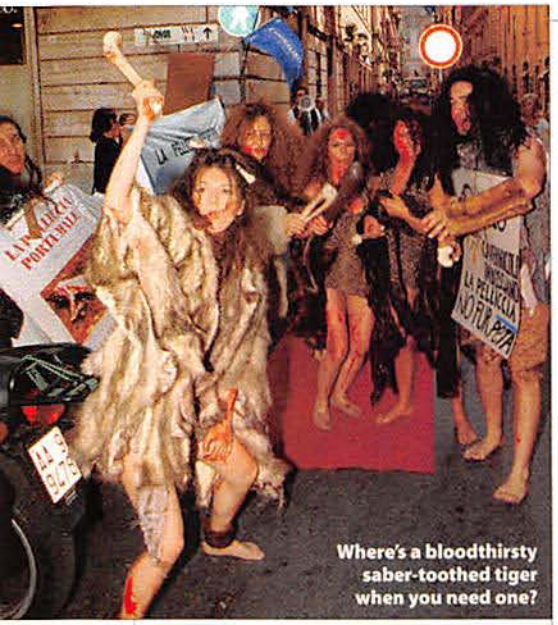
3. WAX OFF

You can now do one of two things: Opt for the sniveling coward's way out and spray on a coat of quick detailer for that faux-waxed shine, or put a little all-American elbow grease into it with paste wax and your girlfriend's National Organization of Women T-shirt. Start with the roof; divide it into quarters and work on one at a time, applying a dab of wax to the shirt and rubbing it onto the car with a Macchio-esque circular motion. Wait 10 minutes, then buff off the excess wax with a separate cloth, using the same arm motion. "Wax will build up on the rag," Jenkins warns. "Refold it periodically and use a clean piece so you're removing the wax, not just rubbing it in." Now do the rest of the car, never working on more than a three-foot-square area at a time. Give your tires a healthy squirt of satin-finish tire dressing and presto—your car just tripled in worth!*



*Your car will not triple in worth.

Photographs, Bradford Noble; styling, Andrea Cooker; hair and makeup, Gina Simone for Oliver Piro/Mac Pro; prop styling, Liz Engelhardt; Tech Art–enhanced Porsche 996 Turbo provided by CEC Wheels, www.crosbyvolmer.com


Where's a bloodthirsty saber-toothed tiger when you need one?

HOW TO

MAKE A ROAD KILL COAT

Floss a bling-bling fur without dropping mad Benjamins.

IN THE BAG

Like a hooker, road kill is illegal to pick up, so watch your step. Coyote, fox, and possum are your best bets, since they're common and have thick coats. "Ideally, you'll find the animal when it's still warm," says Matt Richards, author of *Deerskins Into Buckskins*. "But if it smells and starts to attract flies, leave it." Also a good policy with hookers.

BELOW THE PELT

Since hides transmit disease, put on surgical gloves before hauling your bloated carcass—along with the dead animal—into a well-ventilated area. Use a sharp knife to cut a line around the neck, then down the belly to the anus, then up the inside of each leg. "Slice around each ankle and pull off the skin like a sock," Richards explains. Once the pelt is totally removed, scrape the fat and gristle from its underside. No, not with your *teeth*!

ON YOUR BACK

Scoop out the animal's brains, toss them in a quart of warm water, mash them up, and massage that unholy smoothie into the flesh side of your pelt to keep it supple. Dangle the fur over a smoky fire for a few hours to preserve it and it's ready for sewing. Lay out all the pelts to match colors; it takes about 20 foxes to make an ankle-length pimp coat. Visit braintan.com for leather-stitching supplies and patterns. Who says sewing ain't manly?

"Don't you know I'm loco?"



"What's this button do?"



HOW TO

CLEAR A MINEFIELD

If Iraq is filled with mines, we can't build malls and drive-throughs!


"Blowing bubbles is just the best!"

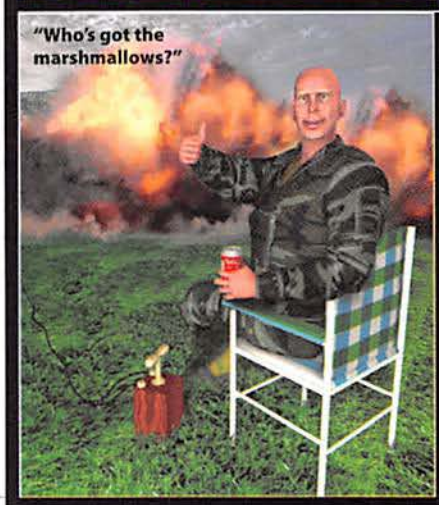
1. PROTECT AND DETECT

Think your job sucks? *Half* of all deminers are maimed or killed in the first five years of their badass careers. And for once, robot monkeys aren't the answer. "No machinery can duplicate the work of efficient manual mine clearance," says Bogdan Maglich, chief scientific officer for explosive detection specialists HiEnergy Technologies. Since some mines have magnetic triggers, remove your scrote piercing before donning Interceptor Body Armor by Point Blank and standard-issue Kevlar headgear (available at pointblankarmor.com). You'll also have to drop a Pentagonian $1,200 on an AN/PSS-12 metal detector, available through Schiebel Instruments (schiebel.com). But, hey, it'll pay for itself once you start trolling the beach for spare change.


"I know my contact lens is here somewhere..."

2. STROLL AND PATROL

Any battlefield will be lousy with shells, shrapnel, and beer cans, but you'll still have to unearth every piece of debris your detector finds, which means covering a mere three square feet *per hour*. When you hear that magic beep, crouch so only your knees and toes touch the ground. Using a two-foot-long wooden dowel, probe the dirt *gently* at a 25- to 45-degree angle until you hit something solid. "Prod every half inch in a three-foot-wide swath directly in front of you," says Capt. Nate Panka of the Army's 363rd Explosive Ordnance Disposal Company. "At that angle you won't exert the pressure needed to detonate a mine." When you do find a mine, mark it with a flag, but do *not* try removing it unless you've grown tired of your extremities.


"Who's got the marshmallows?"

3. LOAD AND EXPLODE

Playing eenie, meenie, minie, moe before cutting the red wire may work for larger-than-life action heroes like Lorenzo Lamas, but neutralizing a land mine isn't quite that simple. "Normally, you can use a pound and a quarter of C4 per land mine," Panka says. "It's a fairly standard insensitive explosive." You've got some of that stuff lying around the tool shed, right? Set the C4 on top of or next to the mine, then carefully attach an electric blasting cap or an old-school 45-second fuse. For the sake of convenience and safety, deminers wire all the flagged mines and detonate them simultaneously. Get yourself out of harm's way—stand at least a half mile away just to be sure—crack a brewski, and enjoy the maimtastic fireworks!

Illustrations, Paul Wootton


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HOW TO

BUILD A RADIO

Forgetting to pay your electric bill is no excuse for missing the game!









1. GET LOOPY

In addition to carcinogens and B.O., the air in your house is full of radio waves. "All you need is an antenna to capture them, a coil to resonate them, and a rectifier to translate them," promises Rebecca the Crystal Queen, ruler of the 1,000-member Xtal Set Society. Polish off some delicious Quaker Oats, then punch four holes in the cylinder: one in the lid, one in the base, one on the side an inch from the top, and one on the opposite side an inch from the bottom. String plastic-coated 24-gauge wire through the lid and out the top hole (fig. 1), then loop the wire around the container (fig. 2). Every five turns, strip an inch of insulation and twist it into an eyelet (fig. 3). Feed the last 25 feet into the can and out the base (fig. 4). The sound waves are energy enough, so unlike your girlfriend's orgasm, it requires no batteries!





2. GET WIRED

For the rectifier, get your hands on some high-impedance crystal earplugs. (This and other parts are available at midnightscience.com or any geek-friendly electronics store.) Cut off the metal plug, separate the two wires, and strip off an inch of insulation. Solder a 47,000-ohm resistor between the wires to regulate energy flow. Clip a 1N34a germanium diode to one end to isolate the audible part of the sound wave from the useless inaudible parts. Strip off a section of the wire where it exits the container—that's your ground wire—and attach one end of the resistor to that section with another alligator clip. Warn the neighbors—you're about to rock the hizzouse!



BUILD IT · BUILD IT · BUILD IT · BUILD IT ·

VERY TECHNICAL SPECIFICATIONS

TOTAL COST: $10–$15
TOOLS: Utility knife, wire cutters, soldering iron, solder, wire strippers, strippers
DIFFICULTY: Easy listening out of hard rock



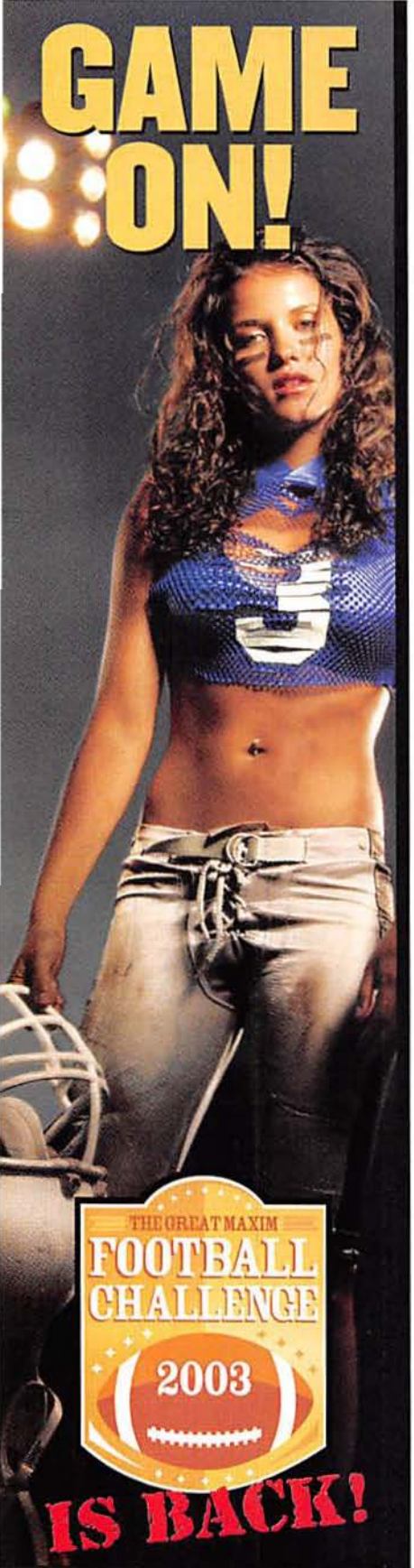
3. GET DOWN

String your antenna—about 50 feet of wire coming from the top of the cylinder—out a window and tie it up high, far away from power lines. Connect the 25 feet of ground wire to a cold-water pipe—your bong won't do the trick, Cheech. If you didn't screw things up, you should be jamming to the works of Bach and Limbaugh in no time. Tune your unit by attaching the tip of the diode to the eyelets with a clip (fig. 7) and repositioning the antenna. Reception will vary according to the position of the radio and the time of day, and there's no way to guarantee which waves you'll catch. "You can usually get one to three stations," Her Royal Majesty says. "The longer your antenna, the more you'll pick up." Ain't that just always the way?

Photographs, Satoshi; props and wardrobe, Eyal Baruch; grooming, Bryan Lynde for R.J. Bennett/Clinique


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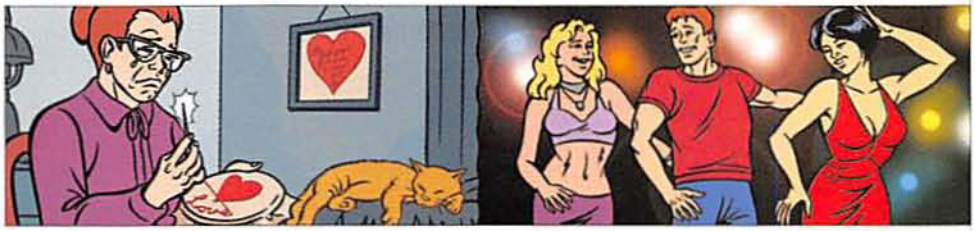
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HOW TO

DATE 2 GIRLS

Enjoy twice the sex with half the monotony!



1. DOUBLE YOUR PLEASURE ▲

As a commitment leper, you may not be able to handle a real relationship, but you can certainly pull off a couple of half-assed ones. "Don't let anyone tell you dating two women isn't kosher," says Lynn Harris, author of relationship guide *Breakup Girl to the Rescue!* "You're a free agent until you have the Big Talk—so put it off as long as possible." Start both affairs around the same time; that way one girl won't sense a change when another arrives on the scene. Your ideal targets are party girls, so forgo the virgin spinster librarians in your sewing circle.



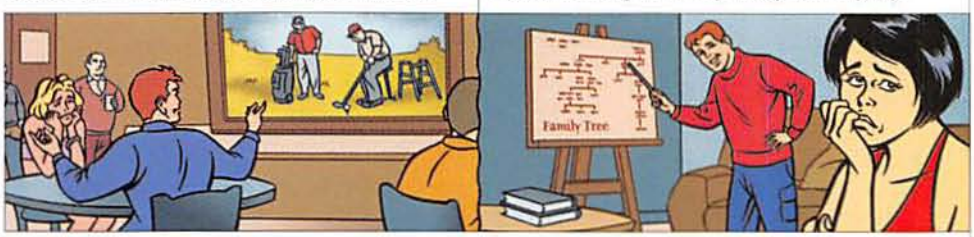
2. KEEP YOUR DISTANCE ▲

To establish yourself as a no-strings-attached boy toy, be nice—but not candy-and-flowers nice. "Call each girl only a few times a week," advises dating coach Ron Louis, coauthor of *How to Succeed With Women*. Tempted to e-mail her the hilarious details of your commute to work? Resist. Feel jealous when she mentions other guys? Don't. Holding her to standards *you* have no intention of honoring will make her notice the disparity. Instead, be as elusive as the yeti—you've already got the back hair—and don't see either girl more than once a week.



3. COVER YOUR TRACKS ▲

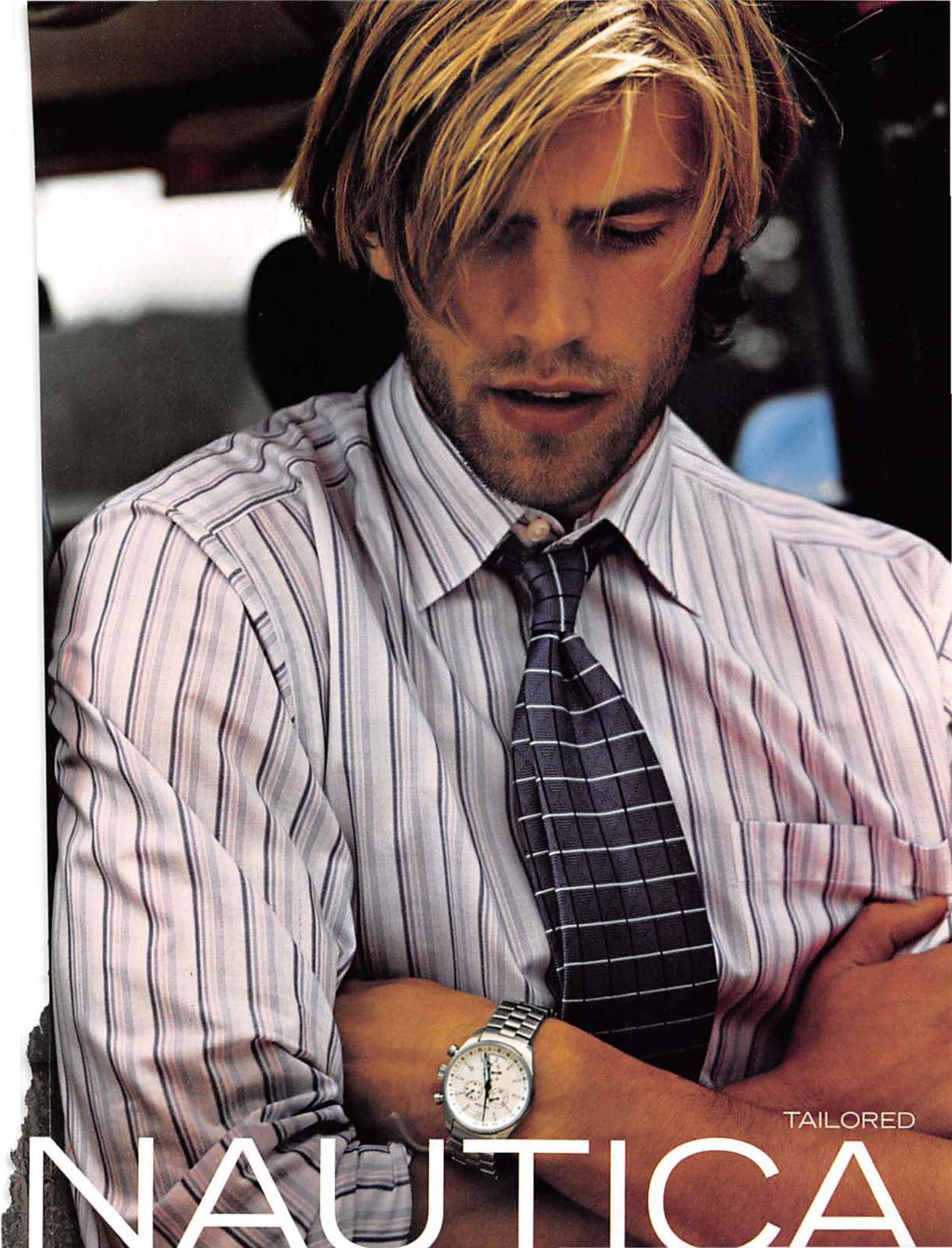
It happened to Jack Tripper every episode, and it'll happen to you: the comically awkward misunderstanding. *Remain calm.* "You're with Girl A, and you bump into Girl B," Louis says. "It's simple: Politely introduce them with no explanation, and move on." Since there's been no discussion of commitment, you're in the clear—later you can tell each one that the other was just a friend. Avoid the ol' calling-her-the-wrong-name snafu by giving both girls the same term of endearment, like Cutie, Angel, or Double-wide. Chicks dig that lovey-dovey stuff anyway.

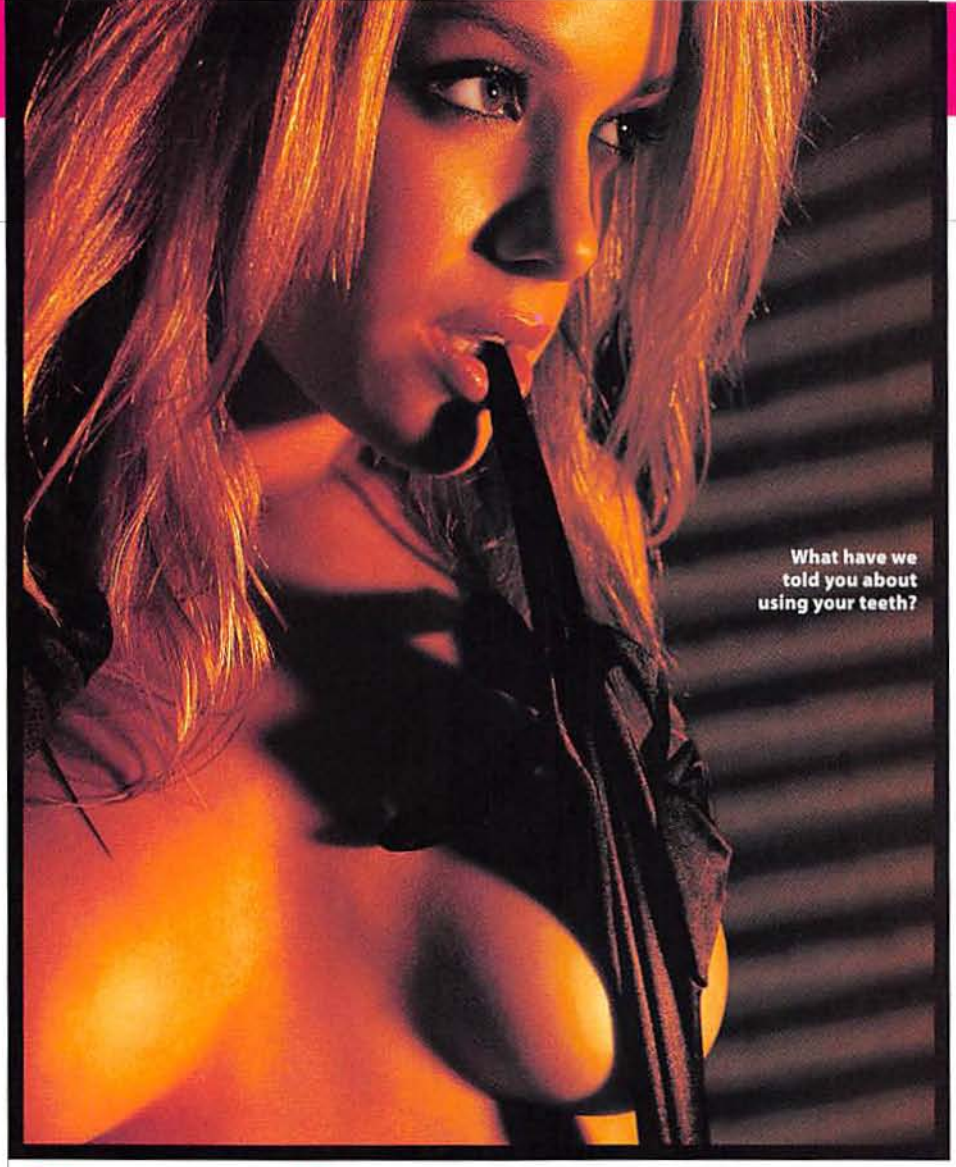


4. MAKE YOUR ESCAPE ▲

In order to avoid an ugly confrontation—or uglier car-egging—get out while the gettin's good. "Your window of prime juggling opportunity is three to five weeks," Louis says. "The earlier you break things off, the better your chances to avoid hurt feelings." The safest bet: Bore her out of the relationship. Take her to a bar to watch a Senior PGA event, stop feigning laughter at her jokes, develop a fanatical love of genealogy. Do it to both, or do it to one and upgrade the other to girlfriend status. Just remember—now you'll have to tell her your *real* name.

Illustrations, Dave Hine


TAILORED
NAUTICA



Sword Swallowing

Whether your girl's a little reluctant or just plain hates going downtown, Ellen Benson gives you some tips on how to make your leaning tower her favorite destination.

OK, OK... we girls might not always *love* licking your pinksicle. But the truth is, we really can learn to enjoy it with just a little coaxing from you. As horribly antifeminist as it sounds, deep down (ahem) we know the *real* way to keep a guy happy and loyal is by giving good head. (Just remember that it works both ways, guys.) But sadly for you, most of us girls have a few hang-ups that keep us from doing it as much as you'd really like... say, 24/7 with a midnight pause for *BattleBots*.

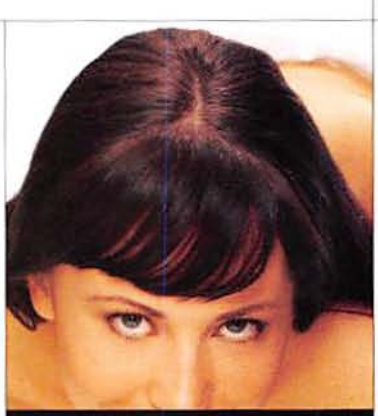
I asked a bunch of my friends what holds them back from traveling south of the border. The news is good: Chances are, if your girlfriend's not getting down on her knees all that enthusiastically, it's most likely because she's got one of these five minor gripes. Just apply our simple, girl-approved insider strategies and you'll easily overcome her objections. Who knows? You might even give her a serious oral fixation.



HUMMER COMPLAINT #1
"It's uncomfortable."

"I know Doug loves it when I give him head," says Julie, 26. "And I'd really like to treat him more often. But sometimes when I do it, my neck gets sore and I feel like I'm choking."

The solution: No matter how good her intentions, if going down on you is doing a number on her neck and/or triggering her gag reflex, she's gonna want to quit after a few minutes—and it's going to leave a bad taste in her mouth (sorry, couldn't resist) for next time. Fortunately, paying just a little bit of attention to her position *before* she cramps up can do away with this objection forever. Try letting her kneel in front of you while you sit on the sofa—that way she'll be able to control the depth of penetration and keep her gag reflex in check. And you'll still be able to see the TV over her head. If you're too tired to get out of bed (or if there isn't a game on), having her kneel between your legs while you're lying on your back will allow her to alternate between deep-throating and pulling back.



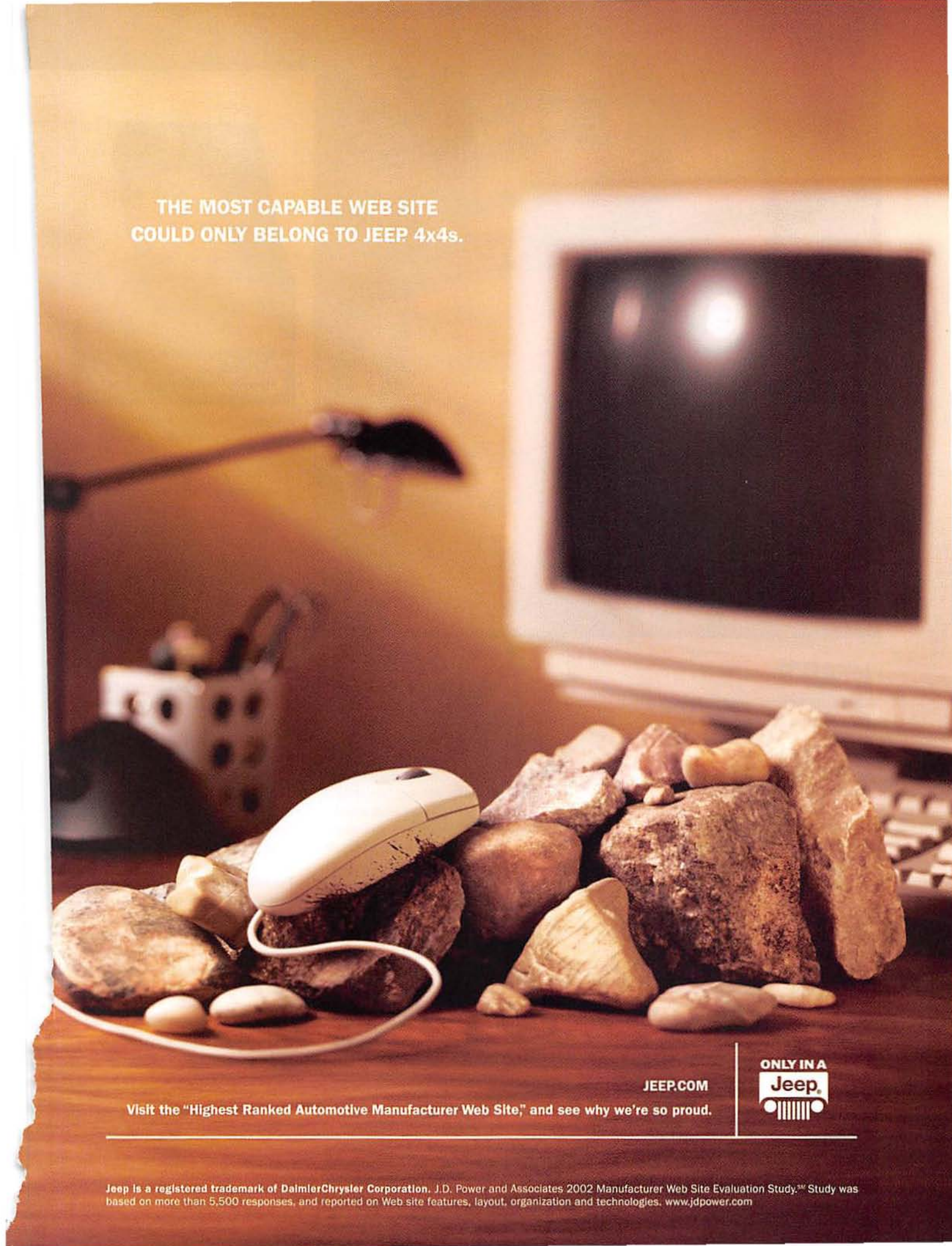
1 Let her kneel in front of you while you sit—you can still see the TV!

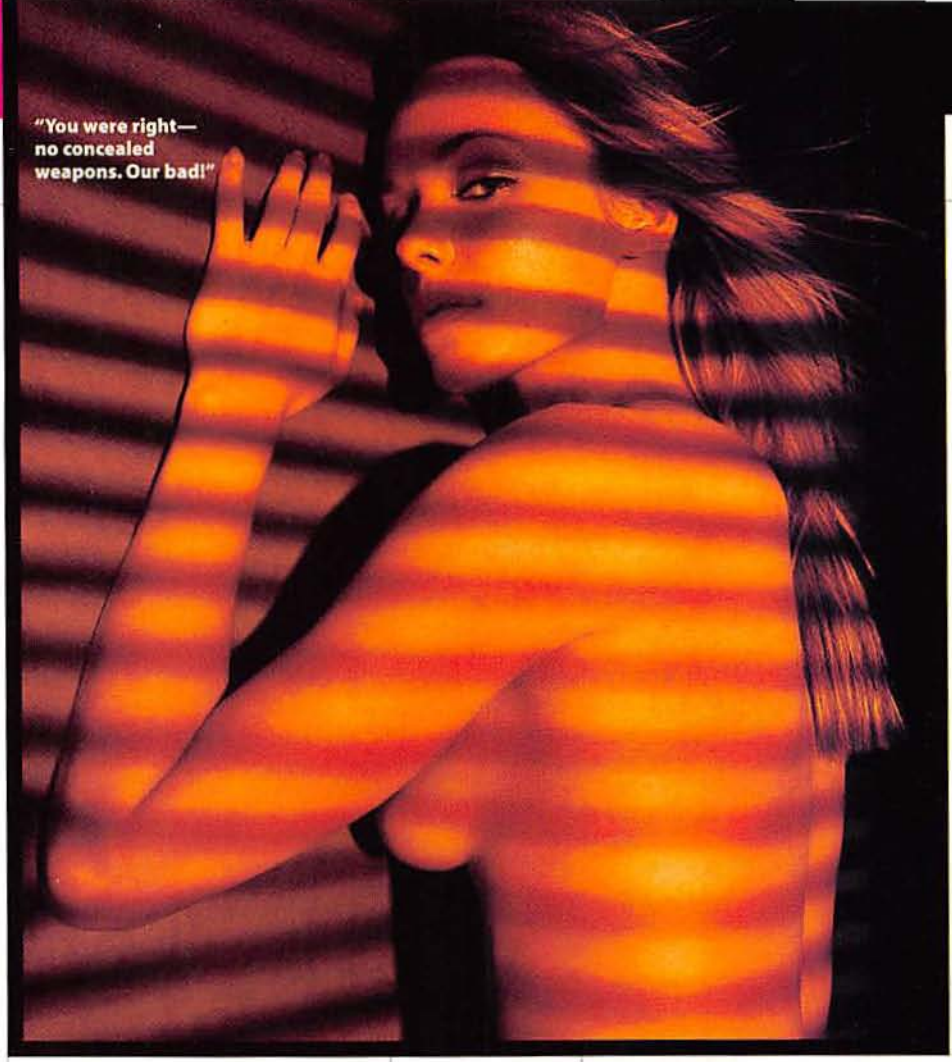
Sasha, 28, describes another winning position: "I actually give Andrew the best BJs when *I'm* sitting on the sofa and *he's* standing in front of me. It lets me use my whole body to move my mouth back and forth on him, so my neck doesn't get tired, plus I can pull myself back if he pushes it in too deep. Best of all, it leaves my hands free so I can use them on the boys." Sorry, guys—unfortunately, Sasha doesn't have any sisters.

HUMMER COMPLAINT #2
"I don't like putting dirty things in my mouth."

"No matter how hard I try, I can't get it out of my head that he pees with that thing," says Carolina, 23. "And to be honest, sometimes it just gets straight-up funky down there."

The solution: Obviously, a quick shower is your best bet. But since that's not always an option, you can prevent game-hurting odors with a morning dusting of Gold Bond. The powdery taste (you've noticed it, too, huh?) will be gone by evening, but it will keep stinky sweat from festering down there during the day. If you need a game-time fix, excuse yourself to the bathroom, raid your girl's medicine cabinet for some ▶


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HEAD'S UP!

These subliminal suggestions turn any day into blow job day.

If she says: "I'm thinking about changing careers."
You say: "Hmm, that might really blow. Jobs are so hard to find."

If she says: "I sent my best friend, Meredith, a birthday card today."
You say: "You're so giving! Head on over here for a great big hug!"

If she says: "This fish sure has a lot of bones in it."
You say: "Be very careful not to choke. On my chicken farm, we used to eat salmon all the time."

If she says: "I just found out my dad needs quadruple bypass surgery."
You say: "Though that problem might be pretty tough to lick, the love pump must go on ticking."

If she says: "That stupid mechanic overcharged me for my brakes again!"
You say: "That must be really tough to swallow. The monkey that guy must be!"
—*Marcy Smith*

Let her know she's your best ever and she'll want to prove it again and again.

premoistened cleansing cloths, and give yourself a quick wipe-down.

If she's still skeeved, direct her hands to your nether lands—it'll seem more palatable to her, which just might entice her to further action. "For some reason my boyfriend always seems to want a blow job as soon as he gets back from playing basketball on Saturday afternoons," says Leslie, 24. "Gross! But if he places his hands around the shaft and balls and keeps me focused on the tip, it covers up his natural odors. Plus, he likes it so much I never end up staying down there for long."

HUMMER COMPLAINT #3
"It gets boring."

"I love going down on Marc—for a while," says Carly, 24. "But sometimes it seems like he's never going to come, and I find myself wondering whether that cute pair of sandals I want to buy went on sale yet."

The solution: Imagine Pamela Anderson and Carmen Electra making a you sandwich. Pretend her best friend is helping her stroke your magic wand. Call out "Mommy" while giving yourself an atomic wedgie. The point is, go ahead and do whatever it takes to climax before she starts making mental shopping lists. (Unless it's that last one, you



2 Direct her hands to your nether lands—it'll bring on further action

sick bastard.) Don't hesitate to reach down and help get yourself where she's trying to take you, too. Blow jobs are a lot of work (hence the "job" part of the name), and this is one situation where we're never going to complain about your being a minuteman.

Launch sequence still not happening? Don't be afraid to switch courses. "Sometimes when I'm going down on him, my boyfriend will say something like, 'Oh, my God. You're getting me so hot I can't wait any longer to be inside you,'" says Denise, 31. "I know what he's really saying is that it's a lost cause trying to make him come with my mouth, but he manages to make it sound like a compliment instead of a critique." And what girl wouldn't welcome the chance to go from bugle boy to mounted cavalry?

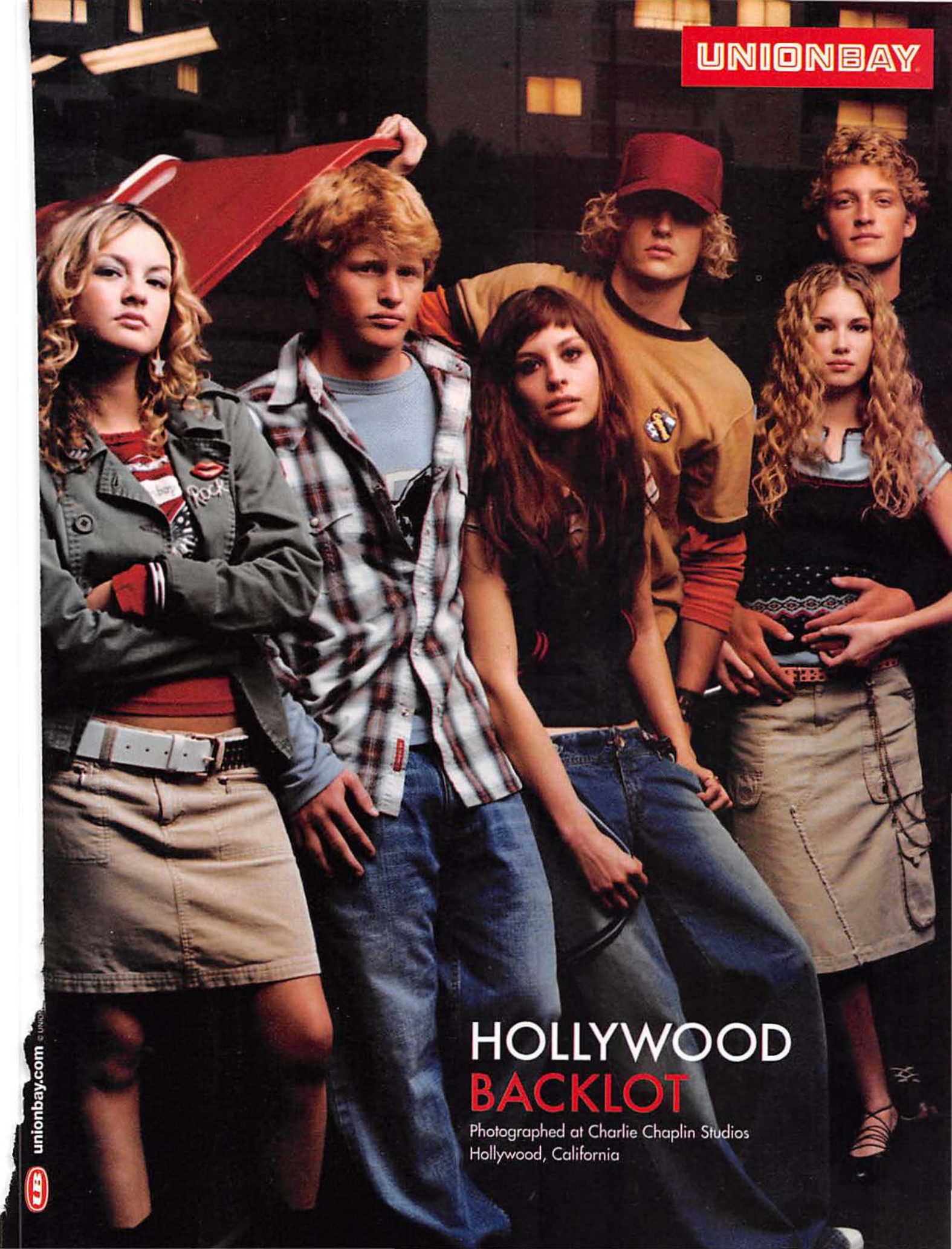
HUMMER COMPLAINT #4
"There's nothing in it for me."

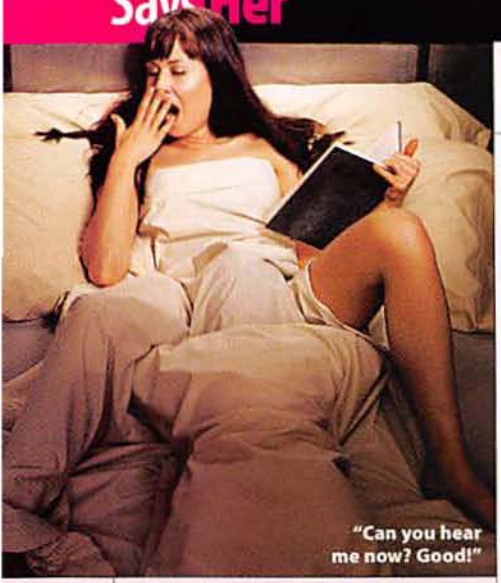
"I know I should give David more oral sex, but there really isn't a whole lot of incentive," says Vanessa, 24. "So he blows his load, big deal. I'd rather we had sex so that I could get some pleasure, too."

The solution: Make sure she knows good things come to girlfriends who travel below the equator. Reciprocity always works well—after she's given you a good time, train your tongue on her hot spots for a while. She'll be quicker to initiate oral action once you've conditioned her to expect that her turn will come up next.

Ready for the sneakiest trick in the book, though? You don't even have to exert *that* much effort—flattery is often the most persuasive incentive of all. "My boyfriend once told me that I gave the best blow jobs ever," says Tricia, 22. "I got so into the idea that I was his best ever that I wanted to go down on him all the time just so I could make it even better than the last time. It ▶

Photographs (main), Charlie Langella; s[illegible] location at the Hotel Giraffe in N.Y.C. David Klasf


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"Can you hear me now? Good!"

FINE LICKERS

Our sexy reporter gamely tests a few tongue-lashing tricks.

ALPHABET KILLER

Use your tongue to trace letters on her na-na for great initial stimulation. She'll get juicier than a slow-cooked holiday ham from the pointed, firm tongue strokes ("Dot the *i*! Dot the *i*!") and variations in pressure. She'll eventually need a simple rhythm focusing on her bull's-eye, though, to take her all the way to a capital O.

HOOCHIE HOOVER

Never try anything on her nether parts that you'd do to a crawfish—strong suction on her pootie feels as pleasant as her incisors scraping your little private. Instead, surround her love button with your mouth and *gently* inhale. Remember: You're coaxing up a reluctant car door lock, not sucking the top off a muffin.

ICE CREAM SALESMAN

Melt her faster than grilled ice with long, slow tongue drags from bottom to top (like licking an ice cream cone). Flatten your tongue to get the most surface-to-surface contact and you'll hit a broad swath of nerve endings. Take your time, as if you're polishing a vintage Corvette. Listen to her engine purr...

CRAZY EIGHTS

Just like the joy of driving a stolen car is enhanced by taking the scenic, roadblock-avoiding route, so this wandering technique hits all the stops. Swoop your tongue in long, lazy figure eights. Meander around her edges, crisscrossing her nerve center, and pause each time to pester her horn. Uh, in a nice way.

—Lisa Flanagin

Cheap trick: Tell her that getting head brings you closer.

got to the point that I would actually get wet while doing it, because I knew I was driving him wild."

So lay the butter on thick—tell her how sexy she looks between your legs, how much it gets you off to watch her down there, and, best of all, how superior her oral skills are to those of any of your ex-girlfriends. No girl can resist the competitive urge to prove she's better than your exes, and you can sit back and let her prove it again and again and—if you're lucky—again.

HUMMER COMPLAINT #5

"It's not romantic."

"When I'm giving Kevin head, I don't feel like we're connecting at all," says Jen, 22. "It seems like I could be anyone—I'm just a mouth there to service him."

The solution: Sure, *you* might consider an enthusiastic blow job to be more romantic than long-stemmed roses in a bottle of bedside champagne, but—surprise, surprise!—your girlfriend probably doesn't. The key is to convince her that you see her oral affection as an important building block of a great relationship.

Sweet-talk her with lines like "Wow, that just completely made my day" and "How do you always know exactly what I want?" If you can connect her blow jobs to your emotions, you'll score a serious coup. "I used to think Keith just liked it when I gave him oral sex because it let him get off without doing any

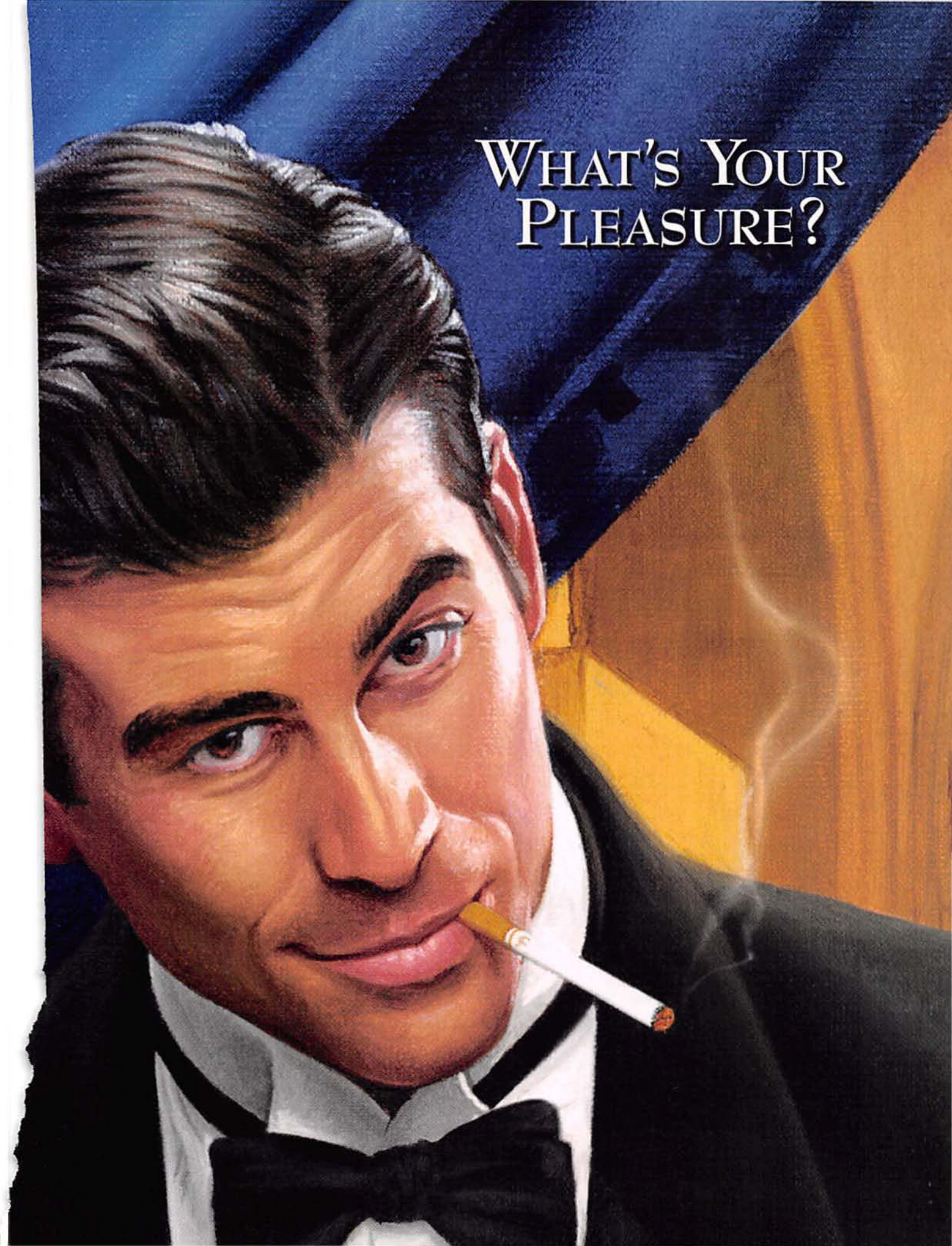

"$200 to drink milk? OK!"

3 Do what it takes to climax before she makes mental shopping lists

work," says Angela, 29. "But one night after a really good blow job, he told me he thought my giving him head was the single most intimate thing I could do. It sounds cheesy, but it really touched me. It was such a sweet revelation... and, of course, I want to do it even more now."

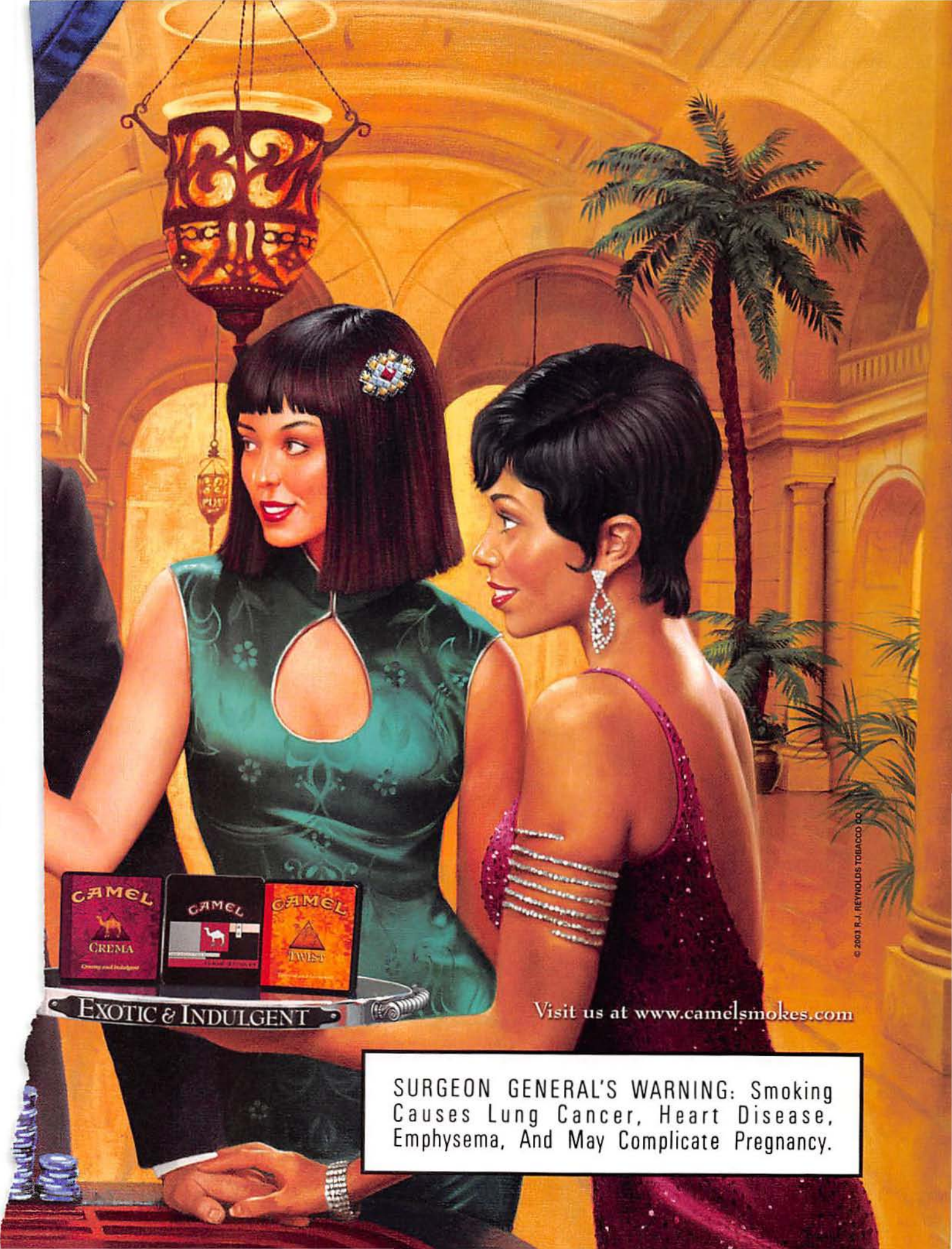
You already know we're suckers for romance, so don't be shy about taking advantage of it. We girls pride ourselves on being able to take care of our men, so convince your girlfriend that getting head touches you more deeply than any heartfelt note or home-baked brownies she could give you and you will have no problem getting your little soldier the mouth-to-mouth resuscitation he desperately needs. M


"You'll never catch fish with those, silly! Try our rod."


WHAT'S YOUR
PLEASURE?

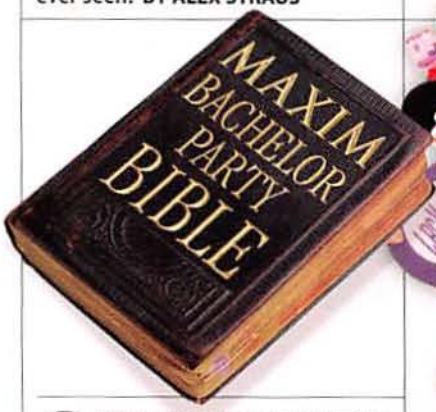


ULTRA LIGHTS HARD PACK: 5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine, TURKISH GOLD: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, LIGHTS HARD PACK: 10 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, CREMA, IZMIR STINGER, TWIST: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, TURKISH ROYAL: 13 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine, FILTERS HARD PACK: 16 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, TURKISH JADE: 17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method. For more product information, visit www.rjrt.com.


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Our five-part series on throwing the best damn stag party the world's ever seen. **BY ALEX STRAUS**

Book 1: Las Vegas





If our two losers can get VIP treatment, anyone can

Sure, it's tough to see past the Brazilian bikini waxes and six breasts bouncing off my face, but I *do* notice a growing pile of thongs on my hotel room floor.

"Hey, Elvis!" I shout as the strippers tear off my buddy's sequined costume, but he can't hear me over the pounding stereo. That's OK; I've forgotten what I was saying—three completely naked nympho supermodels are doing things to each other that would make Jenna Jameson blush. First they start rolling around, alternately slapping and slurping each other. Then they decide to "dance" for us, with occasional breaks to go downtown again. Think it can't get any better than this? So did I. But I was very, very wrong.

You're probably wondering several things, like why *Maxim* designer Todd Detwiler is dressed as the King, how the hell we got a gaggle of drunk strippers to our hotel room at 4:15 in the morning, and most important, what the hell happened next. Obviously, we've got some 'splaining to do.

Blame our boss. As a public service, he entrusted us with a noble quest: to pick the best five bachelor party spots, then take all-expenses-paid scouting trips to each and tell you how to throw the most debaucherous last-night-as-a-free-man party your money can buy. Sure, it's a dirty job—emphasis on *dirty*—but someone's gotta do it.

First, the basics. When it comes to bachelor parties, there are only two rules:

1. Don't ever—*ever*—talk about the bachelor party. Ever. Seriously.

2. Check your skirt at the door.

We're about to break the first rule, but it's for a good cause . . . First stop: Sin City.

Pole-dance fever

As we step on the plane, I know something is different. A look down the aisle catches nothing but cleavage, midriffs, and ankle tattoos. Friday night flights, we learn, are stripper shuttles: Girls fly out in droves to make more cash in two Vegas nights than they can in a month at their local House o' Babes. By gin and tonic number seven, the decision's made. We'll gamble later; we don't need to drop our bags at the hotel. It's stripper time!

Hopping in our $50 limo (with several guys it's actually cheaper than cabs), we follow a tip and head for the Pussycat Lounge in some bombed-out strip mall. In a nutshell: The Pussycat is all-nude, so there's no booze and no hot chicks: The lovely and talented Sparkle*, onstage as we arrive, has a zit on her ass the size of Mount Saint Helens. So we hightail it for the old reliable Crazy Horse Too . . . then someone spots a billboard that reads: SAPPHIRE. THE WORLD'S LARGEST GENTLEMEN'S CLUB! It's on a billboard—it must be true!

One foot in the door and we know we've made the right choice. This place puts the *tit* in titanic—two huge rooms with 30-foot ceilings, four bars, and more poles than a ▶



Now we know why they call it the Strip

*Well, that's what we called her.

SIN CITY STATS

Las Vegas' lucky numbers

134,559
Total slot machines in Las Vegas' Clark County

4,337
Gaming tables (blackjack, craps, poker, etc.)

0
Total clocks you'll see in Las Vegas casinos

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JASON BLANEY


adidas
ACTIVE
ANTI-PERSPIRANTS & DEODORANTS
Developed with Athletes
For 24 hour
odor and wetness protection
SMART™ TECHNOLOGY
Developed with Athletes
adidas
ACTIVE
ANTI-PERSPIRANT
Sport Fever
INVISIBLE SOLID
Smart™ Technology
activated by sweat to destroy bacteria before odor begins
Bacteria
odor-causing bacteria multiply due to sweating
Sweat
bacteria + sweat = odor
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light-bulb-screwing seminar. At one point Todd (not yet dressed as Elvis) gets invited to a stadium-style skybox overlooking the club. Apparently, he thinks one of the 250 girls on duty—entire states don't have 250 girls this hot—called for him using the closed-circuit TVs and internal phone system...a perfectly reasonable assumption, since that's what we told him. So he just gloats at us as he waits. And waits...

While our laps are chafing worse than Roger Ebert's thighs from all the lap dances (Tip: Don't wear jeans in Vegas or strippers won't be able to, um, get in touch with your feelings), Todd's asking anyone with a name tag when his imaginary friend is going to show up. Time to roll, sucker!

Overnight patrol

It's after 4 A.M., but the real Vegas parties are just getting started. After-hours clubs (like Drai's in the Barbary Coast and Light at Bellagio) are where the hottest strippers go after work to shake their asses for free while the Ecstasy is still making their horny blood boil. The problem: Unless you're a high roller ("whale" in Vegasese), getting even a three-man sausage party into a Vegas nightclub is like trying to squeeze back into the womb. Solution: LV Bachelor Party (800-834-2712) will turn you into a Vegas VIP for the weekend. They got us on the list of every club in town, and they can book limos and hotels and even arrange in-room "entertainment." The price is a bit steep (as much as $150 per person, depending on how many *V*s you want in VIP), but considering the money we saved on cabs, cover charges, and not ending up in the hospital after wrapping a velvet rope around some bouncer's neck, it's a bargain.

We flip a coin, and it comes up Drai's. Hidden under an otherwise useless casino, the scene looks like the Britney Spears "I'm a Slave 4 U" video—with about 100 more girls and no pesky FCC restrictions. The dance floor is filled with goddesses grinding themselves on places even the strippers won't touch. A word to the wise: Reorganize your entire Vegas schedule so you're still alive at four in the morning. You can hit Palace Station's 99¢ late-night breakfast when you're spent, and with any luck you'll be ordering for two.

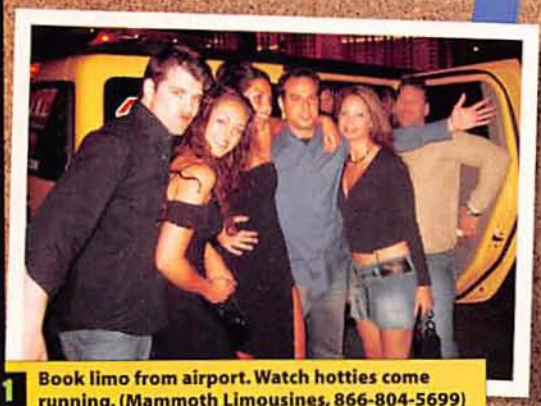
A Shockey scene

With the morning sun burning our eyes and early birds walking past us into the Palms Casino, a lime-green limousine pulls up. Out pops George Maloof, owner of the hotel. Behind him is New York Giants tight end

FOLLOW THE LOSERS

SIN CITY SINNERS

Just stick to our simple to-do list and you can't go wrong.

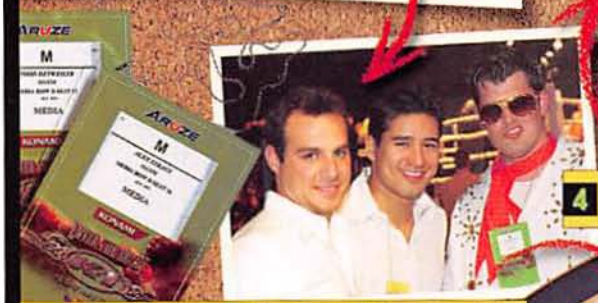


1 Book limo from airport. Watch hotties come running. (Mammoth Limousines, 866-804-5699)



2 Screw the ho...tel! Proceed directly from airport to strippers. (Club Paradise, 702-734-7990)





3 Leave enough time to hit a Vegas fight and run into "celebrities." (LV Bachelor Party, 800-834-2712)



6 Go hog wild at the Rio's Bikinis. (702-777-7777)





5 Ride a hog at L.V. Motor Speedway. (702-644-4444)



4 Swallow your pride at Palace Station. (702-367-2411)



7 Fight terrorism, and hangovers, at the Gun Store. (702-454-1110)



8 Keep the limo. Lose the shirts.



9 Doctor's orders: Take two strippers every six hours. (Crazy Horse Too, 702-382-8003)



10 Showgirls at Rio is 45 minutes of topless T&A. And no tipping! (888-746-7784)



13 Do anything for free drinks at the Foundation Room. (702-632-7601)



12 No pole? No problem at Ghost Bar. (702-938-2666)





11 Back to the Palms' Playpen Suite for some pole positions. (866-942-7777)



14 Best odds? Hit the Old Strip. (Binion's, 702-382-1600)



15 Lose your cash at the best: Sapphire. (702-796-6000)



16 Because big tippers always win.



17 Let this be the last thing you see.

Jeremy Shockey, who just happens to be carrying $250,000. "You're those *Maxim* guys!" he screams. This is what Vegas is all about: bumping into two higher-than-high rollers at 8:30 A.M. . . . carrying a quarter mil in cash. Shockey pulls out a big wad of bills—about $20,000 worth—and hands it to us.

"Have some fun!" is all he gets out before some kill-joy assistant grabs the money back.

Shooting and speeding

We have to make a choice: *(1)* sleep off our stupor, or *(2)* fire machine guns. No choice at all, really. Forget Bloody Marys or aspirin. Poppin' slugs into Saddam Hussein is the best hangover cure on Earth. The Gun Store is Montana militiaman heaven. Every inch of wall space is covered with scores of rifles, machine guns, and Glocks; muffled gun blasts from the shooting range behind the counter bring back fond memories of growing up in the Bronx. For $30 a huge dude with a nickel-plated Colt in his waistband hands each of us a fully loaded M-16—no license, experience, or Breathalyzer required.

Next we're off to the races. After one hour in the classroom, Derek Daly Academy at the Las Vegas Motor Speedway has us behind the wheel of a 145 mph Formula car—*cojones* inserted in stomach at no extra charge.

Jack of all trades

Between the booze, the M-16 blasts, and the boxer-soiling speed, our heads are screaming for aquatic submersion, so we head for the Hard Rock's swim-up blackjack tables. Tossing our bag of M-16 shells and bullet-riddled Saddam target on a pool chair next to a freaked-out group of daiquiri-sipping soft rockers, we dive into the no-diving pool with our pockets full of cash and dog-paddle over to the tables. Total winnings next to chicks splitting 10s and hitting 17s: *negative* $350.

But *some* girls in this town know how to double down. Of the 30 legal brothels in Nevada (not counting the 50-room brothel, nightclub, and strip club Heidi Fleiss is opening), the Chicken Ranch, 40 minutes off the strip with free limo if you're staying at a major hotel, is the best. Now, we're not saying we went, and we're not saying you will, either, but the Ranch charges about $400 a load, including a shower, Wet Naps, and condoms. Or so we've heard.

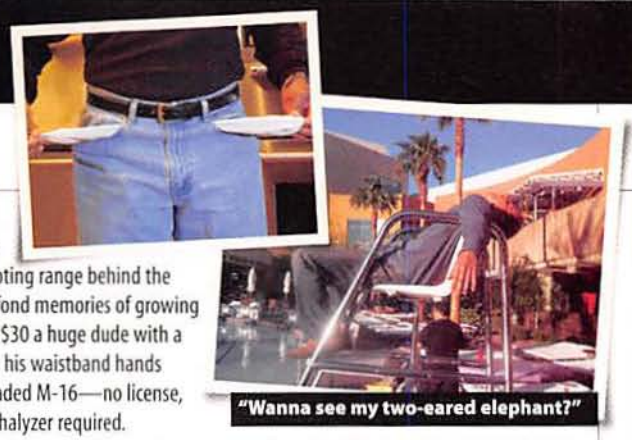
What happened?

A phone is ringing. "Good morning, sir. This is your 4 A.M. wake-up call." What? My booze-addled brain can't even keep up with the questions. Looking around our spacious Playpen Suite at the Palms (a $1,000-per-night palace with three beds, mirrored ceilings, complimentary limo pickup at the airport, comped drinks, and a stripper pole), I see three drained whiskey bottles and an empty pack of rolling papers. Todd's passed out on the floor, dressed head to toe in a sequined Elvis costume. I have zero memory of the past several hours, but when we get the film developed, many gaps are filled: There are photos of us in a helicopter, pics of us at the Oscar de la Hoya fight (Shockey, if you gave us those tickets, thanks!), and various shots of Todd/Elvis dancing with hot women. All I can figure out is that we hit the strip joints, because all our money is gone and we're covered with sparkles. Then the doorbell rings.

Nothing perks you up like opening the door to find three smokin'-hot girls with cleavage spilling out of their tube tops hugging and kissing you. Whoever they are, they must've come straight from work, because they're nearly as drunk as we are and they greet us like long-lost sugar daddies. Before we know it, the stereo is blasting, clothes are on the floor, and four hours before our flight Elvis and I are getting a lesson in what makes Vegas the Valhalla of debauchery.

Which brings us back to where we started. I'd tell you the rest, but I have to invoke my rights against self-incrimination by saying whatever happens in Vegas stays in Vegas.

See y'all next month in N'awlins! M



"Wanna see my two-eared elephant?"

SIN CITY STATS

9.5 billion
Total dollars lost in Las Vegas casinos in 2002

30,232
Square feet of casino in Las Vegas

1,184
Dollars lost per square foot in 2002

15,000
Miles of neon tubing on the strip

288
Years it would take to sleep in a different Vegas hotel room every night

110,000
Marriage licenses issued per year

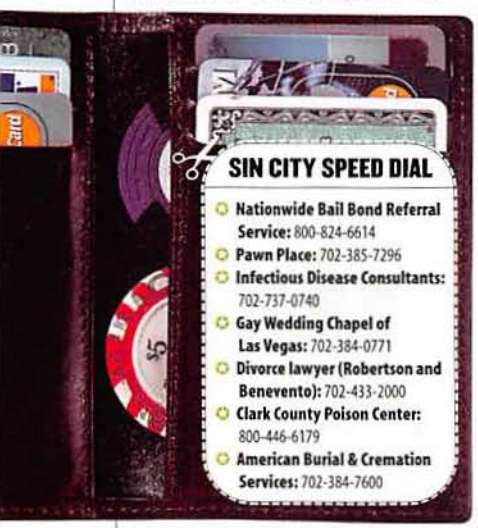
60,000
Pounds of shrimp consumed per day

2.8 million
Eggs delivered to Caesars Palace annually



POCKET PROTECTION

DON'T LEAVE HOME WITHOUT IT



SIN CITY SPEED DIAL

- **Nationwide Bail Bond Referral Service:** 800-824-6614
- **Pawn Place:** 702-385-7296
- **Infectious Disease Consultants:** 702-737-0740
- **Gay Wedding Chapel of Las Vegas:** 702-384-0771
- **Divorce lawyer (Robertson and Benevento):** 702-433-2000
- **Clark County Poison Center:** 800-446-6179
- **American Burial & Cremation Services:** 702-384-7600

LOCAL LORE

VEGAS INSIDER

They don't call it Lost Wages, Nevada for nothing. Heed these tips.

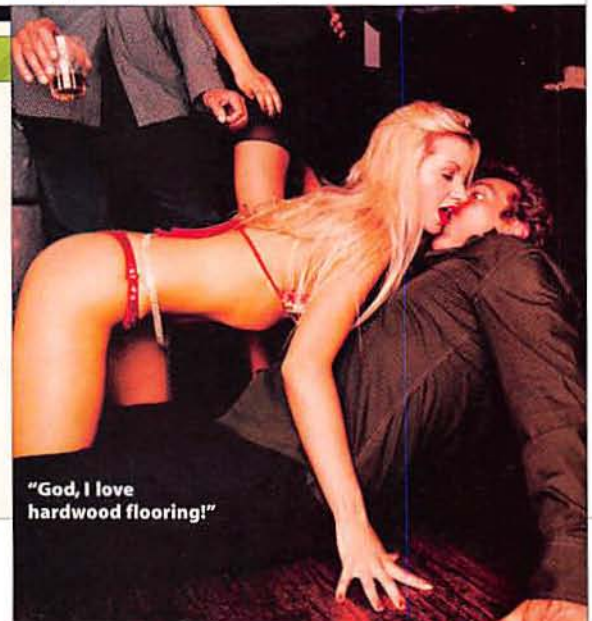
■ "The hottest cocktail waitresses are at the Mirage, but the drinks suck. If you're there always order beer in a bottle so they can't water it down."—**Frank, 32, accountant**

■ "Never start a bar tab at a strip joint. A bunch of 'em have been busted for overcharging."—**Suzie, 40, waitress**

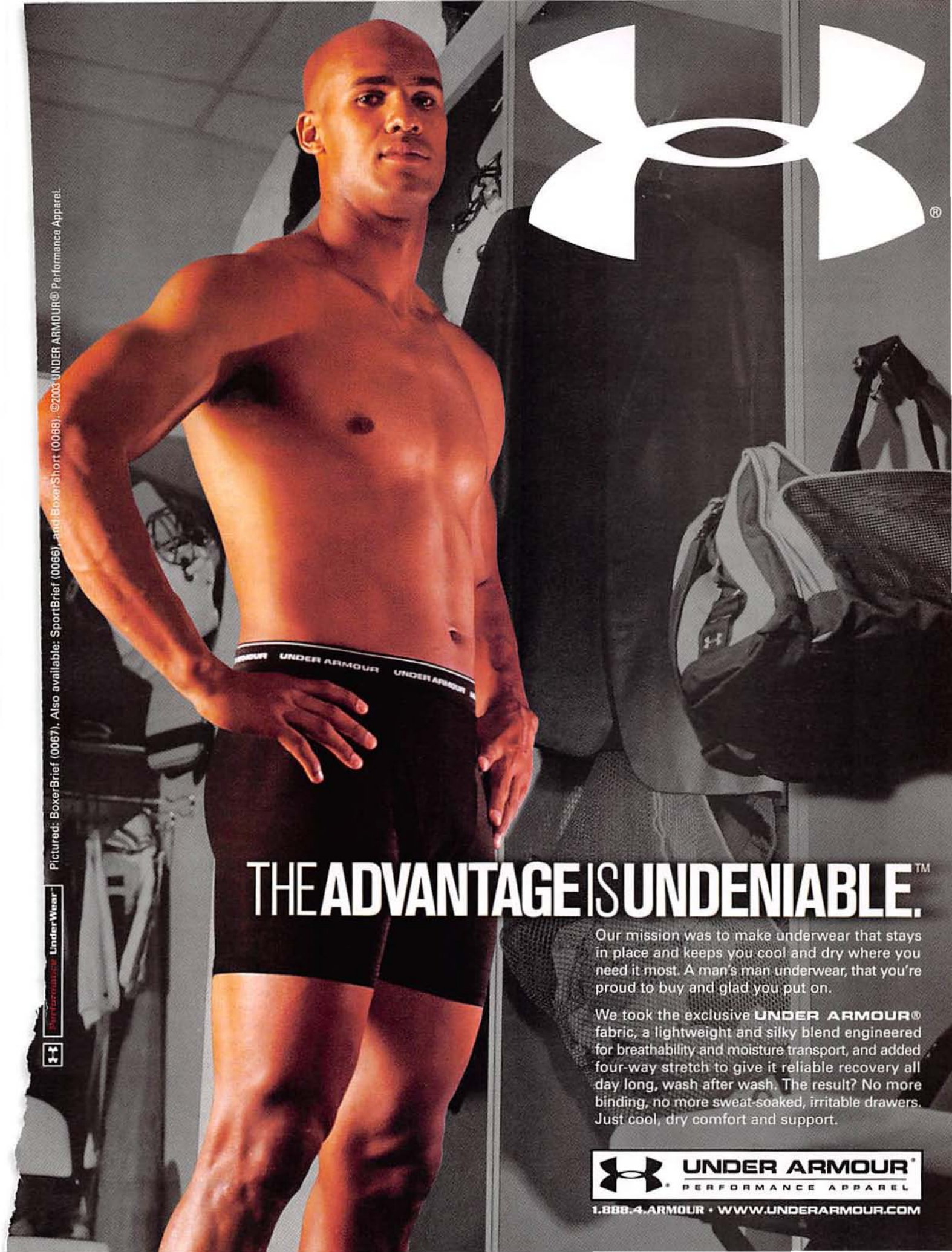
■ "Nothing's easier than charging a meal to somebody else's room. Just make up a name and be sure to use a room number with the right number of digits. No one will check until you're long gone."—**Tammy, 26, hostess**

■ "Counting cards is tough, but Binion's Horseshoe on the Old Strip has a two-deck blackjack game that just begs for scammers."—**Maggie, 41, blackjack dealer**

■ "The cream-of-the-crop strippers work the 4 P.M. to 4 A.M. shift. At 4:01 A.M. you'd rather get a lap dance from me."
—**George, 55, unemployed**



"God, I love hardwood flooring!"


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UnderWear

Can you hear me now?



Ask Dr. Maxim

Getting jiggy during her period, flaking out, and waking a snoozing limb. Plus, we assemble the ultimate chest. BY ESTHER CRAIN

I want to have sex with my girlfriend all month long, but she says it's bad for her to bump and grind during her period. Is this true?

Actually, doing the deed while she's riding the cotton pony does the body good. Experiencing orgasms during a period can reduce stress and lessen cramps, thanks to endorphins, pleasure-producing brain chemicals released by the body during sexual activity," explains Patti Britton, Ph.D., a sex therapist in Los Angeles and the author of *The Complete Idiot's Guide to Sensual Massage.* Also, her orgasms are likely to be more intense when the tide is in. "Because of increased blood flow to the sex organs, many women say that sex during their period produces a more sensitive climax," says Britton. Just remember to wear your little red riding hood at all times. You can still catch STDs from each other, and she can get preggers, even during her period.

Are you flaky? It's probably the result of dry weather. But showering wouldn't hurt.

Is she still behaving squeamishly, even after being confronted with the facts? It's possible she thinks you're uncomfortable with the sight of her Aunt Flo. If that's the case, you'll have to reassure her you're OK with it. So sex her up. It shouldn't be too hard; after all, her hormones are raging during ragtime. "Relax her with a massage or a foreplay move that shows you're really turned on," suggests Britton. "Seeing you so revved up will make her excited, too." When she finally loosens up, remember to ease her into a position that won't cause her faucet to spring a leak. Missionary or side-by-side positions work just fine. Or if you're worried about staining the carpet, ask her to paddle her pink canoe solo while you crank your spinnaker. If none of these tactics work, well, there's always begging for a blow job.

My head is flaking like a croissant. What can I do?

We'll assume you're referring to your noggin and move on, OK? First you need to figure out whether you have a case of seasonal shedding or out-and-out dandruff. If your flakes are small and dustlike, you're probably suffering from the seasonal variety, which tends to strike during the dry winter months. Treating it is simple: Cut down on alcohol-based hair products, invest in a humidifier, or wear a skull cap to cover your cruddy mop. Also, try shampooing more frequently (at least daily, dirtbag) and gently scrub your scalp to loosen any dry skin.

Severe dandruff, on the other hand, is characterized by fatter, grayer flakes, which shower from your locks all year long. "This kind of dandruff occurs when natural skin oils build up excessively on the scalp," says David Herschthal, M.D., professor of dermatology at the University of Miami School of Medicine. "Then, when it's time for dead scalp cells to shed, they fall off in visible oily clumps rather than normal smaller flakes." Making your life even more miserable are ravenous microbes that live on your skin and feed on your scalp grease; they trigger the release of larger skin clumps guaranteed to scare away potential dates and small, easily frightened children.

Getting this kind of dandruff under control is tricky. Your battle plan? Wash your hair each day with an antidandruff product like Phyto Phytosylic dandruff shampoo with salicylic acid (beauty.com, $20). A regular head scrubbing will wash away the oil before it morphs into repellent flakes. If frequent shampooings fail to do the trick, start using a dandruff shampoo that contains ketoconazole or tar, like Neutrogena T/Gel. ($5, drugstore .com). Or head (heh, heh) to your dermatologist for the prescription-strength stuff.

Even after you get your dandruff in check, brace for future blizzards, because the condition is chronic. And like your Uncle ▶

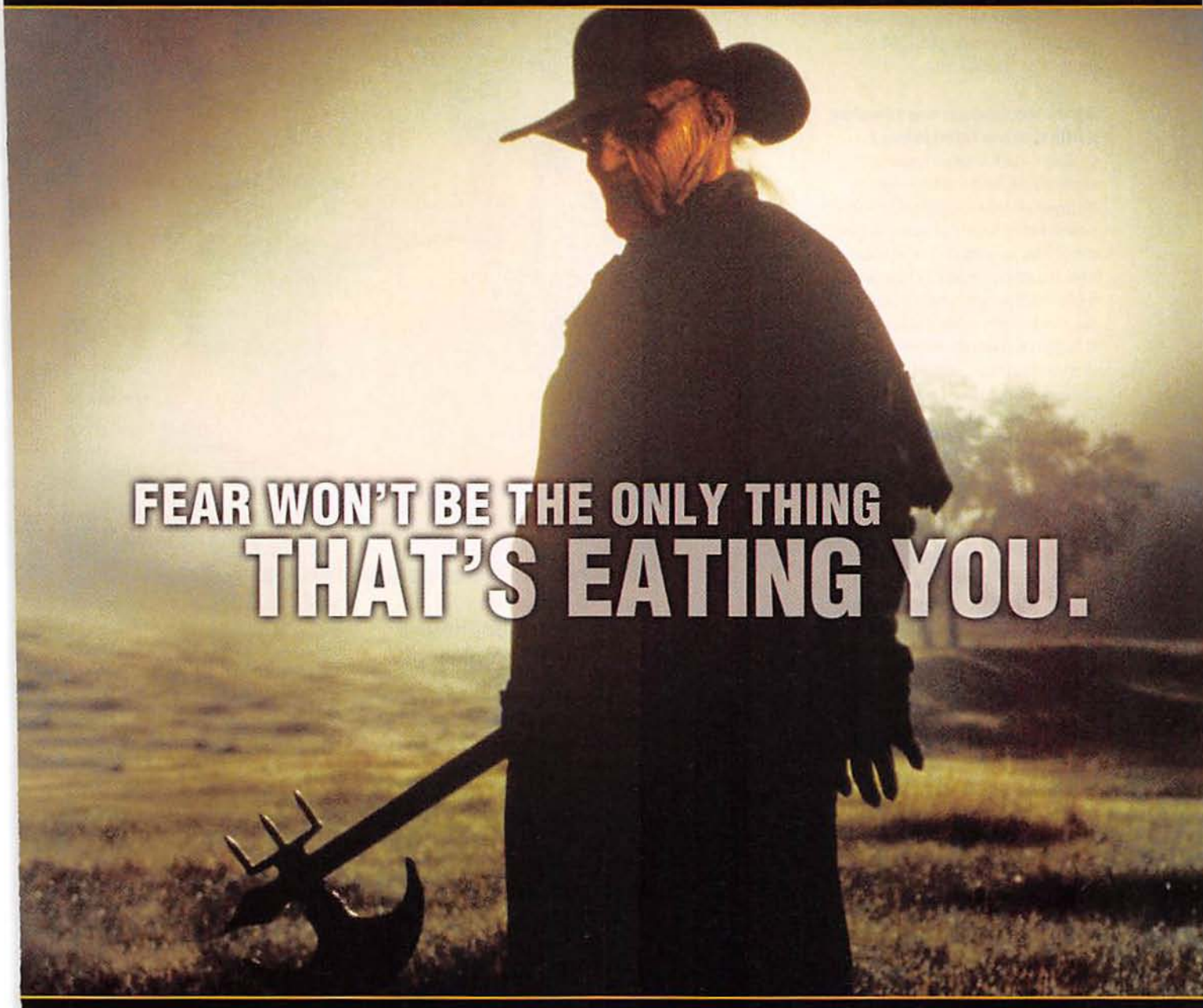


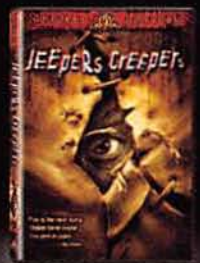
100 percent pure Colombian

Photographs, Bradford Noble; sets and props, Liz Frynelhardt; styling, Anne Farbar for R.J. Bennett; hair and makeup, Bret Strange for R.J. Bennett. Shot on location at Manhattan Medical.

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R RESTRICTED
TERROR VIOLENCE/GORE, LANGUAGE AND BRIEF NUDITY

DOLBY DIGITAL

Guido, it shows up unexpectedly—although stress is a common trigger. So try to relax, 'cause it could be much, much worse: You could be suffering from leprosy, in which case you'd be losing not only your scalp but your fingers and schwanson too.

What's the quickest way to waken a limb that has fallen asleep?

Shake it, rub it, or smack it against someone's jaw. These shock-and-awe strategies will wake up a sleepy limb within seconds and rid you of that agonizing pins-and-needles sensation. "Limbs fall asleep when you stay in one pose for hours at a time or when you put pressure on them as you sit or lie down," explains William Levine, M.D., director of sports medicine at Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center in New York City. "To get feeling back, you have to move the limb vigorously or hit it."

A dozing limb can be irritating as hell, but it's very rarely a sign of anything serious. If it persists for hours or happens several times a week to the same body part, see your doc for reassurance. Frequent numbness and tingling could be the first signs of a neurological disorder like multiple sclerosis. If it's your forearm, wrist, or hand that experiences numbness, you could have carpal tunnel syndrome—a.k.a. your ticket to a paid vacation courtesy of worker's comp.

So why the pins-and-needles sensation? It's a cry for help from your body, which is letting you know you should uncross your legs (ya dandy!) or get the hell out from under that plus-size sorority chick. Pressure against the limbs blocks important neurological pathways, and if you fail to remove the pressure, you risk going gimp. "It's an annoying feeling, even a painful one," says Dr. Levine. "But that's the point. If you didn't feel it, you could do temporary damage to your limbs." Apparently, this condition is so common it has a nickname: Saturday night palsy. The designation honors all the boozehounds of the world, the shot-guzzling knuckleheads who pass out on their arms and then awake the next morning with no feeling and a limp wrist. Let us be the first to raise our glasses, boys. Cheers!

Is your arm sleeping on the job again? Wake it with a good thwack!



GOT A HEALTH QUESTION?
Submit your questions on the Grit channel at **maximonline.com.**



ULTIMATE MEDICINE CHEST

What you need to stock your cabinet. No, that's not a dirty joke.

1. ANTACID: Corn dogs, good. Acid reflux, bad. Tums Smooth Dissolve tablets ($4), your gut's new best friend.

2. MULTIVITAMIN: Centrum ($13), now with lycopene, can rebuild your black heart.

3. FIRST AID: Band-Aid Liquid Bandages ($8) can create a seal that'll last for five days. But next time wax down there.

4. NOSE HAIR TRIMMERS: Magilla, grab the Tweezerman Nose Hair Trimmer ($15) and take a much-needed nosedive.

5. PAIN RELIEVER: Lift with your knees, not your nads. Until you learn that, Advil Liqui-Gels ($10) work faster than Tylenol, with fewer side effects than Oxy.

6. ANTIPERSPIRANT: Certain Dri ($5.49) puts an 84-hour choke hold on your pits.

7. WART REMOVER: Dr. Scholl's Clear Away One Step Wart Remover ($10) will burn away that bizarre growth on your arse.

8. FUNGUS OINTMENT: Lotrimin Ultra ($8) for rancid feet and meat.

9. EYE DROPS: Four out of five midnight tokers agree: To relieve dry eyes, lube 'em with Refresh Endura drops ($6).

—Megan Campbell

Photograph, Satoshi (medicine chest)


#20 "TIGRESS"
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MAXIM

SHAMELESS PLUGS

We never meant to get into the publishing business, but it was the perfect excuse to throw some great parties. Exhibits A and B...

MAXIM's HOT 100 2003

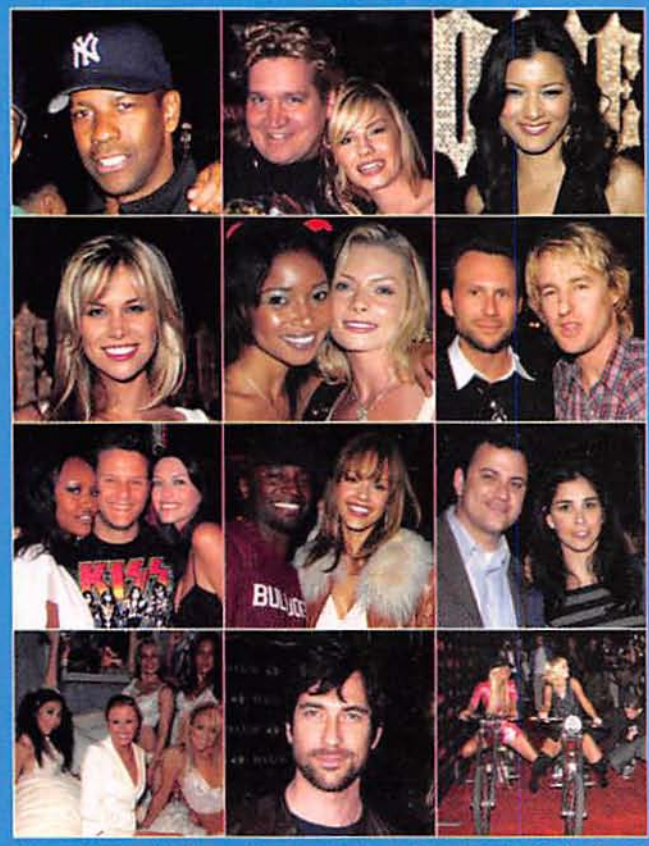
This year, *Maxim* turned up the heat as we hosted our fourth annual Hot 100 Party at the Tibitz warehouse in the heart of Hollywood.

In the "rock lot", **The Pussycat Dolls** sipped themed **Smirnoff Vodka** cocktails while **Denzel Washington** chilled with pal **Orlando Jones**. Hot 100 rock chicks **Kim Smith**, **Nichole Robinson** and **Jaime Pressly** reunited on the dance floor. **Dylan McDermott** came by early to catch **Hell's Belles**, Seattle's all female AC/DC cover band, who tore it up! Meanwhile, at the **Olympus** photo booth, **David Spade**, **Owen Wilson** and **Kelly Osbourne** all mugged for their souvenir photos.

After **Hell's Belles**, DJ AM got the crowd on the dance floor including Hot 100 hotties **Jessica Alba** and *24*'s **Elisha Cuthbert**. **Paris Hilton** and her buddy **Kimberly Stewart** arrived on the red carpet in style on two motorcycles. They "parked" by our tricked out **Honda Element**, complete with *Maxim* model mechanics.

Inside the warehouse, guests hit the special ***Die Another Day*** (a.k.a. Rock 'n Roll Heaven) ice bar and lounge. In the all-white room, *Maxim* models were joined in a feather-filled pillow fight by **Leslie Bega** and **Brooke Burns** while **Christian Slater** and **Jared Leto** looked on. Nearby, **Macy Gray** and **Drew Carey** played a little pool as **Danny Masterson** and **Wilmer Valderrama** took in more eye candy including super model **Amber Valetta** and actress **Dominique Swain**.

Outside at pinball row, **Michelle Rodriguez** and **Kelly Hu**, bottles of **Budweiser** precariously balanced, tested their flipper skills, while over at the free merch booth, **Trista Rehn** and **Aisha Tyler** (sporting hot new **GUESS** outfits) picked up their Hot 100 VIP gift bags. Another Hot 100 has come and gone and all that was left was the smoldering remains of a warehouse in Hollywood. But then again, what did you expect?



From top left: **Denzel Washington** loves the Yankees; *Maxim* Editor-in-Chief **Keith Blanchard** & **Elisha Cuthbert** snuggle up; **Kelly Hu** sparkles; **Brooke Burns** is *en fuego*; **Tamala Jones** & **Jaime Pressly** shine for the camera; **Christian Slater** & **Owen Wilson** hang loose; **Nichole Robinson**, *Maxim* Event Producer **Dan Parente** (smiling) and **Kim Smith** get close; **Taye Diggs** and **Jessica Alba** show some nice dental work; **Jimmy Kimmel** & **Sarah Silverman** bring the funny; **Trista Rehn** joins the *Maxim* model pillow fight (sans Ryan); **Dylan McDermott** forgot to shave; **Paris Hilton** and **Kimberly Stewart**'s roaring red carpet arrival.

QUIKSILVER NYC STORE LAUNCH

Tom Cruise in his finest hour once said, "Sometimes, you've just got to say, 'What the F$#%'". With that motto in mind, on June 21st *Maxim* and **Quiksilver** produced what was to be the single greatest skating event New York City has ever seen.

To celebrate the opening of the new **Quiksilver** store in New York's Times Square, we started by taking over the Intrepid Aircraft Carrier. Joined by Warner Bros. new skateboard flick, **GRIND**, the event featured performances by **The Kills**, **Recover**, **Vue** & **DJ Z-Trip** as well as a demonstration by the godfather of skate himself, **Tony Hawk.**

Over 3,900 people showed up for the show but, unfortunately, the heavens didn't cooperate. The pouring rain made the Intrepid seem more like Noah's Arc, but those who braved the weather had a soaking good time proving once again that, wet or dry, there is no better place to be than at a *Maxim* party.



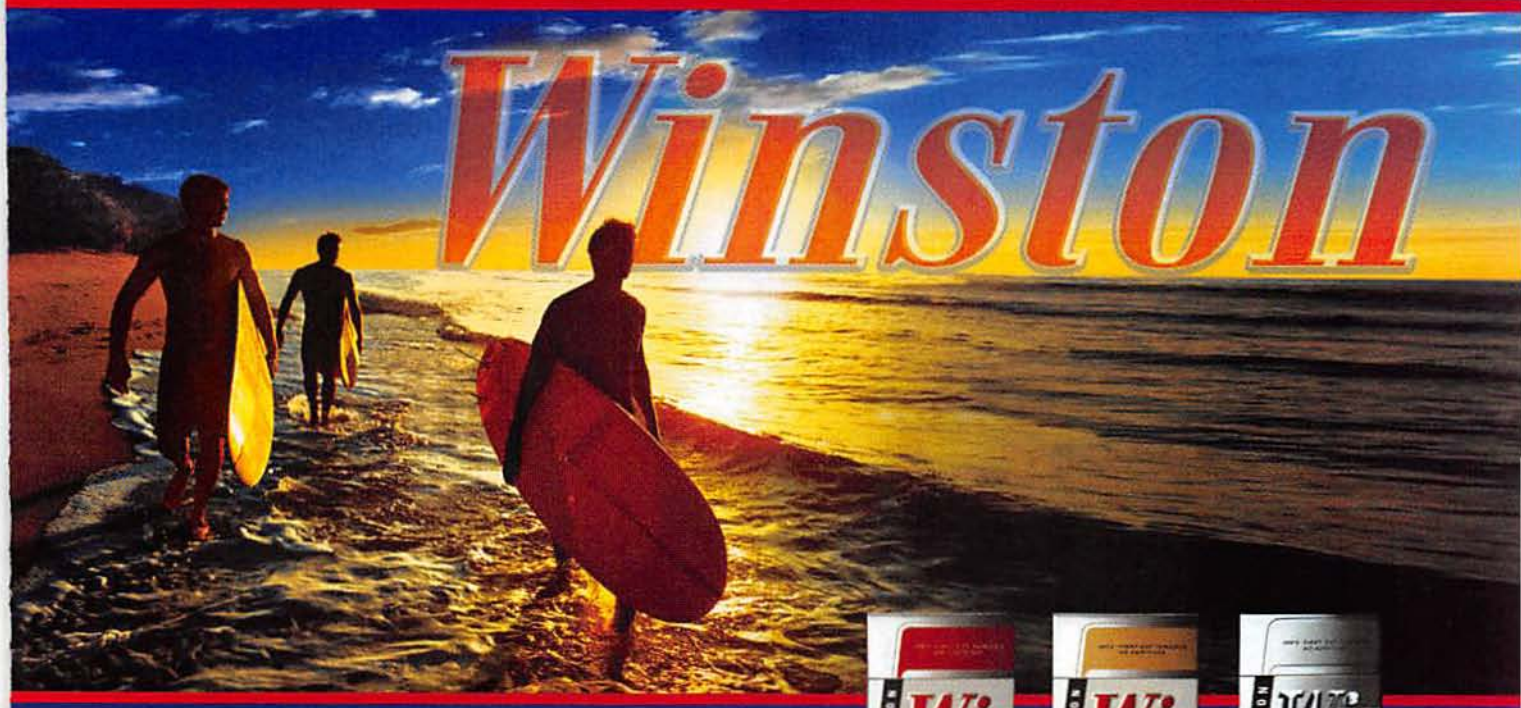
From top left: **Tony Hawk** signs autographs; **Chad Fernandez** (*GRIND*), **Tony Hawk** & **Danger Ehren** (*GRIND*, *Jackass*) giggle in awe of each other; **Danny Fuller** at the **Quiksilver** booth, **Todd Richards** stares down the camera, **Reese Forbes**, **Dylan Graves** and **Fred Patachia** glow from fan adoration; *Maxim* model **Gennelle Frennoy** always has fun.

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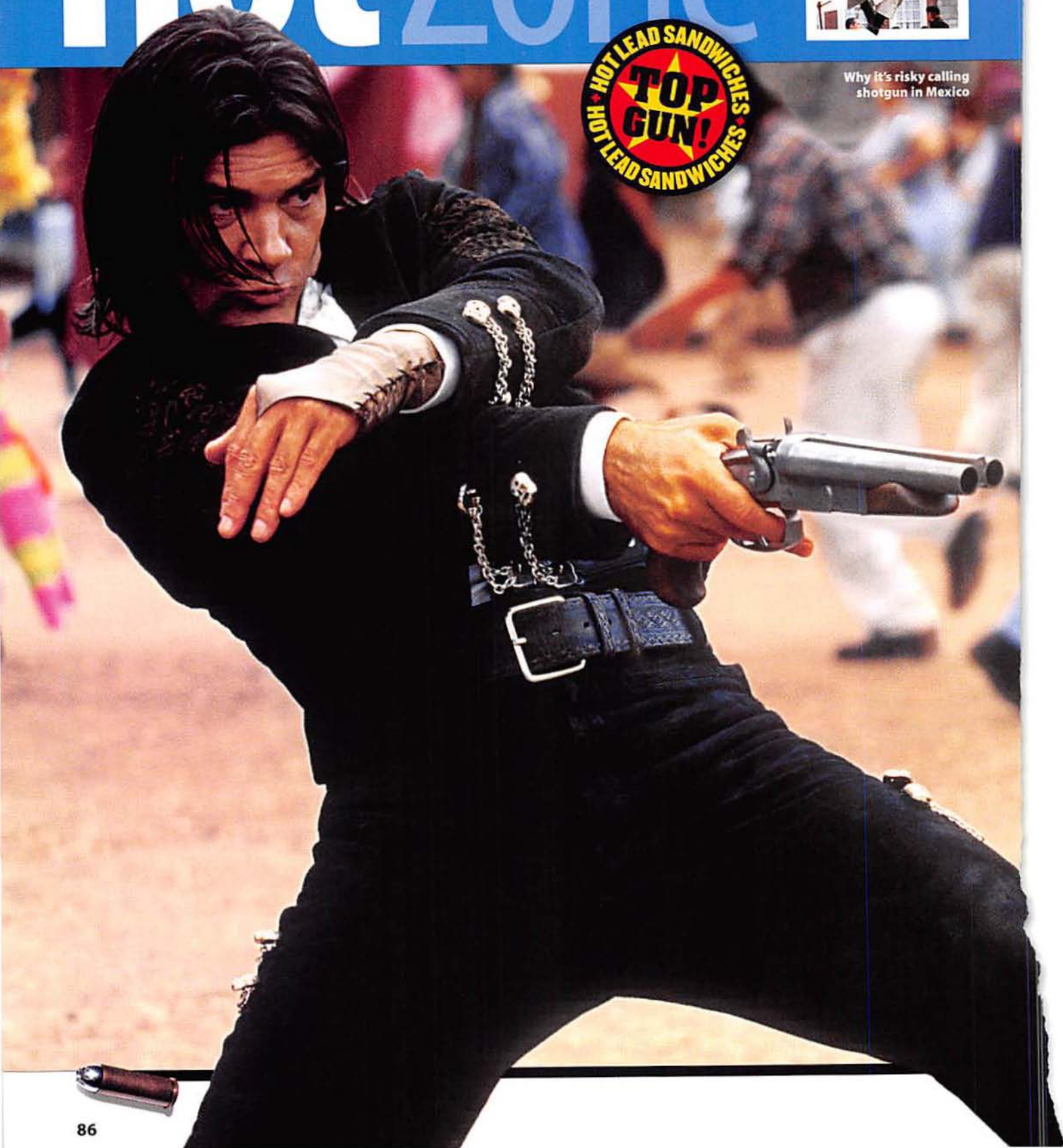
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HotZone

Movies Jackie's flick p.88





Why it's risky calling shotgun in Mexico

Movies Nicki Aycox p.92 **Music** Jacket's third p.94 **Games** New Tron p.100





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SEE SHELLS

GUNS 'N' BLAMMO

In honor of Once Upon a Time in Mexico, *we pick the baddest bullet ballets.*

THE WILD BUNCH (1969)

Sam Peckinpah's amoral bunch (William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, Warren Oates, and Ben Johnson) attempt to rescue captured comrade Angel (Jaime Sanchez) from a ruthless Mexican warlord. So many people die in this sequence that extras dressed as soldiers had to be repeatedly redressed and rekilled to fill out the scene. **Casualties:** Everyone, including the bunch, takes a dirt nap.

THE MATRIX (1999)

"Guns. Lots of guns." Neo (Keanu Reeves) and Trinity (Carrie-Anne Moss) try to rescue Morpheus (Laurence Fishburne). What follows is the mind-blowing destruction of an office building lobby set to pulsing techno as an army of security guards make a futile effort to stop the leather-clad duo. Highlight: Neo executing a one-handed cartwheel while firing an assault rifle. **Casualties:** Remember those security guards?

TRUE ROMANCE (1993)

What happens when you put two amateur drug dealers in a room with armed bodyguards, a sleazy movie producer, and a twitching Bronson Pinchot, then surround the joint with undercover cops? In Tarantino country, the bullets and the coke start flying. **Casualties:** Both bodyguards, all three cops, the movie producer, and—*sigh*—Pinchot!



HARD BOILED (1992)

Forget the movie—this single sequence created the legend of John Woo. Tough-as-nails cop Chow Yun-Fat decides to pick a fight with an entire diner of Yakuza, sparking a bullet barrage that makes the opening of *Saving Private Ryan* look like a spitball fight. Chow slides down a banister double-fisting .45s and an icon is born. **Casualties:** Chow's partner, a hundred Yakuza, some birds.



She's giving it both barrels

SCARFACE (1983)

For the one guy out there who hasn't seen it (that'd be you, fancy pants), we'll explain: A seemingly bullet-proof (thanks to about a pound of Colombian marching powder) Tony Montana (Al Pacino) unleashes his "li'l fren" on an endless stream of heavily armed goons. Even before he figures out how to use the grenade launcher attachment, he's made his living room considerably airier. **Casualties:** Many of the goons "say hello" to bullets; Tony himself sucks lead.



ROGUES GALLERY

A BAND APART

Once Upon a Time in Mexico's *cast is nearly as impressive as El Mariachi's arsenal.*

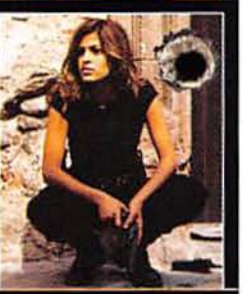
JOHNNY DEPP

Ditching his Keith Richards *Pirates of the Caribbean* look, Depp stars as Agent Sands, a possibly corrupt CIA operative who tries to entice El Mariachi into helping him take down a sleazy drug lord.



EVA MENDES

A movie that boasts a scantily clad Salma Hayek is dangerously hot. Adding the sultry Eva to the mix makes it downright nuclear. As CIA Agent Ajedrez, she might be in cahoots with the wily Depp.



WILLEM DAFOE

Where would El Mariachi be without a kill-crazy drug lord to righteously pump full of hot lead? Dafoe's no stranger to creepy villains, so he should flesh out the movie's El Guapo role nicely.



MICKEY ROURKE

Depp. Banderas. Dafoe. Rourke. *Mexico* is in serious danger of exceeding its cool casting quotient (luckily Christopher Walken was busy). The Mick plays Billy, a mysterious associate of Barrillo's.



ENRIQUE IGLESIAS

Sure, his music sounds like someone stepping on a chihuahua's tail, but we have to give Enrique credit for having the *cojones* to team up with El Mariachi. Oh, and for nailing Anna Kournikova, of course.





Remember: no glove, no love

PICTURE THIS

DICKIE ROBERTS: FORMER CHILD STAR

David Spade picks on someone his own size.

You've seen them on the talk shows, on the news, and hogging the donuts at your last AA meeting, but it's time to give former child stars some respect...Well, let's at least make fun of them for two hours. David Spade does his version of *Billy Madison* in this tale of a fucked-up former kid actor who hires a surrogate family so that he can experience a normal childhood and win a coveted comeback role. Cameos by actual former child stars Leif Garrett, Emmanuel Lewis, Corey Feldman, and Barry Williams, and the mere presence of Jon Lovitz will help make most of the gags stick. If nothing else, at least these guys are getting some work. (*Dickie Roberts* opens September 5.)



PREVIEWS	FILM	STARS	STORY	SEX & VIOLENCE	WE SAY
	**The Medallion** (Sony) Release date: August 22	Jackie Chan, Claire Forlani	Aging martial arts master Chan gets special-effects aid in this action-comedy about a dead cop given supernatural powers.	Forlani is the latest hottie brought in to make us watch the scenes when Jackie isn't kicking people.	A test of Jackie's, er, medal. Although he's slowing down a bit, he's still more fun than 1,000 CGI Hugo Weavings.
	**My Boss's Daughter** (Dimension) Release date: August 22	Tara Reid, Ashton Kutcher, Terence Stamp, Michael Madsen, Andy Richter	Thinking he's got a date with the titular babe (Reid), an office schlub (Kutcher) ends up house-sitting for his monster boss (Stamp), and the proverbial shit hits the fan.	A mansion gets thoroughly trashed; uninvited guest Carmen Electra parades around in a tight (and often wet) T-shirt. Wait...*why* wasn't she invited?	Yeah, we're gonna have to go ahead and, uh...ask you to go see this. Mmmmkay? Gre-e-e-at.
	**Highwaymen** (New Line) Release date: August 27	Jim Caviezel, Rhona Mitra	A man (Caviezel) whose wife was butchered by a serial killer teams up with the only woman to have survived an attack (Mitra). Together they hunt the psycho.	Their trail is bloody, but at least Caviezel's traveling companion happens to take the tongue-wagging form of former Lara Croft model Mitra.	Road trip! A good, gritty crime drama is usually enough to get our motors running.
	**Grind** (Warner Bros.) Release date: August 22	Does ex-Kid in the Hall Dave Foley count?	A group of teen skateboarders hit the road in search of professional careers and the promise that they'll never have to wear "grown-up" clothes.	The boys meet their unfair share of skate betties along the way as well as some of the self-abusing *Jackass* guys (Bam Margera and Jason "Wee Man" Acuña).	The idea of a "fuck authority" road trip where a bunch of guys get laid, party, and get millions in endorsements is so depressing we just might watch.
	**Marci X** (Paramount) Release date: August 22	Lisa Kudrow, Damon Wayans	A spoiled JAP (Kudrow) inherits a hard-core rap label. We're already cringing.	Let's just hope it ends with a drive-by that takes out every single person involved.	*[Bleep]* this *[bleep]* of *[bleeping]* *[bleep]*, son. Ya heard?

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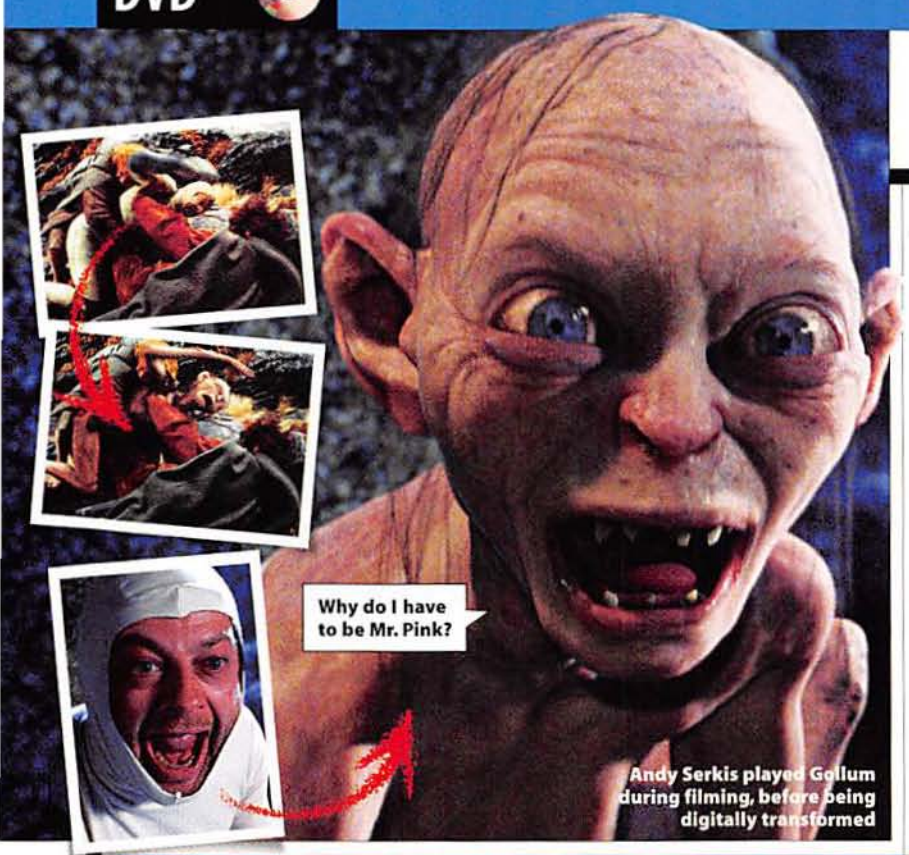


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Andy Serkis played Gollum during filming, before being digitally transformed

DISC REGARDED

THE LORD OF THE RINGS: THE TWO TOWERS

Out: August 26

Peter Jackson's Orc-gy of swords and sorcery continues with this impressive (despite having no beginning or end) and battle-heavy middle chapter. Like *The Fellowship of the Ring*, the *Two Towers*' two-disc release will be followed by a heftier four-disc package in November, but its two-plus hours of features will satisfy those craving another toke of Tolkien.

Extra! "On the Set" documentary; "Return to Middle-earth" feature; *The Long and Short of It* (a short film directed by Sean Astin); the making of *The Long and Short of It*; eight featurettes on the people and places of Middle-earth; original trailers and TV spots; "Gollum's Song," performed by Emiliana Torrini; preview of Electronic Arts' *The Return of the King* video game.

Highlight: Fans will flock to this for a glimpse of the concluding chapter, *The Return of the King*, revealed for the first time in a 10-minute behind-the-scenes feature.

★★★★☆



20-sided die not included

National Lampoon's Vacation: 20th Anniversary

Out: August 19




An undisputed American classic is finally presented for the first time in widescreen, marking the 20th anniversary of the first time the Griswolds packed their bags. For fans it'll bring back memories of a time when Christie Brinkley was the hottest woman in the world and Chevy Chase was actually funny. For nonfans, well, you're no longer welcome in this country—the moose out front shoulda told ya.

Extra! An introduction by Chevy Chase, Randy Quaid, and producer Matty Simmons; commentary by director Harold Ramis and the Griswold family; hidden mini-features.

Highlight: Locate the loving tribute to the metallic pea Wagon Queen Family Truckster, which Simmons calls an effort to make "the worst car ever."

★★★★☆

Animal House: Double Secret Probation Edition

Out: August 26




Every Halloween the trees are filled with underwear; every spring the toilets explode. And it seems like every few years we get a new *Animal House* DVD. But forget the two previous incarnations, because the definitive release is here. Faber College's favorite sons and daughters get the raucous celebration they deserve in what is still—despite *Old School*'s noble effort—the greatest college comedy ever made. This DVD is so good you might go schizo.

Extra! A brand-new "Where Are They Now?" segment shot by John Landis himself and featuring interviews with nearly all the original cast members; pop-up trivia; interactive "Greek Game."

Highlight: The "Where Are They Now?" segment, because all the actors appear *in character*. Tell us you aren't dying to see what Flounder and Otter are up to 25 years later.

★★★★★

ALSO PLAYING...

A MAN APART
Out: September 2
Before he went *XXX*, Vin Diesel made this generic actioner about good cops, bad cops, and drug lords. It's violent if not much else.
★★☆☆☆



RUN RONNIE RUN!
Out: September 16
It's no wonder this outing from *Mr. Show*'s David Cross and Bob Odenkirk went straight to DVD. *Joe Dirt*–level gags just didn't cut it.
★☆☆☆☆



THE HOWLING: SPECIAL EDITION
Out: August 26
This werewolf classic's special edition features commentaries and bloopers—go fetch! Good boy.
★★★★☆



BETTER LUCK TOMORROW
Out: August 26
What makes this tale of high school angst different from the 10,000 others? Well, almost all the characters are Asian-American!
★★☆☆☆





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HAVE YOU SEEN THIS GIRL?

SWEET CHARITY

Real name: Nicki Aycox
Better known as: Cheerleader Minxie Hayes in *Jeepers Creepers 2: Like a Bat Out of Hell.*
Her story: This TV creep show vet (she's appeared on *The Twilight Zone, The X Files,* and, shudder, *Ally McBeal*) won't let success overshadow her massive charitable streak. The Oklahoman once turned a stint working at a Brazilian orphanage into a chance to help some *other* lost children. "The transvestites in Rio sit on your car," she recalls. "You have to say, 'Here's $50—go away!'" (Fifty dollars? What's it cost to…) But her generosity does not extend to dating costars. "Actors are too difficult. I stick to older businessman types. They say what they want and know how to get it." Ha! In your face, Colin Farrell!

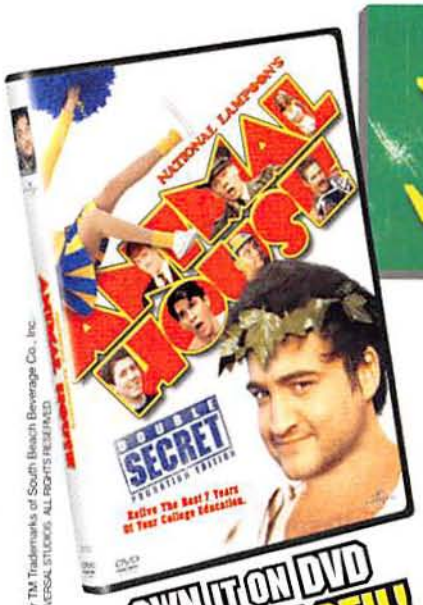


Total corn star

'The director stopped using my name after a while. He just called me Minx.'

Photograph, Robert Maxwell; styling, Karen Shapiro/hair, Christophe Salazzo for coutieragency.com;

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TOP SPIN

MY MORNING JACKET

It Still Moves (ATO/RCA)

There's a fine line between being gratingly retro and having a true appreciation for rock's roots. Kentucky's My Morning Jacket sound like they just popped in from 1975, clutching armloads of Neil Young, the Allmans, and Pink Floyd records. But instead of aping their idols, they inject these sources with fresh passion on their third album. Soaring licks and subdued acoustic refrains collide with grunting riffs in an orgy of guitars, while keyboards, strings, and the most badass horn line this side of Wilson Pickett help color in the background. "Dancefloors" is an unhinged rock boogie that shares a carefree vibe with the mellower "Golden." On "Run Thru," singer Jim James' haunting, high-pitched voice twists around a wailing, bluesy guitar line as Patrick Hallahan beats the skins like a red-headed stepchild. The finished product's damn near majestic, reaching back to rock's past to point out what's wrong with its present.—*David Peisner*

★★★★★



Like this? Try these...



Built to Spill
Keep It Like a Secret
Warner Bros., 1999



The Rolling Stones
Exile on Main Street
Virgin, 1972



Beachwood Sparks
Once We Were Trees
Sub Pop, 2001









Nappy Roots
Wooden Leather
(Atlantic)

Probably because of Outkast's Sid and Marty Krofft fashion sense and Bubba Sparxxx' redneck Eminem persona, countrified hip-hop is usually looked upon as a goof. But the Kentucky-bred Nappy Roots bust the trend. Too clean for "dirty South" but hard enough for East Compton, they're anything but corny. Mixing party jams ("Roun' the Globe") with helium-high Bee Gees samples ("Nappy Holiday") and obligatory odes to the female backside ("Twang"), *Wooden Leather* has the smooth kick of Southern Comfort.—*Dan Catalano*

★★★★★

Nappy Roots' countrified hip-hop is anything but corny.

Andrew W.K.
The Wolf
(Island)

In case you haven't heard, Andrew W.K. likes to party. On his second album—retitled *The Wolf* after the record company balked at *Blow Your Bone* (what's wrong with being sexy?)—this Michigan-raised rocker invites his beer-swillin' faithful to join him in shouting, "Tear it up!" "Make sex!" and, of course, "Long live the party!" Unfortunately, the songs are soused with prog-rock synth that's more "Come Sail Away" than "Party 'Til You Puke." Then there's the piano ballad "Really In Love." Dude, way to kill the mood.—*Bill Crandall*

★★☆☆☆

Alien Ant Farm
truANT
(DreamWorks)

First, let's at least give these guys a little credit. While most nü-metal knuckle-draggers are content to regurgitate the same droning power chords, Alien Ant Farm aren't afraid of pop. *Tru* follows up their campy cover of Michael Jackson's "Smooth Criminal" with some muscular riffs to go along with the power pop hooks. But genuine nuggets like "Glow" and the Latin groove "Tia Lupe" are buried beneath predictable modern rock sludge. Excavating them hardly seems worth the effort.—*D.P.*

★★☆☆☆

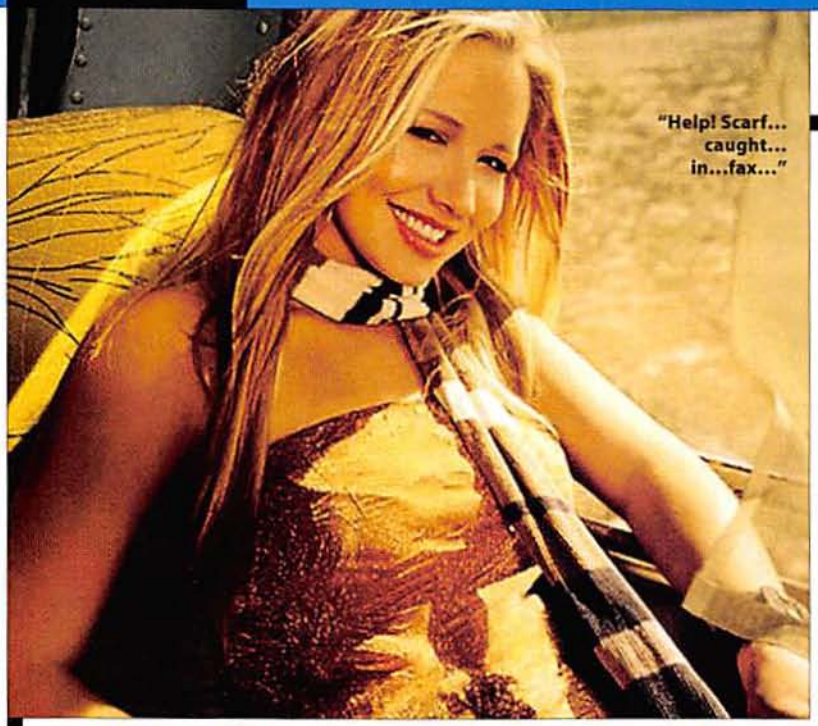
Dashboard Confessional
A Mark, a Mission, a Brand, a Scar
(Vagrant)

Dashboard Confessional's Chris Carraba writes about three things: girls who love him, girls who used to love him, and girls he's trying to persuade to love him. If that sounds like a narrow palette, it is, but at least he tries to make the most of it. Strong guitar lines snake through "Hands Down," while "So Beautiful" finds Carraba strumming his pain like the Cure fan he undoubtedly was. Just keep in mind, guys, it's only a fling. He doesn't really love you. Not like we do.—*D.P.*

★★★☆☆



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"Help! Scarf... caught... in...fax..."

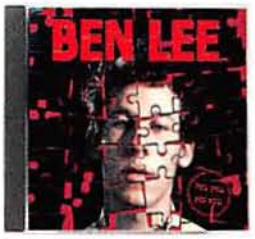
Kiley's soulful vocals sparkle over Timbaland's souped-up beats.

Kiley Dean
Simple Girl
(Beat Club/Interscope)



Although she's toured the world and sung at the Grammys, you've probably never noticed Kiley Dean. That's understandable, what with the glare from Britney and the fact that you're not a teenage girl and all. But take notice—Kiley's soulful vocals sparkle over hip-hop guru Timbaland's souped-up beats. She cowrote many of the songs, and, true to the title, pens simple lyrics (read: "Kiss me like that"). Perfect for showing that sensitive side you pretend to have.—*B.C.*

★★★☆☆



Ben Lee
Hey You, Yes You
(F2)

Having already made Claire Danes swoon, Ben Lee is getting predictably lazy. On his fourth album, the Australian lover boy searches for inspiration in death rather than in romance, which is appropriate, since the results are pretty lifeless. He and Dan the Automator manage to click on the piano-meets-break-beat ballad "No Room to Bleed," but even the funkiest producers can't keep Lee's weepy ditties about dim headlights and sinking ships from drifting into '70s soft rock territory. So if you're a fan, take a pass on *Hey You* and you'll remain one.—*B.C.*

★★☆☆☆



Warren Zevon
The Wind
(Artemis)

When word got out that Warren Zevon had cancer and only months to live, a who's who of rock royalty, including Tom Petty and Bruce Springsteen, turned up to send him off in style. But coproduction credit for *The Wind* (the acerbic singer-songwriter's latest, and presumably last, record) oughtta be given to the Grim Reaper himself, who injects gravity into every track. It's no dreary wake, though: A sly cover of the wildly overcovered "Knockin' on Heaven's Door" is more funny than poignant, as Zevon proves willing to stare Death in the kisser and howl.—*D.P.*

★★★★☆

TALES FROM THE ROAD

SCOTT IAN OF ANTHRAX

The veteran metal man and his band mates are the fast and the furious.

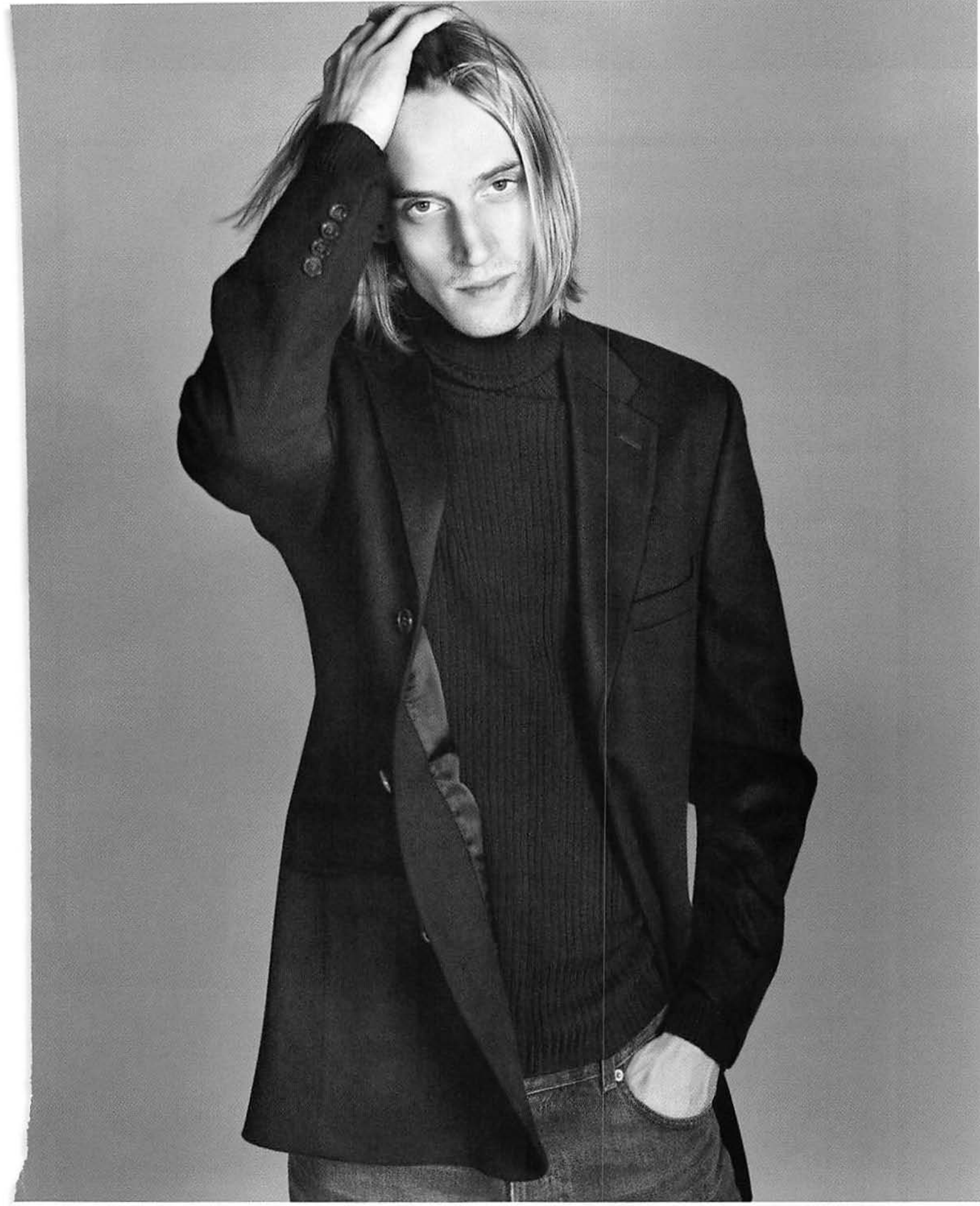
"We did a stadium tour in Europe a few years ago with Iron Maiden. Instead of getting a tour bus, we decided to get five Mercedes so we'd have cars for the days off. Every time we'd be driving from city to city, all five of our Mercedes would be loaded up with everything we could possibly throw at one another. It quickly degenerated into the end chase scene of *The Road Warrior*. Our monitor guy was one of the drivers, and the car I was in actually forced him off the road once. We were zooming down this two-lane road bombing each other, and it was going from two lanes down into one. It was a game of chicken. Finally, he got forced off into a ditch, going pretty fast. He didn't wreck, but after that I was like, 'This is getting out of hand.' We'd be having these 100 mph chases down the autobahn in Germany, where I'd be hanging out the window launching these 10-pound bags of peanuts—at 100 miles an hour, it's like getting pelted with rocks. So by the time we got into a city, you can't imagine what these things looked like. Five black Mercedes covered in anything you could think of, including feces. I remember pulling up in front of a hotel, and the doormen didn't know what to say. We acted completely normal, saying, 'What's wrong?' And our tour manager, with a completely straight face, asked, 'Could you tell me where there's a car wash? We had a bit of a problem on the way here.'"



—as told to David Peisner



Bert fell apart after Ernie left



IT ISN'T OBVIOUS. IT'S BILL BLASS.

TOP TUBE



SCREEN GRABS

Don't just sit there and stare at the TV. Sit there and stare at the TV with purpose.

CARNIVÀLE
(HBO—debuts mid-September)
What sounds like a Brazilian street festival but looks like David Lynch's most fucked-up nightmare? HBO's latest series, that's what. The network that entertained you with prison rape and the disembodied head of Joey Pants now sets its sights on a traveling circus in the 1930s. Cue a crew of drifters, shysters, evangelists, and freaks aplenty. Calling this series offbeat is an understatement—if there's anything creepier than carnies, we've yet to see it.


That's our Bush!

DC 9/11: A TIME OF CRISIS
(Showtime—debuts September 7 at 8 P.M.)
The last thing we want to do is poke fun at a dramatization of the events of September 11, but Timothy Bottoms stars as George W. Bush. Sound familiar? That's because Bottoms played Dubya on Matt Stone and Trey Parker's short-lived piss-take *That's My Bush!* and even appeared again as the commander-in-chief in *The Crocodile Hunter: Collision Course*. But this time he's being *serious*. *Star Trek*'s George Takei costars as Transportation Secretary Norman Mineta. Oh, my!



HINDSIGHT

WAS DR. BANNER SECRETLY A MALE PROSTITUTE?

Sure, you thought the hero of TV's The Incredible Hulk *was just a tortured scientist on the run. But take a closer look...*

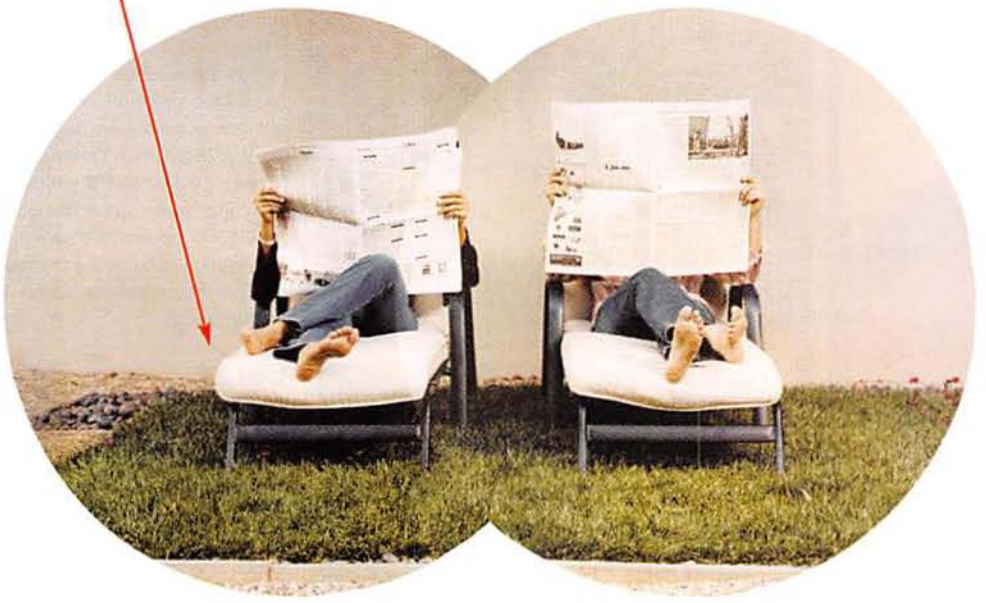


1. His middle name is Bruce.
2. He's a drifter who hitchhikes aimlessly from town to town.
3. He runs afoul of shady meatheads who beat him up. More often than not, this occurs in an alleyway.
4. He's always being hassled by the police.
5. He's very into "experimentation."
6. He's often found locked in closets.
7. He spends a lot of time cruising rest stops.
8. He has Daddy issues.
9. He likes to ram his fist into things.
10. When he gets worked up, he tears off his clothes.
11. He's usually submissive, but if provoked he'll play the dominant.


He's got a bad case of loving you

COMING NEXT MONTH:
Was the Swedish Chef secretly...Norwegian?

second lounge chair: $355 online



someone you can be yourself with: priceless

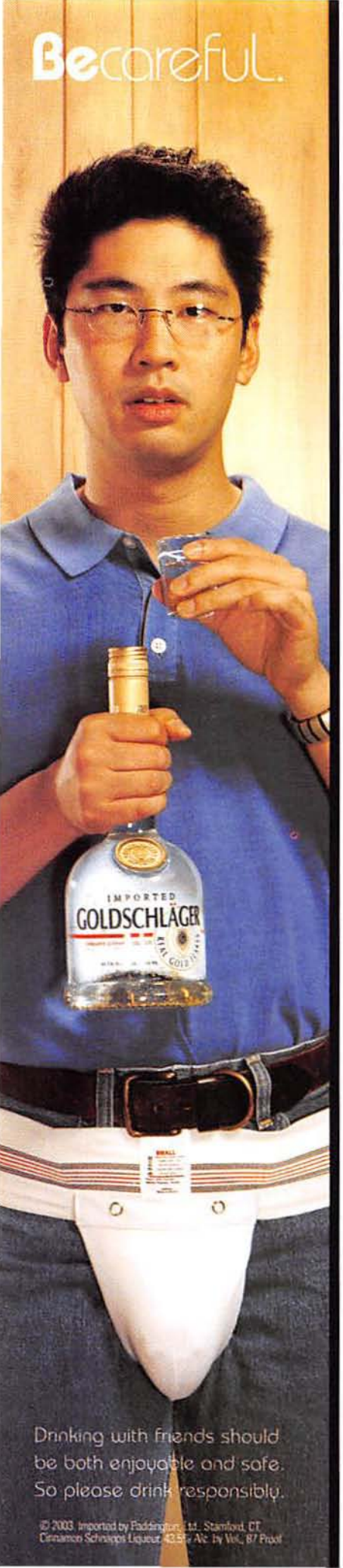
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Games



"Remember, cup the ball..."

GAME ON!

NFL BLITZ PRO

(Midway Sports—GameCube, PS2, Xbox)

Normally, a team that's kicked ass for six straight seasons doesn't screw with its formula. But with *NFL Blitz,* this latest update repositions the game play somewhere between total cartoon and fanatically realistic simulation—in other words, it's a total blast. The makeover introduces 11-on-11 play, 10-yard first downs, exhaustive playbooks, and varied weather (holy shit, it's raining in Seattle!), helping the aging vet recover the rock and charge it into the end zone. From a streamlined interface to more intelligent opponents, it's a prime contender for MVP…presuming all the physical changes don't spark allegations of steroid use.—*Scott Steinberg*

★★★★★

Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon

(Ubi Soft Entertainment—PS2, Xbox)

Like the movie, *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* is quite an ambitious undertaking. Unlike the movie, it doesn't consistently deliver the goods. Taking on the role of one of four playable heroes, you utilize flashy unarmed strikes and a variety of preprogrammed weapon combos. Not unlike Pam Anderson's chest, much of the enjoyment comes courtesy of its gravity-defying appeal—bunny-hopping



between walls, backflipping onto ladders, and, oh, right, seeing how far you can fling a video game console when the repetitious play starts testing your patience. Not a complete pupu platter, but this clichéd outing won't be winning any awards anytime soon.—*S.S.*

★★★☆☆

Tron 2.0

(Buena Vista Interactive—PC)

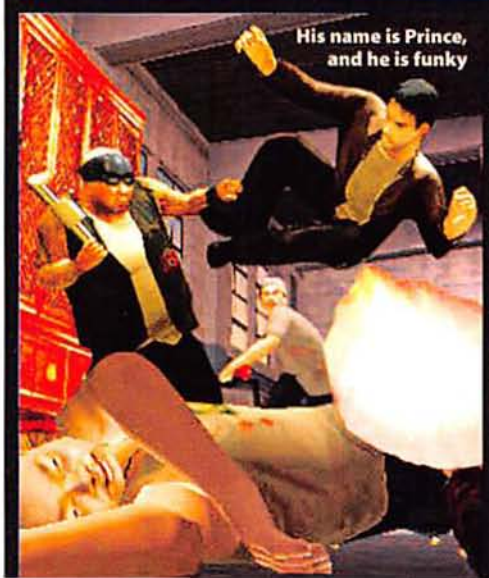
Remember those innocent days of yore when "state-of-the-art computer effects" delivered pretty much the same punch as a magic marker and a black light? If you do, then you'll enjoy this PC revamping of the proto-*Matrix* cult classic *Tron,* resuscitated as a first-person action game. You play as a digitized hero out to extract one of the original film's characters (Alan Bradley, the hero of *Tron,* played by Bruce Boxleitner) from a corrupted server. Decrypt mind-cramping



technoid lingo full of "subroutines" and "data packets" and it'll pay off with impressive light cycle races, intense gladiatorial battles, and lots of energy-blaster-fueled mayhem. *Tron 2.0* is a must for those out there who still like their CGI old school.—*Alex Porter*

★★★★☆

COMING ATTRACTION



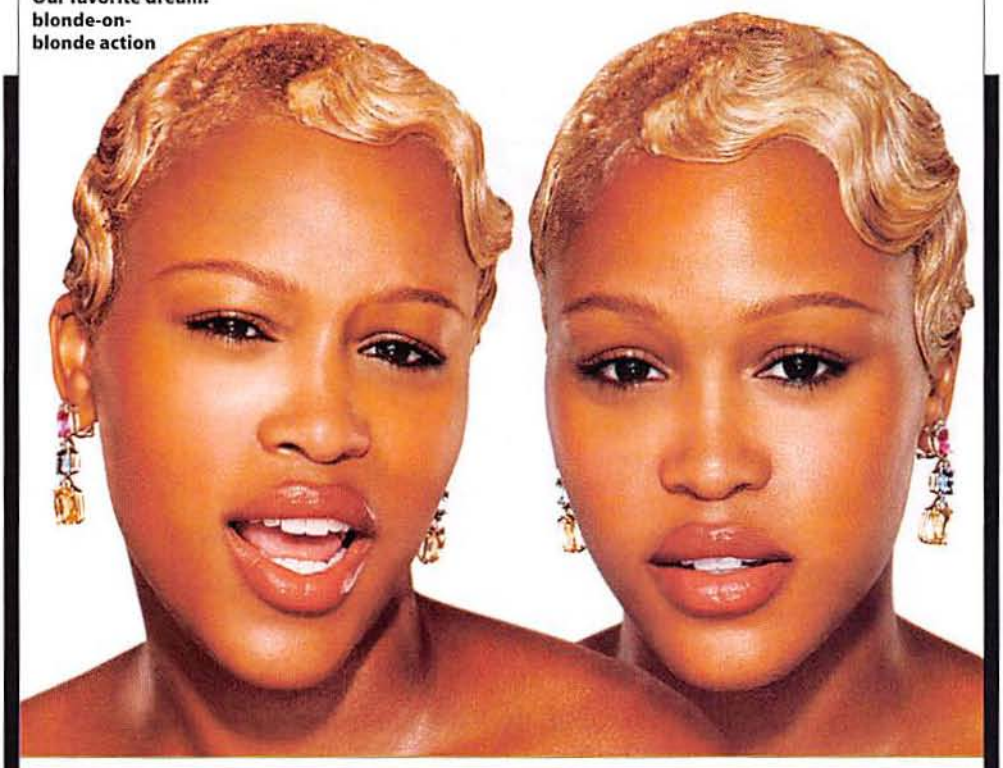
His name is Prince, and he is funky

LIVE AND DIE IN L.A.

True Crime: Streets of L.A. *is a barely legal thrill.*

With *Grand Theft Auto* already blurring the line between entertainment and hitman training program, the time's right for Activision's *True Crime: Streets of L.A.* As Elite Operations Division tough guy Nick Kang, you use guns and fists to bring down vicious mobsters voiced by the likes of Christopher Walken, Gary Oldman, and Michael Madsen. The game also boasts 250 free-roaming square miles of detailed L.A. battleground. "The first thing Angelenos do is drive to their house," executive producer Chris Archer notes. The second thing? We ain't sayin' nuthin' without a lawyer. (*True Crime* is out this month.)—*A.P.*

Our favorite dream: blonde-on-blonde action



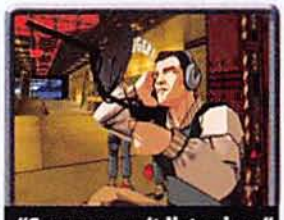
GAME FACE

EVE OF DESTRUCTION

Red-hot rapper Eve spits sizzlin' lyrics and packs heat in her digital debut, XIII.



Realistic weeping!



"Sorry, wasn't listening."



"OK, tell Suge I'll sign!"



Action has a new name...and a pair of paw-print tattoos covering its breasts. Multiplatinum rapper Eve has jumped into the digital realm as Major Jones, a streetwise supertrooper, in Ubi Soft's cel-shaded first-person shooter *XIII* (that's 13, folks). Listen up as the deadly diva drops a different set of bombs.

Major Jones is a tough, sexy woman from the hood. Are you getting déjà vu here?
I just thought it'd be cool to be a video game character. Her story's *kinda* like mine in that it's about a strong woman. But as far as the hood is concerned? I don't take it that deep. What kind of games you been playing?

Besides cold, hard cash, what drew you to the project?
It seemed like it'd be a fun experience. I didn't get to look at footage from the game beforehand. But once I came to the studio, I thought, *Whoa, this is hot!*

Was it a nice break from recording?
You'd be surprised. It's a lot harder doing a game than working on an album. When I'm recording, I'm in the booth and in control. You can't do that here. Other people are in charge. I'm good at taking direction, but, damn, it's annoying sometimes.

The first time we meet Jones, she has to survive a level infested with gangstas. Are you sure there's no déjà vu?
Please. The only mission I ever deal with on a day-to-day basis is how to survive a field that's crowded with nothing but men.

Any advice for gamers?
Be careful and stay alert. People will take advantage of you if you slip up. *XIII* is a lot like the music business in that regard. Ain't nobody on your side.

Would you ever design a game yourself?
Well, if I did, it wouldn't be anything like *XIII*, that's for sure. Mine might be a little more girlie. I actually have a concept in the works. We'll have to see if it flies...Stay tuned.
—*Scott Steinberg*



A gaming Jones

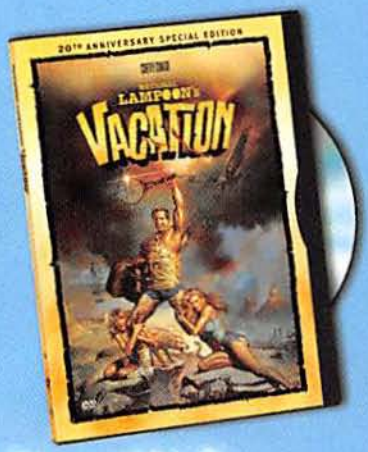
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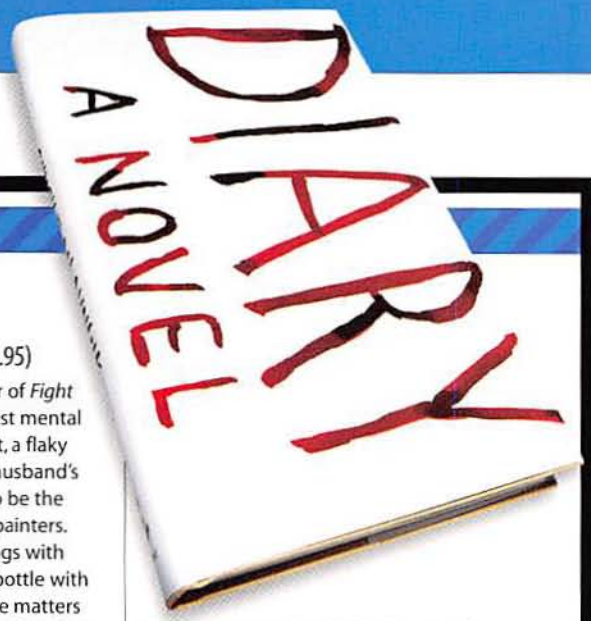
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Books



TEXT APPEAL

DIARY

By Chuck Palahniuk (Doubleday, $24.95)

Chuckie's back! The twisted author of *Fight Club* and *Choke* returns with his latest mental and emotional fuckup: Misty Wilmot, a flaky artist who moves to her comatose husband's hometown—which also happens to be the final resting place of some famous painters. Soon Misty starts producing paintings with machinelike speed and hitting the bottle with winolike determination and, to make matters even more interesting, discovers that her diary is mysteriously penning itself. As with *Fight Club* the writing is raw and wry: Misty's scenes of drunken sloppiness will make you alternately laugh, wince, and gag. Witness one pride-swelling moment in which she takes furtive sips in between bouts of simultaneous crapping and puking in the woods. Suffering for one's art has never been this funny.—*J. Owens*

★★★★★

'Misty starts hacking again. Hacking and half asleep, she stabs her calf muscle. The blood floods out, dark red against her white skin.'

Martin Guitar Masterpieces

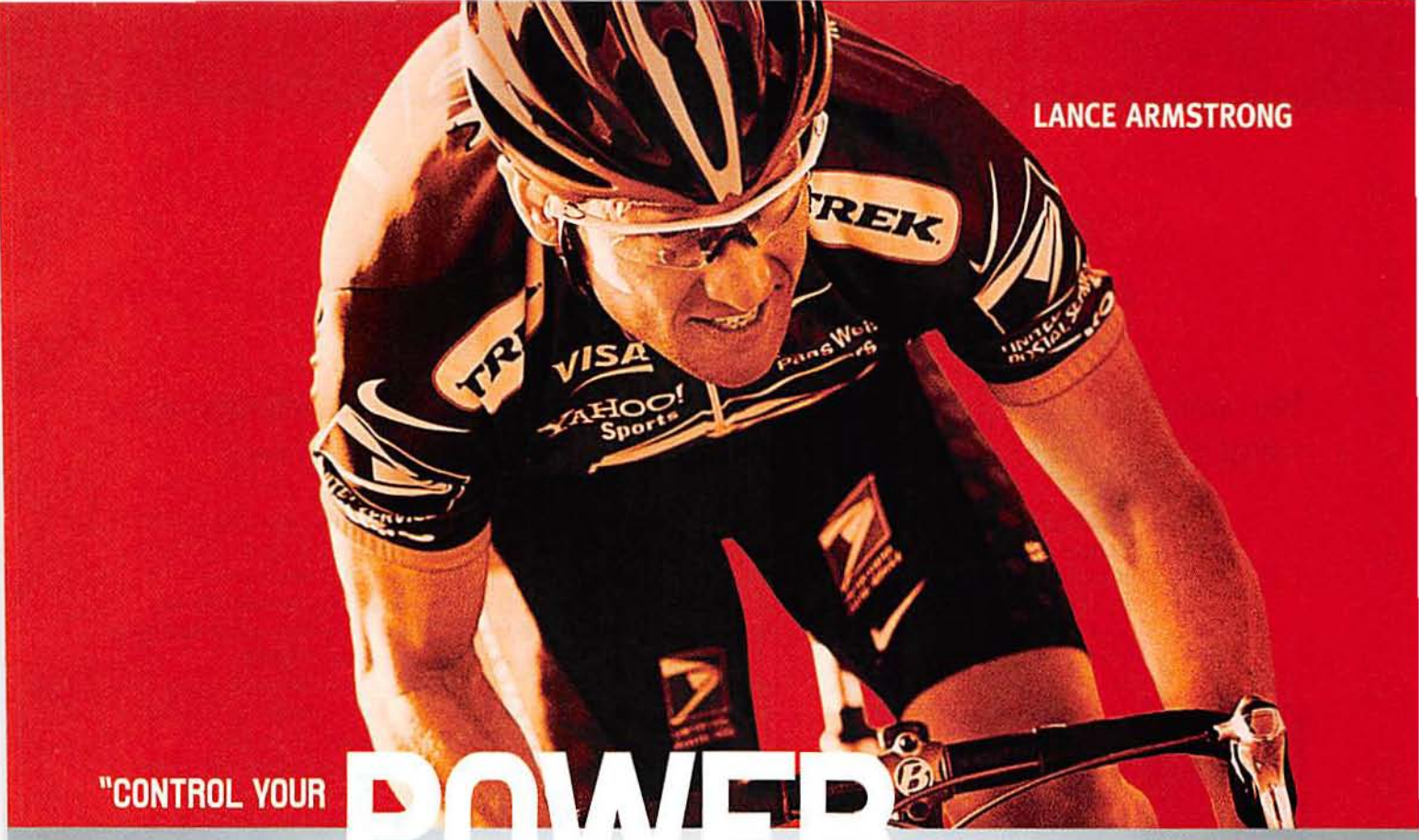
By Dick Boak (Bulfinch Press, $40)

Long before it got so damn fashionable to go unplugged, Martin Guitar was producing some of the world's finest acoustic axes. *Masterpieces* showcases more than 100 of these long-necked beauties—from the "Elvi," owned by Elvis Presley himself, to the customized guitars of legendary pickers like Willie Nelson, Eric Clapton, and Johnny Cash. Get the stories behind their cordless wonders and catch a glimpse of Martin's millionth instrument, due in 2004. It's the perfect coffee table book for the serious musician and the hard-core music geek alike. It's so impressive, in fact, that we heap praise on it despite the fact that it features a foreword by Steve "I'm a joker/I'm a smoker/I'm a midnight toker" Miller and dares contain a passing mention of rain forest savior Sting. Well, nothing's perfect.—*Liv Sikes*

★★★☆☆

Photographs, Robert Glasgow





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JACKIE CHAN

The comical kung fu master throws down about his wussiest costar, his bruising opera school days, and the last time he took on six Triad gangsters and walked away.

QUICK PICKS



WORST INJURY: "I cracked my skull open once. I tried to jump from a tree to a building, but the tree broke and I dropped."



LAST TIME HE CRIED: "I cry a lot of times. At movies...when I watch the Olympics with the flags and songs—tears."



KUNG FU STYLE: "My favorite style is called white brow. That's the style I'm learning right now. It's simple and very pretty."

Ben Affleck, Drew Barrymore, Tobey Maguire: *They're* what pass for action heroes these days?

In movies like *The Matrix* and *X-Men,* the actors don't even have to be there! They CGI everything. It looks like a cartoon. It's lazy. When I ask friends, "How is the movie?" they say, "Wow! The special effects, good!" But nobody says, "The actors, good! Actresses, good!" I think special effects are not the real deal. But if the *Matrix* directors asked me to be in a movie, I dunno...big dilemma!

So who's the real deal, besides yourself?

None. There are so many good martial arts actors around, but no one discovers them. Now movies just use a lot of special effects. But I do think American stunt men are better. In American movies, you're always talking about big stunts—helicopter jumping, explosions, motorcycles, leaping 200 feet onto air bags. I do much smaller things.

Tell us what your new movie, *The Medallion,* is about.

It's interesting, because this is the first time I die in a movie. I die in the beginning, and then I'm like a ghost. I wanted to do something different. I don't always want to do things like *Rush Hour* and *Shanghai Knights*...so I think, *I die in a movie? OK!*

That's ironic, since you've nearly killed yourself in every previous film.

Yeah, but a lot of that is rumor. I have broken a lot of things...my nose, my ankle, my knee, my ribs, my back, my finger, my shoulder. My tooth is gone, and I had an operation on my head. But not *every* bone! You know, when you get hurt, you don't feel it. Things happen so quick—boom! crack! Usually, I hear the sound and look down and say, "Oh! My foot is upside down!"

How'd you get so tough?

When I was six and a half, my father sent me to a Beijing opera school. It was like the movie *Fame.* You know *Fame? [sings]* "I'm gonna live forever..." But it was not only dancing. In our school they teach you kicking, punching, acrobatics, singing, acting, so many things. And the teacher would hit you. In these schools if the teacher hit you and you die, it's OK. But now, of course, if you hit children, they can sue you.

Ah, the good ol' days. When was the last time you got into a real street fight?

Oh, that's a long time ago...when I was 18.

Did you kick ass?

Yeah, I kicked somebody's ass. But I also got hurt myself.

What happened? Too much Tsingtao?

I was walking with my friend on the street, and there were these six guys on motorcycles. So I say to my friend, "One day I'm gonna buy one of those motorcycles." I pointed at one, and this guy turns around and says, "What the fuck you pointing at?" I think he was a Triad. I was shocked. I said, "Nothing, I just said one day I'm going to get one of those motorcycles." Then my friend kicked a bike, and all six motorcycles fell—boom, boom, boom, boom. *[laughs]* All of a sudden, we're all fighting—six people against two. It was only, like, 30 seconds, but it was so tiring. All six guys got knocked down real quick. Then we ran.

You're still kicking Triad ass by speaking out against mob involvement in the Hong Kong film industry. Ever worry you'll wake up next to a panda head?

I used to. But now I realize I cannot hide anymore. So I go out and talk to the newspaper, "Hey, all mafia, if you have the guts, come. Come to my office." Instead they call and threaten people. But I tell friends, "Don't be frightened. If you take a step forward, they take a step back. They're always in the shadows; we are in the light." We should not be afraid of them. It's only when you get scared and go, *[in a meek voice]* "Oh, oh, what can I do?" that they know you're frightened.

Speaking of scary, is it true a lot of female fans committed suicide when they found out that you were going to get married?

Yeah, 18 or 20 years ago. One girl committed suicide in the subway. Then a second girl committed suicide in front of my office. That's when I told my girlfriend that we should be quiet, undercover. But now it's OK. Today my fans are from four years old to 80. They love me, but it's a different kind of love.

Do your costars hate you? We hear you're pretty demanding of them when it comes to doing stunts.

Yes, but I'm not telling them to do any stunts they don't know how to do. Just enough so the audience knows it's them.

Who's been the biggest wuss on set?

Owen Wilson. He's always saying, "Jackie, I'm not this kind of actor. My character is not the fighter." So I only have him do quick things like the "kung pow chicken" in *Shanghai Knights*—one punch, then he catches a hat.

Not Chris Tucker?

Chris Tucker always wants to do stunts!—"I want to do that! Lemme try this!" Jennifer Love Hewitt, too. She likes to try things.

Is there some monster stunt you've been wanting to try?

No. I'm not doing those crazy things anymore. I only do stunts that would be a bit more difficult for a normal human being. Motorcycle jumping, explosions...a lot of people do those kinds of stunts. So that's why I choose the clever way. My Jackie Chan way. I want to be between normal and Superman.

What would people be surprised to know about you?

I'm really scared of needles. Even when I'm watching TV and there's an operation with needles, I have to close my eyes. I don't know why. Oh, and boats. I get seasick.

Are action films getting harder to do as you get older?

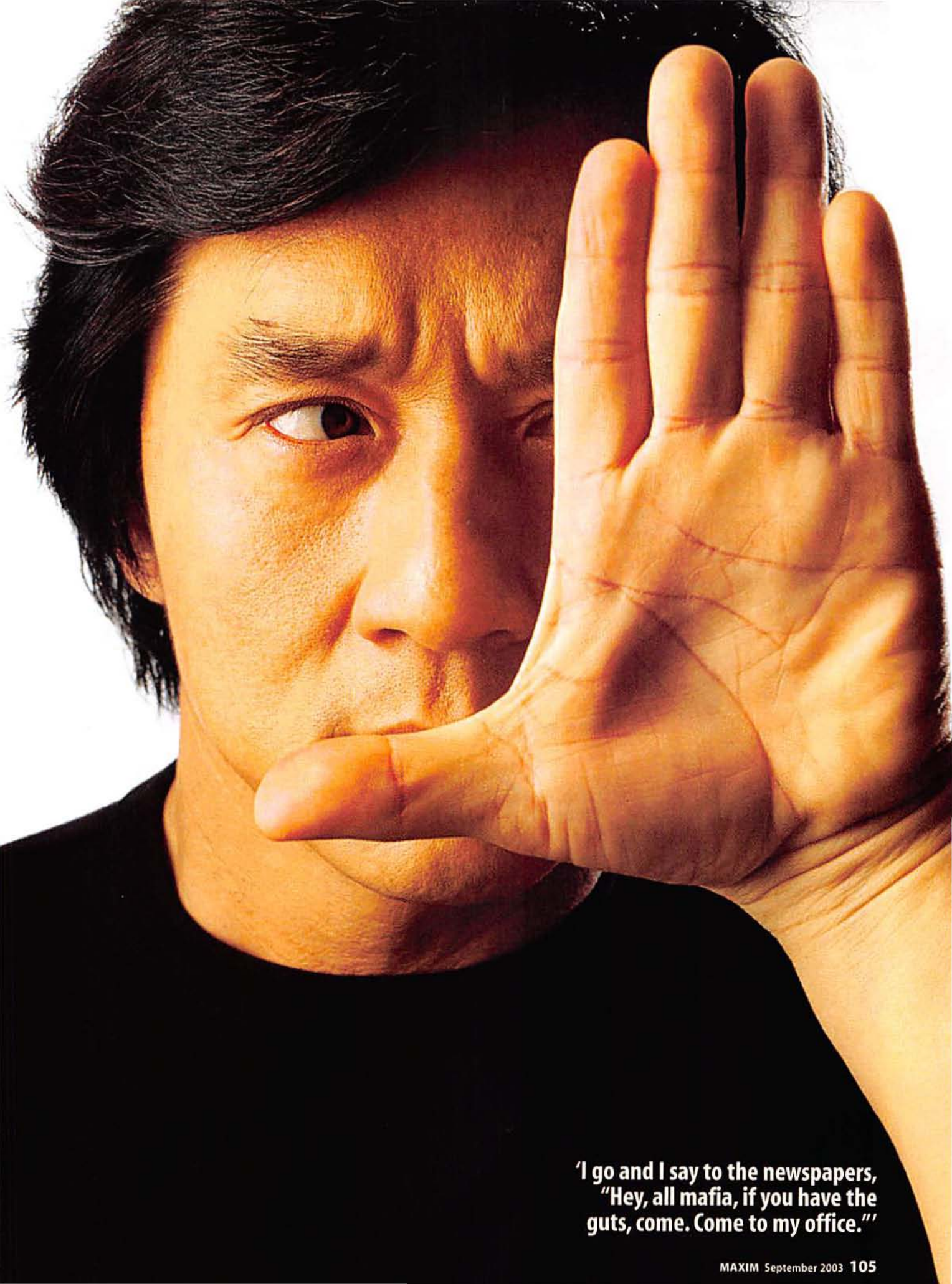
I think one day I have to retire from action. I want to turn into an *actor.* I want to be Robert DeNiro. I am going to make a period drama next year. With no punching! But after that I do *Rush Hour 3.*

Finally, how much cash is in your pocket right now?

None! When I'm filming I don't need money. The studios give me hotel and car with driver!

Interview by Eric Alt. *The Medallion* is kicking butt in theaters right now. *Haiii-ya!*

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW ECCLES



'I go and I say to the newspapers, "Hey, all mafia, if you have the guts, come. Come to my office."'

Charmed Life

You've heard the songs, seen the videos, and lusted after her gams—but Mariah Carey says you ain't seen nothing yet.

INTERVIEW BY ERIC ALT
PHOTOS BY ANTOINE VERGLAS









'There was a time when I had to wear turtlenecks, and that wasn't me. Everyone was shocked when I broke out of that.'



Mariah Carey steels herself for the inevitable questions about her life with a laugh *almost* sweet enough to make us play nice. "Can't we talk about what kind of cream I'm rubbing on my legs or something?" Though she tries to draw our attention to her body of, um, work, who can ignore a career with such high highs (15 number one singles, best-selling female artist ever) and weird lows (her infamous *TRL* striptease, her struggles with exhaustion)? But Mariah has gotten up, dusted herself off, and come out singing.

First off, what question are you most sick of being asked?
Oh, my! There are a few! I don't have one in mind, but keep going and I'll let you know.

You've taken a thrashing in the media these past few years. How do you keep it all in perspective?
The way I look at it is, you take the good with the bad. We're all human, and we all go through good times and difficult times. But in the end it's all about getting up the right way. My song "Through the Rain" [from *Charmbracelet*] is about going through all these things. I feel triumphant singing it.

Was there ever a particular piece of criticism that stung the most?
There were so many things. Sometimes when you're a celebrity, people are like, "Heavens to Betsy!" if you sneeze the wrong way. In reality, celebrities lead lives that don't necessarily go in tandem with our public images. People think they know everything about you because of the way you sang "Hero."

So are you a diva?
Everybody's a diva these days. You can be the diva of garbagewomen—it doesn't matter. It's a little bit tired. When I was growing up, my mother was an opera singer, so I connected divas to someone who can really sing and is a bit grandiose. So I guess that would be me. There are rumors about how I walked into a hotel and insisted on completely redecorating a room before I stayed there.

CAREY ON



BILLBOARD MUSIC AWARDS (1999)
With 150 million albums sold, she was Artist of the Decade.



ALLY McBEAL (2001)
Jon Bon Jovi and Mariah starred in the same episode of the ultimate chick show.



WISEGIRLS (2002)
Rumors of catfights with Oscar winner Sorvino got more press than the film.

So you don't throw your weight around to get into restaurants?
No, I usually have other people take care of that for me. *[laughs]*

What was the most outrageous lie you heard about yourself?
That I refuse to walk on grass. Even funnier is that apparently I also refuse to walk on carpeting. So I guess I hover. *[laughs]* How do people think I get from Point A to Point B?

But sometimes it's another celebrity taking potshots at you. Any reason why Eminem would take a lyrical swipe at you in his song "Superman"?
Yeah, it happened. Did I have a sexual relationship with him? No, I didn't. I knew him, I hung out with him a few times, but nothing sexual occurred. I'd admit it if it did, but it didn't. And that's why I was so upset about the whole thing, because I was like, "Look, if I had an intimate relationship with the person, that would be one thing, but . . ." Maybe he thought because nothing happened he'd look bad or something.

Dare we even dig up *Glitter*?
C'mon, don't do that to me!

I think we've found the question you hate most!
I'm bored talking about it. It was two years ago. There are so many positive things to talk about! All I can say is that I couldn't have had the cards more stacked against me—the soundtrack came out the week of September 11th, and I had just been hospitalized for exhaustion. What could I do? Kids come up all the time and tell me they loved the movie. What are you gonna say? It's funny!

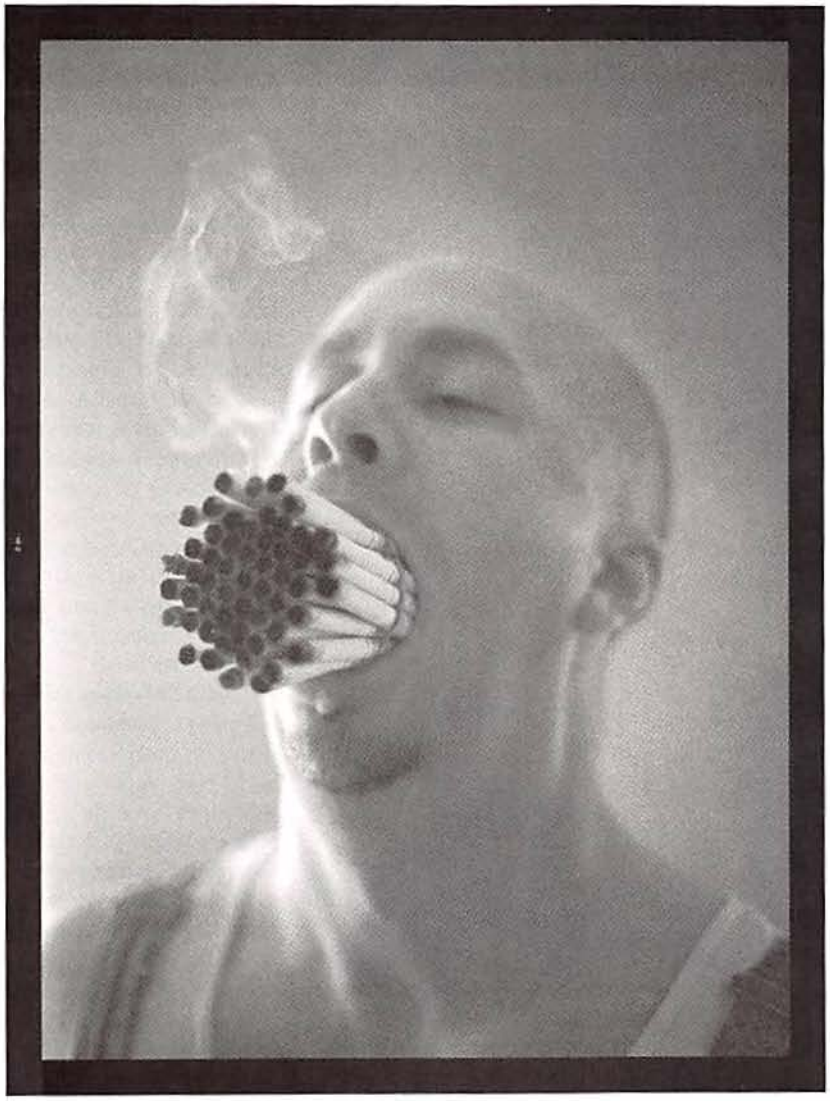
Was it tougher to take because the movie reflected your life story?
It really didn't. The only thing was that the girl was interracial and a singer. My life story would be a hell of a lot more interesting.

Did that sour you on acting, or do you want to keep doing it?
I did a movie called *Wisegirls* with Mira Sorvino that was a great experience. It epitomized why I want to pursue acting. It was this little indie film, and it got some good reviews. We went to Sundance and got a standing ovation. I got to play a character that was so far from who I am. She's a drug-dealing waitress from Staten Island who's like *[in a goombah accent]* a friggin' broad, ya know? It allowed me not to be Mariah Carey for a minute. Next I'm doing this movie called *Sweet Science*. My character's a boxer . . . a really bad one. It's a romantic comedy.

Speaking of you and cameras, your videos do a breathtaking job of revealing you to the public.
I know I have this image that's sexy. But I'm basically like Mary Poppins. That's my nickname! I'm prudish. It's like playing dress-up. When you go through difficult stuff as a kid sometimes your childhood stays with you. I've hung on to that. There was a period ▶

Styling, Karen Shapiro, Blair Levin; hair, Roque for Cee Management; makeup, Kristofer Buckle for artistsbytimothypriano.com. Clothing pp.106–107, silver bikini available at Barneys New York, armband available at Amy Chan N.Y.C.; p.108, white tank by Alexander McQueen; pp.109–116, shoes by Manolo Blahnik, armband available at Amy Chan, N.Y.C.

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when I was in a relationship that was confining, where I had to wear turtlenecks and long pants, and that wasn't me. So when I broke out of that—around the time of the "Honey" video, where I jump out of the water like a secret agent—everybody was shocked. But that was the real me coming out.

Describe the lean years for us.

Even struggling, I always felt like I was going to get past it. I remember having one pair of shoes that I had to walk to work in. I worked at a sports bar, and my job was to sit there in a tight T-shirt and sell shirts to guys. But these shoes were my mom's and a size too small. My toes would be poking through the front, and I'd be trudging through the snow.

You were married at age 23 to Tommy Mottola, then chairman of Sony Music Entertainment. What did you learn about marriage?

To stay away from it! *[laughs]* I would marry again if it were about having kids, but other than that I can't see myself doing it.

And what did the experience teach you about record executives?

That they're brutal! I would hear the way they talk behind the artists' backs because I had the unique position of being there behind closed doors. It wasn't pretty.

Now that you're a powerful singer, songwriter, and producer, do you have a dream collaborator?

I've always been a fan of Stevie Wonder, and we've always talked about working together. I've worked with so many people it's just unbelievable—everyone from Snoop Dogg and Jay-Z to Ol' Dirty Bastard and Pavarotti.

What's your best ODB story?

I love him. He's the funniest because he just doesn't care. He's hilarious.

Is he batshit crazy?

It depends on his mood. But he's a really cool guy. He's talented and. . . very free.

Are you keeping your eye on any up-and-coming divas?

I like Beyoncé. She's cool. I like that she writes her own songs, as opposed to people who are clearly emulating others a bit too much.

Like J.Lo? It's been alleged that her producers stole ideas from you.

I wouldn't want to comment on that. Sorry, just trying to abide by the laws here.

Is it true you let fans on your Web site pick the songs you sing in concert?

Yes, it's whatever comes in the top 15. I don't live on the Internet. I give them things like tickets, but for me to read everybody's opinion night and day would not be good.

But you do actually post messages from time to time, right?

Yeah, that would be me.

Is it ever a little weird being that accessible to your fans?

I have a Jack Russell who's so cute. There's this one girl in Japan who dresses up like my dog and comes to concerts. This girl has a Web site devoted to him. So that's pretty amusing.

How much does being in the spotlight—to the extent where people dress up like your dog—make it hard for you to date?

I'm in a weird position because I started doing this so young and was so secluded, and then I was in a relationship with a much older person. I've never really dated. I've experienced people hitting on me, obviously.

How do they usually go about it?

People come up to me and ask to marry me. But it's not that hard. Just strike up a conversation! I can talk to just about anyone. It's not about the who's who of my address book. It's about who's fun, who's cool.

Then how about a date with us? Karaoke maybe?

It'd be fun to walk in, do it, and see everyone's reaction. It might be something I should do.

So you don't necessarily only want to date other celebrities?

With another celebrity, there are egos. It's like, "Which fan came up to me and asked for an autograph and didn't ask you?" Who wants to play that game? Everybody wants to be a big power couple in Hollywood, but who really cares? It's not about how many magazine covers I can get on with this person.

Do average guys ever hit on you?

I don't know. Do whistling and catcalls count?

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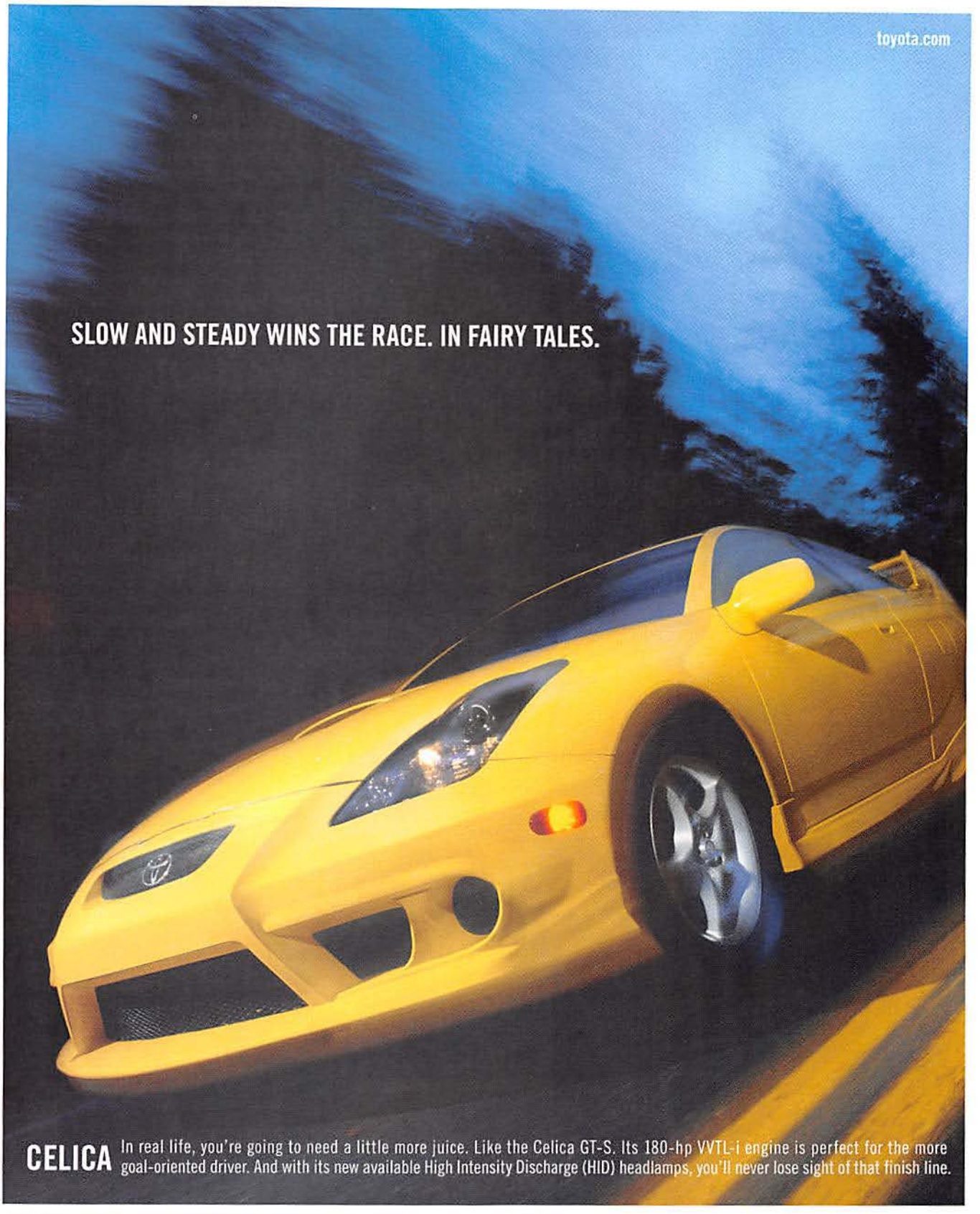
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MARIAH CAREY

MARIAH AT A GLANCE

Vital Stats: Born March 27, 1970, in Huntington, New York. "I've been singing since I was four. My mother was an opera singer and a vocal coach, and we both pretty much knew I had a natural talent for music. Writing songs was my creative outlet. Whenever there was anything difficult going on, I turned to writing as escapism."

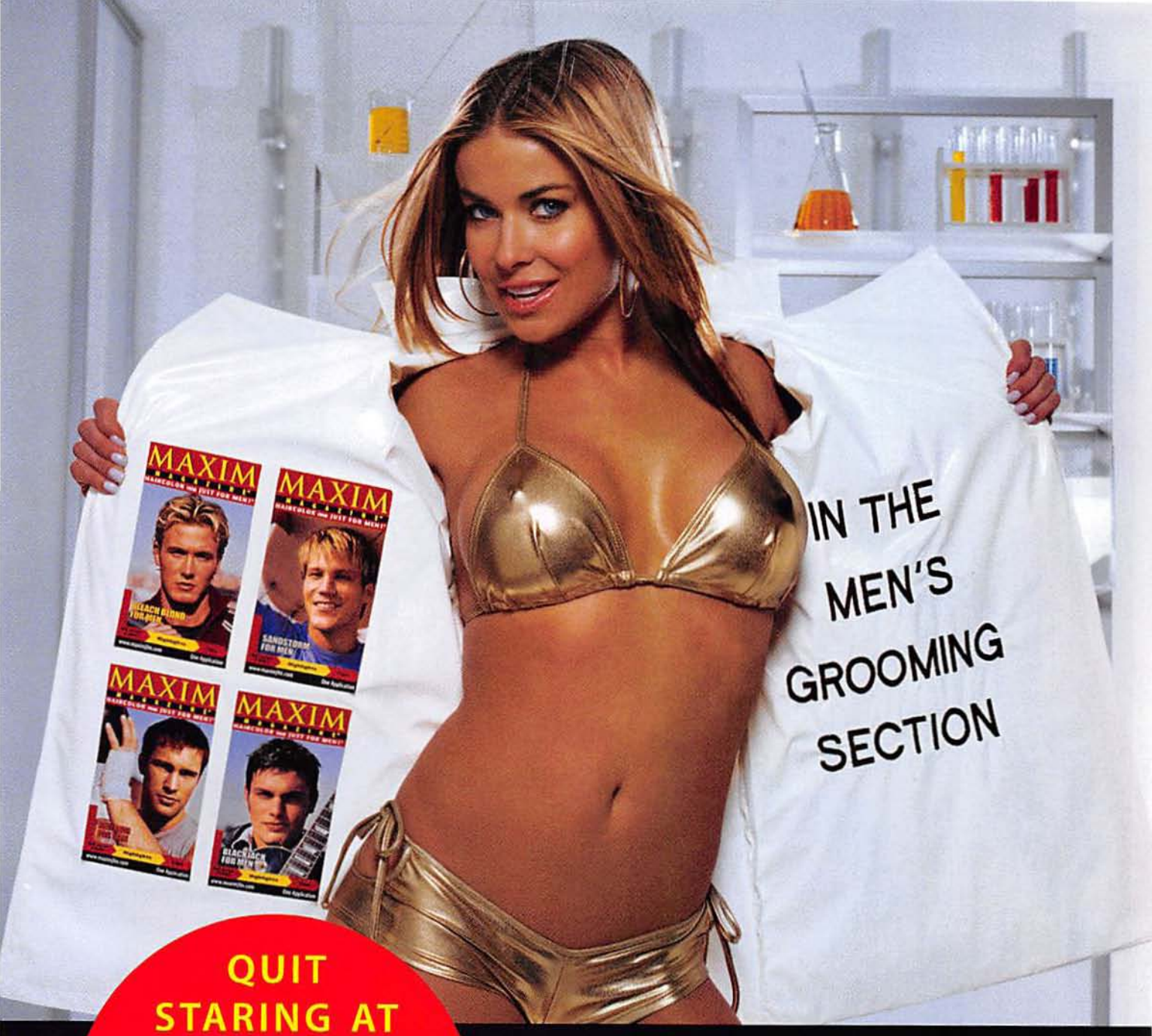
Her fairy tale story: "My shoe broke onstage twice on this tour. It was very Cinderella! One night I noticed that the heel had broken off. I was hopping on one leg, trying to finish the song and laughing. So I just threw it out to the audience and gave it to a fan, then I broke the other shoe and finished the song barefoot."

Driving herself crazy: "Being chauffeured around becomes mundane. I actually hate limos. I love to drive, even though I'm not a very good driver."

Good sport: "I'm a fast runner. But when it comes to organized sports, I'm not good. I'm like, 'Why is this person running toward me and what do I do now? Which goalie am I protecting?' My brain doesn't work that way. I know guys want to play basketball with their girlfriends, so I should pretend that I'm good at it, but the truth is I suck. I'm looking for someone to teach me."

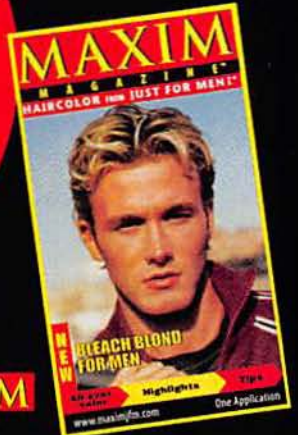
What she wants in a man: "Definitely a sense of humor. If somebody just sits and talks about mundane subjects, they're just boring as hell. Why bother?"

THE MAXIM LOUNGE
See more exclusive photos of Mariah at **maximonline.com**.



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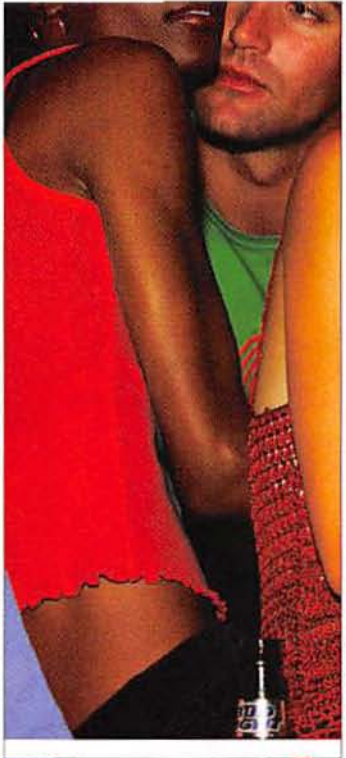
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CARLY WOJAS



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Pay attention. You could learn something here. Because not only is Carly Wojas one of Chicago's hottest bartenders, she's also a pretty sharp sixth-grade teacher.

"Teaching is my dream job. Bartending is just for fun," she says as she takes care of the packed house at one of Lincoln Park's most popular hangouts. "No matter what day of the week you go, there will be tons of people there," Carly says. And if you don't know everyone when you come in, there's a good chance you will before the night ends. Compared to teaching, she says, "This is not like work at all."

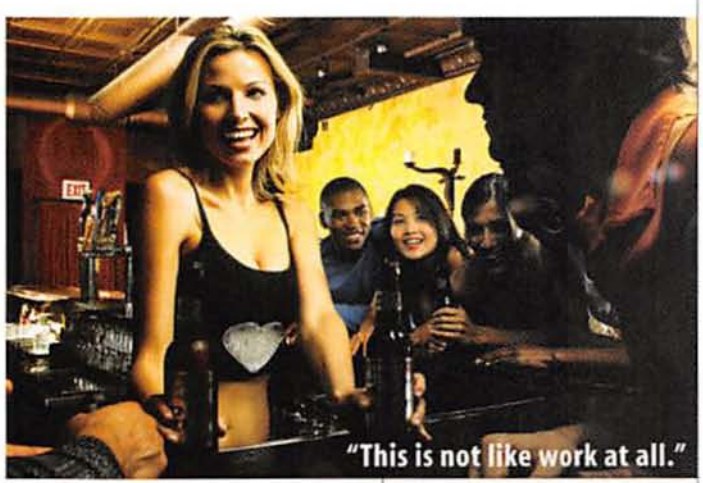
Carly ended up behind the bar after some coaxing by a friend who owns the place. "I'd never done it before, but I like the people that come in here," she says. And with Carly, it's never about dumping off the beer and moving on to the next person. "A lot of times, I'll get sucked into a conversation and then have to remind myself I actually have work to do."

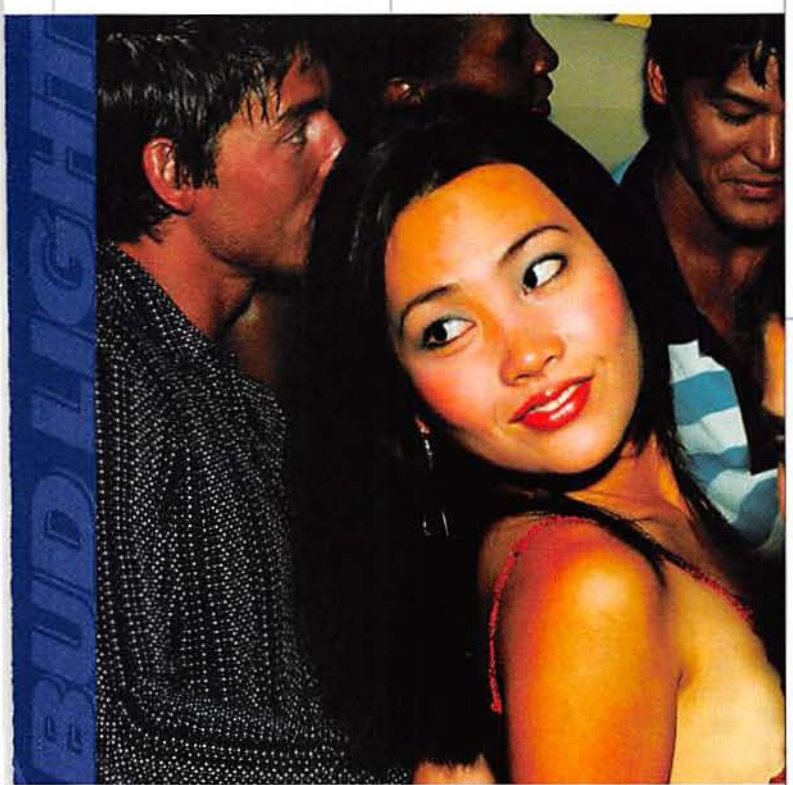
One look at Carly on Friday night, and you wonder why your teachers never looked like this. "Working the bar here is a big production. You have to think about what you wear, you have to make an impression," she says. Impression made.

Carly admits that while behind the bar, the more skin you show, the better. One look at the clientele shows that the less-is-more philosophy seems to be widely adopted. She recalls a night when two girls were entering the bar showing their goods with low-cut jeans and even lower-cut shirts. "I thought, 'Check out these two hussies coming in.' When I looked closer, it was two of my best friends." While no one will confuse a night out in Lincoln Park with higher education, stopping in to see Carly will certainly get you thinking.

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MAXIM'S
NFL SMACKDOWN
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CRUNCH TIME
NFL
If you thought the NFL was just fat guys in tight pants, maybe you've been reading the wrong magazine. Welcome!

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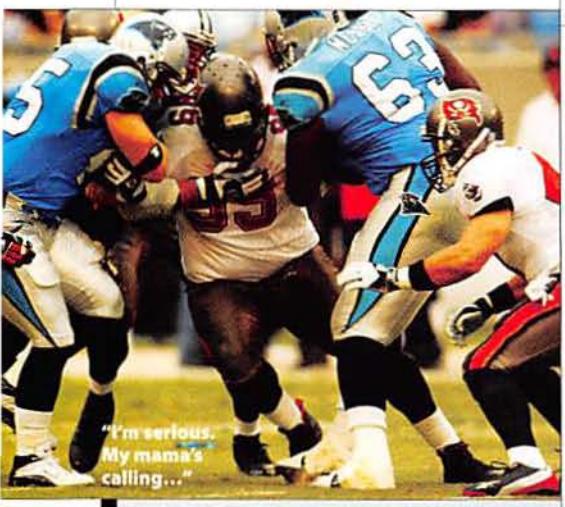


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MAXIM'S NFL SMACKDOWN



WARREN SAPP





The 2002 Super Bowl champion and five-time Pro Bowler waxes poetic.

What do you think about this hotshot rookie Dewayne "Baby Sapp" Robertson?
That kid's a bowling ball of butcher knives. Reckless! He sticks out like a turd in a punch bowl!

Please reshizzle that answerizzle.
Have you ever been to the prom? You'd notice a turd in the punch bowl, right? Kinda sticks out...

So it's a good thing?
Yeah, it's a real good thing. Like, if you see a beautiful woman, you say she sticks out like a turd in a punch bowl. Get it?

Holla! In Week 12 you absolutely flattened Green Bay tackle Chad Clifton away from the play. Why didn't you ever call the guy in the hospital to see if he was OK?
What do you want me to do, call the Green Bay facility and say, "This is Warren Sapp. I need Chad Clifton's phone number"? What do you think that result would've been?

I think they would've given it to you... Maybe you should have played back when clotheslining was legal. Do you think the players of today could've hung back then?
We're bigger, stronger, faster. Could they hang with *us* is the question. The way Jim Brown carried that ball—toting it like a loaf of bread—I know we'd get us eight, nine fumbles out of him.

That's NFL blasphemy! Is that why people view you as an ingrate?
I really don't care what anybody views me as, 'cause what I eat don't make you shit, so why is there a bad taste in your mouth?

We have absolutely no idea what that means, but we love it! Peace out, slim.


"Nothing beats rock... nothing!"

NFC NORTH

Lions and Vikings and Bears...oh, my! But who'll be seeing the playoff wizard?

GREEN BAY PACKERS

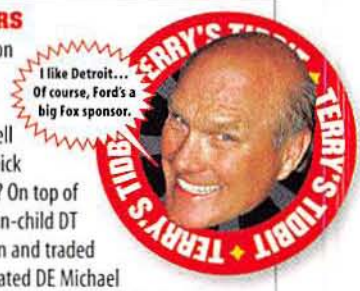
'02 skinny: Who cares about going 12-4 with another division title when back-to-back blowouts end the party like a Saturday night dry-hump?
New blood: LB Nate Wayne, DE Vonnie Holliday, and CB Tyrone Williams are all gone. Can CB Al Harris and LB Hannibal Navies fill the 720-pound void?
Prediction: No, they can't. RB Ahman Green should once again be the best dual-threat back in the league, and the playoffs are a lock. But without big-time receivers and a defense, the Super Bowl's a dream.

MINNESOTA VIKINGS

'02 skinny: When are embarrassing special teams, terrible defense, and a 6-10 record not so bad? Never. But first-year coach Mike Tice kept his team playing hard and finished the season 3-0.
New blood: For the second year in a row, Minnesota dropped two spots in the draft out of sheer stupidity, settling for DT Kevin Williams with the No. 9 pick.
Prediction: Better than you'd think. The offense ended last season ranked No. 2, and word is that Randy "I Brake for Cops" Moss worked hard and got even faster in the off-season. We say 9-7 will get 'em a wild-card berth. Then they're done.

FLAG ON THE PLAY
The NFL's fastest man, Michael Vick (Falcons), runs a 4.25 40-yard dash. Randy Moss claims a 4.2... but only running from the cops.

CHICAGO BEARS



'02 skinny: Division title in '01, 4-12 in '02. That's ugly.
New blood: Kordell Stewart? Is coach Dick Jauron on the pipe? On top of that he ignored man-child DT Dewayne Robertson and traded down to take overrated DE Michael Haynes and QB Rex Grossman. Stop inhaling, Dick.
Prediction: The NFL's worst running game will just make Stewart's impossible job harder, and the loss of LB Rosevelt Colvin is a huge blow to the defense. Forget about the division championship two years ago—they'll be lucky to hit .500.

DETROIT LIONS

'02 skinny: A 3-13 debacle tied Marty Mornhinweg for the worst two-year start (5-27) in NFL history. Ever hear of steroids, guys?
New blood: Charles Rogers...and shit.
Prediction: Their entire defense is crap (31st); the offense ain't much better (28th). WRs Az-Zahir Hakim and Bill Schroeder can steal the Lions five wins...maybe.

NFC SOUTH

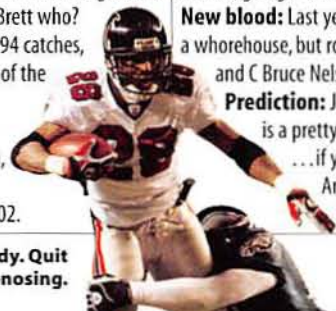
Michael Vick. That's all any division needs...oh, and the Super Bowl champs.

TAMPA BAY BUCCANEERS

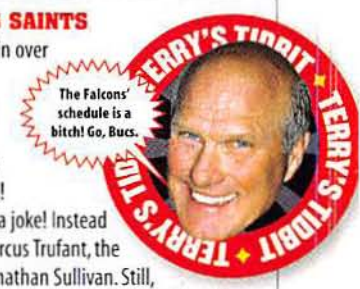
'02 skinny: Fire the coach, win the Super Bowl. The only question: What the hell took 'em so long?
New blood: The Jon Gruden deal killed the Bucs' first-round pick for the second straight year. Still, Chucky grabbed DE Dewayne White and signed free agent LB Dwayne Rudd. Note: Chris Simms bites.
Prediction: Since stealing the Super Bowl, DB Dwight Smith was arrested for pulling a handgun on a fellow motorist, OT Kenyatta Walker was collared in a nightclub and pepper-sprayed, and RB Michael Pittman rammed his wife's Mercedes with his Hummer. If these guys are really as pissed off and violent as their rap sheets suggest, we smell a repeat...or is that just the cellblock?

ATLANTA FALCONS

'02 skinny: QB Michael Vick, 23, turned 2002 into his personal highlight reel, and the 9-6-1 Falcons gave the Pack a 27-7 wild-card spanking. Brett who?
New blood: WR Peerless Price (94 catches, 1,252 yards, 9 TDs) was the prize of the free-agent crop.
Prediction: Vick and Price will soar, but even with Warrick Dunn, the Dirty Birds can't handle the Bucs, who crushed 'em twice in '02.


Hey, buddy. Quit brown-nosing.

NEW ORLEANS SAINTS



'02 skinny: One win over crappy Minnesota, shitty Cincinnati, or pathetic Carolina would've put 'em in the playoffs...Oops!
New blood: What a joke! Instead of future star CB Marcus Trufant, the Aints picked DT Johnathan Sullivan. Still, FS Tebucky Jones and LBs Orlando Ruff and Derrick Rodgers will improve their soft defense (27th).
Prediction: With the Bucs and Falcons stacked, even voodoo couldn't get N'awlins in the playoffs.

CAROLINA PANTHERS

'02 skinny: Coach John Fox inherited a 1-15 squad with the league's worst defense and turned it all around, going 7-9 with the NFL's No. 2 defense.
New blood: Last year the Panthers couldn't score in a whorehouse, but rookie linemen OT Jordan Gross and C Bruce Nelson will make instant impacts.
Prediction: Jake Delhomme vs. Rodney Peete is a pretty good quarterback controversy ...if you're fielding an XFL scab team. And without defensive guru Jack Del Rio they'll watch the playoffs. ▶

MAXIM'S NFL SMACKDOWN

AMY

LOCKED OUT

Go team! St. Louis Rams, third year
Playing the field: Missouri may not be Hollywood, but Amy, 22, is going to be a star. She is already a regular on *Fox Sports Net*, had several gigs on *The Best Damn Sports Show Period!*, and was on *The Jenny Jones Show*. "I can't help it," she says. "I just love to ham it up for the cameras."
Fan-tasy: "I'm in love with meat," she says proudly. Amy, who insists she never gets hit on, is not shy about what she wants. "Last night I had lobster bisque, prime rib, mashed potatoes, cheesecake, and a crème brûlée. I had to unbutton my pants!"
Acting out: "I'm an actress first," the theater-communications major says in a cockney drawl. "But mostly I'm just a big dork." Anybody up for a little role-playing?



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MAXIM'S NFL SMACKDOWN

JEREMY SHOCKEY



Our 2002 NFL rookie of the year and party animal isn't afraid to speak his mind. Heads up!

Name the NFL's dirtiest player.
Chad Brown from Seattle. He's dirty, but he's fun to play against. There are a lot of dirty players out there, and I include myself. If I can get a cheap shot on somebody, I'm gonna take it.

FLAG ON THE PLAY
Darwin Walker (Eagles), one of the NFL's strongest men, can bench 600 lbs. The weakest? Brian Griese in front of a bar.

Speaking of dirty...do you pick up chicks on the road?
Definitely. A lot of guys have a girl in Dallas. They've got a girl in Arizona. A girl in Washington. I don't have any girls anywhere, so if you're hot and reading this and you want to get with me on the road, just send your letters to *Maxim* or the Giants...with a picture.

That's class! Sounds like you're trying to sleep with a different girl every night.
No, I don't sleep...

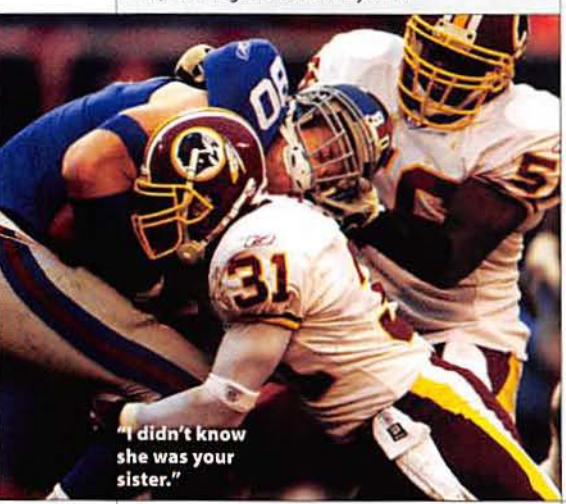
What's your biggest sexual fantasy?
A threesome with a mother and her two twins—that'd be the best!

Isn't that a foursome? If you could have sex with anybody right now, who would it be?
Right now? You. You're the closest one. Let's just go over in the corner and I'll be in and out pretty quick.

We were thinking celebrities. Have you ever had sex with anyone famous?
I've had sex with a few people who are famous, but I can't kiss and tell. I'm a true gentleman, so if you're out there and listening, you can have sex with me and I obviously won't tell anybody...except my buddies.

OK, enough about sex. Tell me one thing that nobody knows about you.
I'm a titty man, I love titties. Love 'em.

That's why you want to have sex with me?
I'm getting ready to just reach over there and grab 'em, but I've got to restrain my hand.



"I didn't know she was your sister."

He's a regular ball-erina

NFC EAST

The oldest rivalries, the biggest hitters, the return of Tuna. What more do you want?

NEW YORK GIANTS

'02 skinny: Get off the ledge, Giants fans! So what if you blew a 24-point playoff lead—gaining just 69 yards in the last 19 minutes? OK...jump.
New blood: Last year's special teams *were* special—Jerry's Kids special. So New York cleaned house, picking up all-time return leader Brian Mitchell, a placement specialist, a kicker, a long snapper, and a gunner.
Prediction: On paper this is the division's best team. The defense is solid and the receivers are tops in the NFC. But don't buy those Super Bowl tickets just yet. The Eagles have sharpened their talons.

PHILADELPHIA EAGLES

'02 skinny: Riddle us this, fat man. Your $113 million QB breaks his ankle in Week 11...and the team gets better?
New blood: More like a bloodletting. LBs Hugh Douglas, Shawn Barber, and Barry Gardner left, breaking up a great defense.
Prediction: This should be Philly's year. But it's not. Until QB Donovan McNabb matures into a true pocket passer, Philly will continue to come up short.



"Uh, that's my chin strap."

WASHINGTON REDSKINS

Dallas ain't got a QB or RB. Oughtta be fun to watch!



'02 skinny: There wasn't much fun or gun in coach Steve Spurrier's first season. But they still went 7-9.
New blood: Draft? They don't need no stinkin' draft! The Redskins absolutely raped the Jets this off-season, grabbing WR Laveranues Coles, RB Chad Morton, G Randy Thomas, and K John Hall. *Ouch!*
Predictions: Don't be surprised if quarterback Patrick Ramsey takes a major step forward and Spurrier challenges for the division crown.

DALLAS COWBOYS

'02 skinny: How 'bout them 5-11 Cowboys!
New blood: Rookies CB Terrence Newman and C Al Johnson will make immediate impacts. Bill "Eminem" Parcells is a turd.
Prediction: Chad Hutchinson? Quincy Carter? The only positive thing to say is that Hutchinson hasn't proved he sucks. Can't say the same for Carter. But at least the cheerleaders are hot. Hi, Heather.

NFC WEST

The road to Super Bowl XXXVIII in Houston goes through the NFC West. Bet on it.

SEATTLE SEAHAWKS

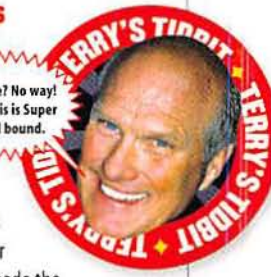
'02 skinny: Paul Allen might be—scratch that—*is* the worst owner in sports. The 7-9 Seahawks prove it.
New blood: Their best off-season pickup is defensive coordinator Ray Rhodes. And über-fast CB Marcus Trufant should help a terrible defense (28th).
Predictions: QB Matt Hasselbeck, WRs Koren Robinson and Darrell Jackson, and brilliant RB Shaun Alexander should turn the offense into one of the league's best. And the hard-ass Rhodes will beat the defense into shape. Unless Allen does something typically stupid: Hello, Houston!

ST. LOUIS RAMS

'02 skinny: Were Bible-thumping QB Kurt Warner and his 7-9 Rams cursed? Their defense (13th) and offense (13th) were definitely doomed.
New blood: DT Jimmy Kennedy is gonna inflict permanent spinal damage on at least two QBs this year, and WRs Kevin Curtis and Shaun McDonald may finally fill the huge hole Az-Zahir Hakim left two years ago. But signing Jason "Toast" Sehorn? That's just dumb.
Prediction: Bet the over. The Rams will be a fun team to watch now that the offense is back and the defense is shit.

SAN FRANCISCO 49ERS

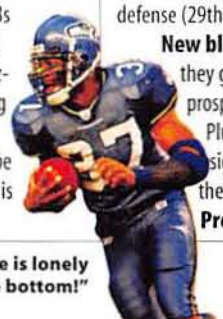
Seattle? No way! St. Louis is Super Bowl bound.



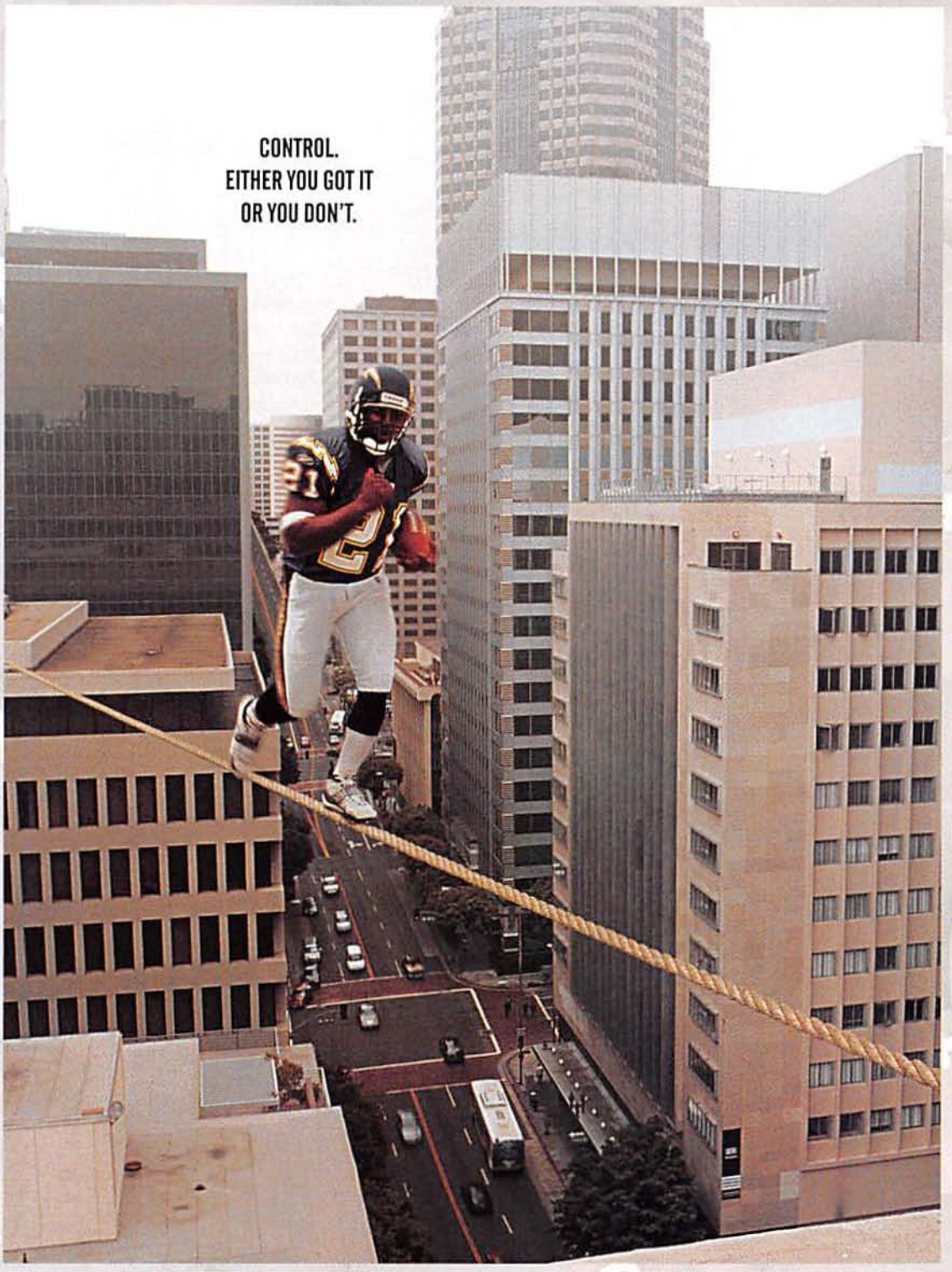
'02 skinny: Win and you'll get fired. That's the message Steve Mariucci got after going 10-6 and pulling off a 24-point playoff comeback.
New blood: Dennis Erikson is the only important addition (or subtraction). Hint: He's never made the playoffs as an NFL head coach.
Prediction: The offense is good, but the loss of DT Dana Stubblefield hurt the defense. With the Rams and Seahawks improving, 10 wins isn't going to take the division. And that's all they'll get.

ARIZONA CARDINALS

'02 skinny: Bad offense (27th) plus really bad defense (29th) equals a b-b-b-bad 5-11 team.
New blood: This team not only got worse, they got much worse, passing up can't-miss prospect DE Terrell Suggs, losing QB Jake Plummer and WR David Boston, and signing 34-year-old Emmitt Smith and the overrated DB Dexter Jackson.
Prediction: Dave McGinnis gets axed.



"Man, it sure is lonely at the bottom!"



NFL GAMEDAY 2004













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MAXIM'S NFL SMACKDOWN

HEATHER

GOING BIG IN BIG D

Go team! Dallas Cowboys, second year
Playing the field: No NFL cheerleader works as hard as a Dallas Cowboys Cowgal. "We work out five days a week," says 21-year-old Heather, who was in a head-on collision this summer, received a spinal injection, and still showed up to practice the next day. "Our training includes a military-style boot camp. Plus, we have to have a full-time job or be a full-time student. But I love it."
Fan-tasy: "Everybody calls me Suzie Chap Stick because I'm always rubbing my lips on the field," gushes the Dallas native. "There's even one fan who brings a huge sign that says, WE LOVE YOU, SUZIE CHAP STICK!" Er, us too!



Photographs (cheerleaders): Dominick Guillemot; set design, Shawn Patrick Anderson for JGK; styling, Cannon for Oliver Piro; makeup, Tommy Joiner for artistsbytimothypriano.com; hair, thymsoo for artistsbytimothypriano.com.

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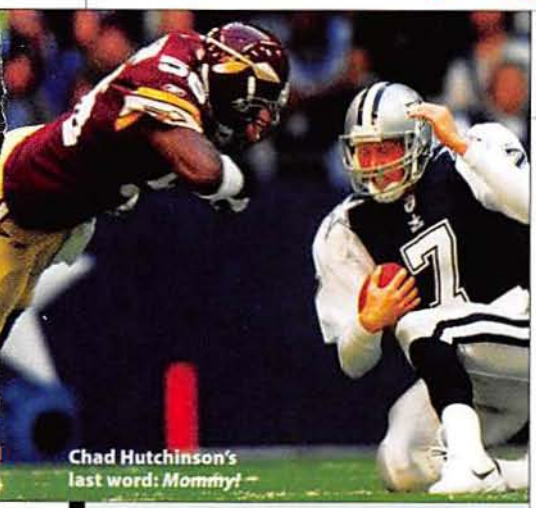
MAXIM'S NFL SMACKDOWN

CHRISTY

CAPITAL GANG

Go Team! Washington Redskins, rookie
Playing the field: Every cheerleader claims to be a fan, but 18-year-old Christy is obsessed. "The only reason I even became a Redskins cheerleader was to go to every home game."
Fan-tasy: "I grew up with posters of Darrell Green on my walls," says the Virginia native. "Now I have personalized license plates on my car that say SMOOT. You know, for Fred Smoot. He must think I'm psycho."
Capital crime: "Our team calendar shoot was in Cancun, and we had to be at the airport at 4 A.M.," Christy tells us. "So I had to come straight from my high school prom with my hair and makeup all done! My date wasn't too happy about it, but who cares." Not us, that's for sure.




Chad Hutchinson's last word: *Mommy!* –

LAVAR ARRINGTON



The NFL's best linebacker tackles war, movies, and the No. 1 tennis player on Earth.

Last year we compared your deranged playing style to that of Bobby Boucher in *The Waterboy*. Are you really that psycho?
This'll make you laugh. Adam Sandler actually came to Penn State to watch me practice before making that movie. That dive over the line he does, they call that the LaVar Leap.

So you're not pissed off?
Naw. Now everybody calls me Battle Cat—you know, from He-Man—because I'm so laid-back off the field.

You've said that when you're playing, you're out there running for your father. Why?
Most people don't know that my father lost his legs in Vietnam. That military motto, "We're not leaving anyone behind!" isn't just for movies. That saved his life.

Speaking of second lives, were you sad to see defensive coordinator Marvin Lewis go?
No. I wasn't much of a Marvin Lewis fan. I wish him the best, but I didn't appreciate being used out of position.

Word on the street is you took Serena Williams to the Pro Bowl last year. Would the world's greatest tennis player make a good football player?
I tried to play her in tennis, but I couldn't return her serve, so she beat me with her left hand. Then we played football—and I slapped her around a few times, tackled her pretty good, too.

Ouch! The last time you hit Troy Aikman, it ended his career. Did you call to apologize?
No. That's just part of the game. The league is set up to protect quarterbacks and offensive players so much that they basically put a bull's-eye on these people. I can't say I don't like the opportunity to cold-cock 'em.

So what advice would you give number one pick Carson Palmer coming into the league?
Guard your grill and knuckle up, kid.

FLAG ON THE PLAY
Shannon Sharpe (Broncos) needs seven TDs to pass Jerry Smith (60) for the all-time TE record. Britney holds all other TE records.

AFC EAST

With all four teams thinking playoffs, the NFL's tightest division will be a bloodbath.

MIAMI DOLPHINS

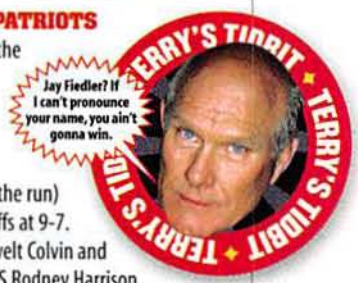
'02 skinny: All-Pro LB Zach Thomas said it best after his 9-7 team blew an 11-point lead and a playoff berth in the last five minutes of their season: "This team does not have a killer instinct."
New blood: Twelve-time Pro Bowl LB Junior Seau is just what the coroner ordered.
Prediction: Coach Dave Wannstedt wouldn't know a hot quarterback if the guy was going deep on his wife. Jay Fiedler? Brian Griese? Even with the NFL's best running back, the Fins missed the playoffs. They'll be sleeping with the fishes in January.

NEW YORK JETS

'02 skinny: The Year of the Chad. After rescuing a 1-4 season from Vinny the Gimp, Pennington humped the Packers in the season finale and busted a 41-0 nut on the Colts in the playoffs.
New blood: DT Dewayne "Baby Sapp" Robertson is an animal. But Jets got scalped by the 'Skins, losing WR Laveranues Coles, G Randy Thomas, KR Chad Morton, and K John Hall.
Prediction: If speedster Santana Moss and veteran Curtis Conway run good routes, Gang Green has a legitimate shot at the playoffs. If not, Chad will dangle—ahar-har.


Squeezin' a white head

NEW ENGLAND PATRIOTS



'02 skinny: Ah, how the not-so-mighty have fallen. Pats followed up their Super Bowl gift by playing shitty defense (31st against the run) and missing the playoffs at 9-7.
New blood: LB Rosevelt Colvin and 2002 All-*Maxim* Team S Rodney Harrison.
Prediction: Let's put it this way: We've already sent Tom Brady his ticket to the *Maxim* party at the Super Bowl, as he'll be off on Sunday.

BUFFALO BILLS

'02 skinny: A draft-day trade for QB Drew Bledsoe gave Buffalo wings, and the Bills went from 3-13 in 2001 to a respectable 8-8.
New blood: GM Tom Donahoe knew what he was doing when he invested in stud LBs Takeo Spikes and Jeff Posey and DT Sam Adams instead of resigning WR Peerless Price—their defense sucked last year.
Prediction: Bills will crack .500, but a tough schedule will cost them the wild card to a team from a weaker division.

AFC WEST

From Super Bowl to super scrubs in eight months. Now, that's entertainment!

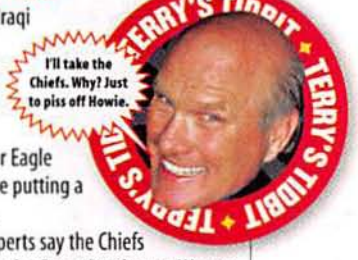
OAKLAND RAIDERS

'02 skinny: Al Davis'"commitment to arrogance" finally bit him in the ass as Oakland's shunned former coach flushed 'em in a 48-21 Super Bowl blowout.
New blood: We love rookie RB Justin Fargas. Why? His dad, Antonio Fargas, played big-pimpin' Huggy Bear on *Starsky and Hutch*. Salary-cap casualties DT Sam Adams, DE Regan Upshaw, CB Tory James, and S Anthony Dorsett will hurt, but DT Dana Stubblefield and first-round pick DE Tyler Brayton should cushion the blow.
Prediction: Only eight Super Bowl teams have made back-to-back appearances, and three of the last six didn't even make the playoffs. Make that four.

DENVER BRONCOS

'02 skinny: It was a make-or-break year for Broncos hard-partying QB Brian Griese, and he snapped like Mike Tyson at a beauty pageant. Result: Even with a good defense (sixth) and great offense (third), they went just 9-7 and missed the playoffs. . . again.
New blood: They didn't need much, and that's exactly what they got in RB Quentin Griffin.
Prediction: Either new QB Jake Plummer learns how to run the offense and they're a Super Bowl threat, or he implodes in front of the entire free world. Either way, it'll be fun to watch.

KANSAS CITY CHIEFS



'02 skinny: Only the Iraqi Republican Guard played worse defense than the 8-8 Chiefs.
New blood: Medic! Adding talented former Eagle LB Shawn Barber is like putting a Band-Aid on a corpse.
Prediction: Many experts say the Chiefs could be this year's surprise Super Bowl team. We say they'll score 30 per game and give up 31. Bet the over.

SAN DIEGO CHARGERS

'02 skinny: Once again the Chargers blew their load early, starting out 6-1 before shriveling to 8-8.
New blood: "With their first pick, the Chargers select. . . Sammy Davis Jr." No, he's not the NFL's first black Jewish CB, but along with fellow Rat Backs Drayton Florence and Terrence Kiel he'll try improving a terrible defense (30th) that lost LB Junior Seau, S Rodney Harrison, and CB Alex Molden.
Predictions: The Bolts will bolt from the postseason picture by Week 6.


"Excuse my reach..."

MAXIM'S NFL SMACKDOWN

OFFENSE

THE 2003 ALL-MAXIM TEAM

Introducing the NFL's ugliest, toughest, most foul-mouthed playas. Because pretty-boy jocks play for that other team!

QB MICHAEL VICK #7 Atlanta Falcons
Forget yards (2,936 passing, NFL-best 7/carry, record 173 rushing in Week 13): Vick's our man because he fakes more guys out of their jocks than Tara Reid.

RB CLINTON PORTIS #26 Denver Broncos
How would you celebrate a Rookie of the Year award? Bingo! After ending '02 with 228 yards against Arizona, Portis was the toast of a Colorado strip joint.

RB JON RITCHIE #48 Philadelphia Eagles
"They're my horns," Ritchie says of the two bleeding calcium deposits on his forehead. "If you banged your head on the wall every day, you'd get them, too."

WR TERRELL OWENS #81 San Fran. 49ers
Football from game-winning TD: $46. Sharpie you used to sign it: $3. Handing the signed ball to the financial adviser of the DB you just burned: priceless.

WR RANDY MOSS #84 Minnesota Vikings
Even with a U-Haul's worth of baggage, Moss, the only WR ever with 1,000 yards in each of his first five seasons, is about to get *six*. Only the cops can stop him.

TE JEREMY SHOCKEY #80 New York Giants
"The biggest pussy in the NFL?" asks Shockey. "How 'bout all defensive backs. They're so small, when I catch the ball you just know I'm gonna run 'em over."

C KEVIN MAWAE #68 New York Jets
"We're both a little dirty," says arch rival Zach Thomas of the man with 139 straight starts. "He'll drive you into the ground even if the play's over." Attaboy!

OT ORLANDO PACE #76 St. Louis Rams
"Pace doesn't need any help," says Raiders WR Jerry Porter. "He's a one-man left-side offensive line." At 6'7", 325 lbs., would you keep him off your team?

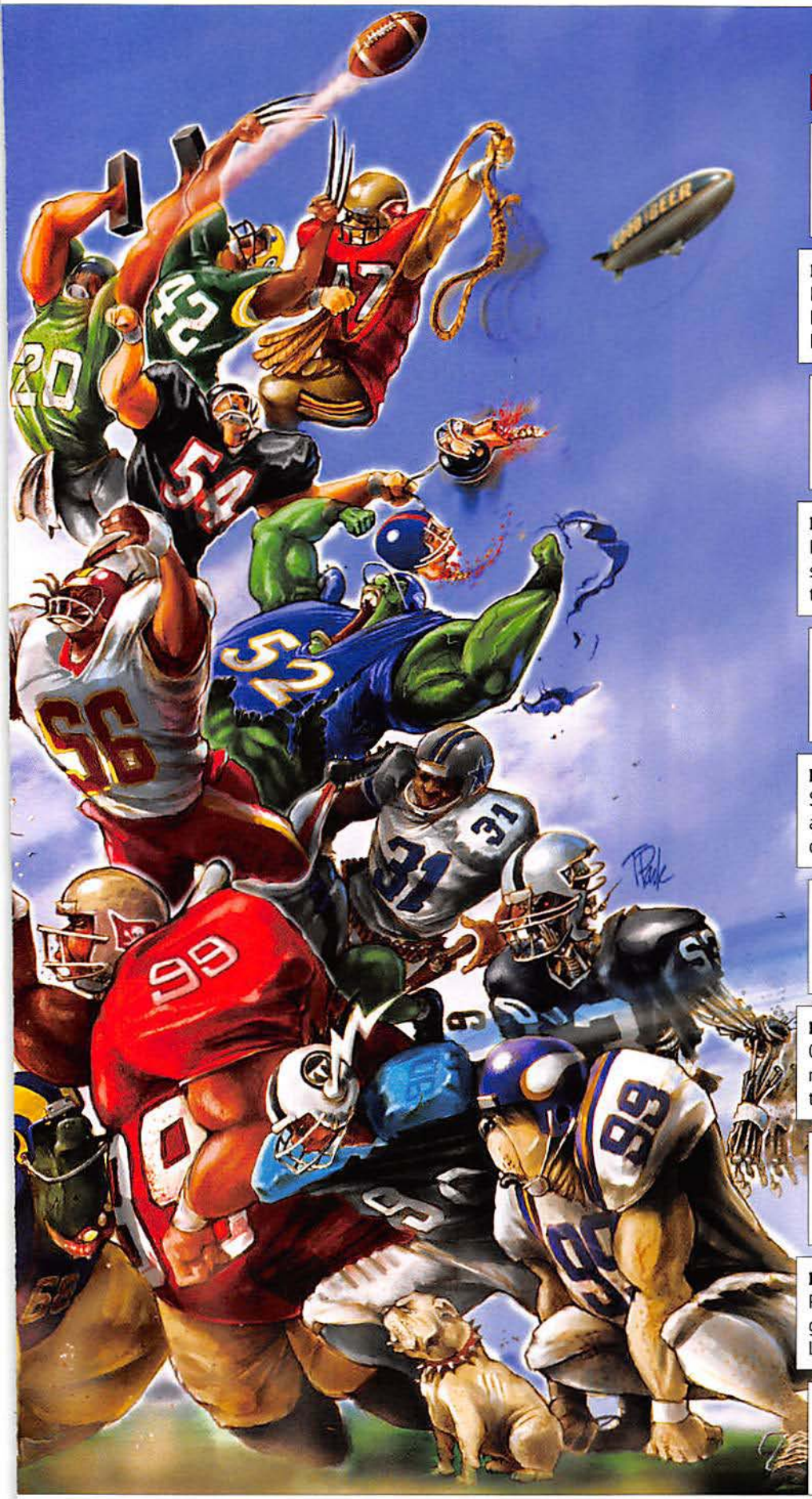
OT KYLE TURLEY #68 St. Louis Rams
Last season "Turley's Girlies," a group of New Orleans babes, donned skintight jerseys and jumped up and down all game. Oh, yeah, he's a psycho, too.

G LECHARLES BENTLEY #65 N.O. Saints
"You hear so much about the guy, you start to think he's unstoppable," "Big Balls" Bentley says of Warren Sapp. "But he was just another victim." Ready . . . fight!

G LEONARD DAVIS #75 Arizona Cardinals
The youngest of 21 siblings, Davis, who was 6'4", 300 lbs. in the seventh grade, must've eaten half of 'em. Now at a svelte 370, he's by far the NFL's best lineman.



The remake of *Clash of the Titans* wasn't quite what we had in mind



DEFENSE

DT CHRIS HOVAN #99 Minnesota Vikings
"Any game that ends in a brawl," says Hovan, who was fined $5,000 for taunting Brett Favre to near tears and named his bulldog Rocky, "is a good game with me."

DE JEVON KEARSE #90 Tennessee Titans
Known to everyone as the Freak, Kearse (6'4", 265 lbs.) runs an inhuman 4.43 40-yard dash and could bench-press Kathy Bates. But *we* love him for his mind.

DT WARREN SAPP #99 Tampa Bay Bucs
If he's only 303 lbs., as listed, Yasser Arafat wears a yarmulke. The trash-talking tornado averages nine sacks a year and sends more people to the ER than SARS.

LB RAY LEWIS #52 Baltimore Ravens
Delivered "the Hit" on Denver's Keith "Turf" Burns, springing Chris McAlister for the longest return in history (108 yards). If you see Lewis on the street . . . run!

LB BILL ROMANOWSKI #53 Oakland Raiders
Yes, he's a prick. Yes, he once spit in an opponent's face. So what? Romo's played 15 seasons without missing a game. That's 240 bone-crushing wars in a row.

LB LAVAR ARRINGTON #56 Wash. Redskins
Seattle's Damien Robinson: "LaVar is a beast." Fox analyst Brian Baldinger: "LaVar hits so hard he's almost dangerous to himself." *Maxim:* "Damn Skippy."

LB BRIAN URLACHER #54 Chicago Bears
"How great a life is this?" Urlacher asked. "I get to knock guys' heads off for 60 minutes and not get thrown in jail!" Kinda like our other hero, Heidi Fleiss.

DB ROY WILLIAMS #31 Dallas Cowboys
One of only three rookies on our team, Williams notched 82 solo tackles and two INT returns for TDs—that's more TDs than most Cowgirl WRs.

DB BRIAN DAWKINS #20 Philadelphia Eagles
"Brian covers like a corner and hits like a linebacker," teammate Troy Vincent said of the human hammer a.k.a. Darth. "He's the best in the business, period."

DB JOHN LYNCH #47 Tampa Bay Bucs
Played in more Pro Bowls (five) than he's missed games (two) since '97. "If you don't keep both eyes on Lynch," says All-Pro Tim Brown, "he'll knock you out!"

DB DARREN SHARPER #42 Green Bay Packers
No one in the NFL has more INTs over the last three years. And few have inspired more brawls. Talk shit to Sharper and you'd better be fast—big and fast.

ILLUSTRATION BY TRIP PARK

MAXIM'S NFL SMACKDOWN

PAMELA & HEATHER

THE SUNSHINE GIRLS

Go team! Miami Dolphins

Playing the field: Pamela (left) is a feisty 21-year-old Cuban-Peruvian. "This is the Dolphins' year!" she says. "I know everyone always says that, but now that we have Brian Griese, no one is going to stop us." Heather, 25, in her third year and already a team captain, is just as confident. "I've been dancing my whole life and modeling since I was three," she says. "But being an NFL cheerleader is the best. It's so glamorous to perform in front of a big crowd." Hey, our door is always open!

Fan-tasy: Neither girl is just a pretty face and a flawless body. Pamela works for the Spanish-language channel WLTV and Heather for NBC-6. "I'm a true Miami girl," Pamela says. "I'm in love with the beach." No way! Us too. We'll be right over!



Nothing unites a group of strangers like pure contempt for the guy in first place.



EVERYONE

CONTENT RATED BY ESRB

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CARSON PALMER



The 2002 Heisman Trophy winner and the NFL's No. 1 pick hangs with O.J. and lives!

Welcome to the NFL. Are you scared?
No. My plan is to get rid of the ball before the big guys hit me. But Ray Lewis already reminded me that we play him in Week 7 and Week 14.

Is there anyone you're actually looking forward to playing?
Yeah, I'm looking forward to going against all the best QBs. There are so many guys—Donovan McNabb, Brett Favre—that I've watched growing up and followed every Sunday for years.

Well...you'll have a front-row seat to see 'em light up the Bengals. You ready to be a loser?
There've been so many negative things said about Cincinnati; I'm just trying to look at the positive. We've got Corey Dillon, one of the best RBs in the NFL. Plus Chad Johnson and Peter Warrick—so there's tons of talent. But right now Jon Kitna is the starting QB, so I'm just going to try and learn from him.

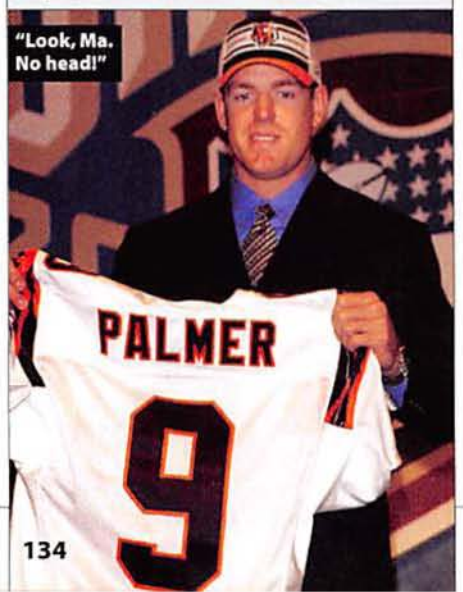
You won't get the chance anytime soon, but would you trash that Heisman for a Super Bowl ring?
Are you kidding? In a heartbeat.

Speaking of beat-downs, USC alumni O.J. Simpson came into the locker room before the Orange Bowl. What was that like?
It was awesome. O.J.'s the man. I was shocked to hear all the controversy. I mean, he's an SC guy.

But in the back of your mind you had to be thinking that this guy's probably a murderer.
No, I wasn't. If you talk to him or hang out with him for two minutes, you could never imagine him doing it. He's just so nice and so kind, so gentle.

OK, then.

FLAG ON THE PLAY
According to PETA, it takes 3,000 cows to supply the NFL with enough leather for one season's supply of footballs.



AFC NORTH

The Rust Belt ain't pretty, but this ain't a beauty contest. Expect blood every Sunday.

PITTSBURGH STEELERS

'02 skinny: You know coach Bill "the Lunatic" Cowher has been kicking his dog all summer over the 10-5-1 Steelers overtime playoff loss to the Titans.
New blood: With veteran safety Lee Flowers gone, Pittsburgh needs defense. *Shazam!* S Troy Polamalu, a smaller version of LB Junior Seau, is perfect.
Prediction: Finally, Cowher has an offense (seventh) with great receivers...but now they can't defend. Think 9-7 and a seat on the couch after the first round. Heads up, Fido!

CLEVELAND BROWNS

'02 skinny: Despite a Week 1 helmet-throwing brain fart, the 9-7 Browns had to blow a 17-point lead to lose their wild-card game.
New blood: Steamers broke the most sacred draft rule since "Don't ask; don't tell" by selecting a center with their first pick. Mo-rons.
Prediction: Don't be surprised if the Browns' decimated defense struggles and the Dawg Pounders are sniffing each other's butts come playoffs. We won't.

BALTIMORE RAVENS

'02 skinny: A lot of teams got a big kick out of beating up on Brian Billick's 7-9 Baltimore Bullies. Now it's payback time.
New blood: QB Kyle Boller and DE Terrell Suggs are studs.
Prediction: Super Bowl...in 2005. Ray Lewis is back, healthy and pissed off, but an anemic passing game (27th) will hurt them all year.



CINCINNATI BENGALS

'02 skinny: For those of you new to football, the 2-14 Bengals are the NFL's Washington Generals.
New blood: QB Carson Palmer, G Eric Steinbach, and WR Kelley Washington are all legitimate players, and new coach Marvin Lewis is great. But these are still the Bengals...
Prediction: RB Corey Dillon will be one of only four backs ever to rush for 1,000 yards in each of his first seven seasons. But with Jon Kitna at QB, six wins has to be considered a success.


C'mon, girls. You're both pretty.

AFC SOUTH

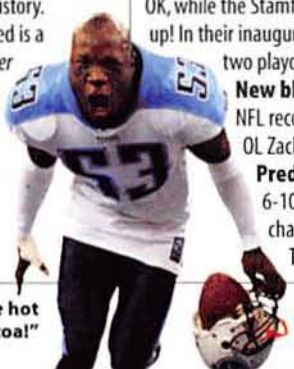
Revenge of the Titans! Send hate mail to Vanderjagttheidiotkicker.com.

TENNESSEE TITANS

'02 skinny: Bin Laden has a better chance of running through an airport than through the 11-5 Titans front four. Only injuries kept 'em out of the Big Dance.
New blood: Anytime you can pick up a starter in the draft, it's a good year. The Titans got two: speedster WR Tyrone Calico and CB Andre Woolfolk.
Predictions: The Raiders showed how to beat Tennessee's defense in the AFC championship game—pass, pass, pass—throwing the ball 41 times with only 17 runs. But DE Jevon Kearse is back. If QB Steve McNair stays healthy (and sober), Tennessee could make a deep run in the postseason.

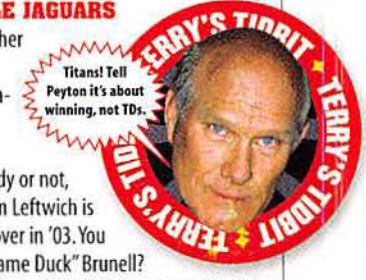
INDIANAPOLIS COLTS

'02 skinny: QB Peyton Manning is now perfect in the playoffs—winless. The Colts 41-0 loss to the Jets was the second-worst in NFL playoff history.
New blood: What the Colts really need is a new heart. Did we mention that a *kicker* called his coach and star QB scared and nobody beat his ass?
Prediction: RB Edgerrin James is healthy and record-setting WR Marvin Harrison is unstoppable. But K Mike Vanderjagt is right. Playoffs, maybe. Super Bowl, when they get a sack.


"I love hot cocoa!"

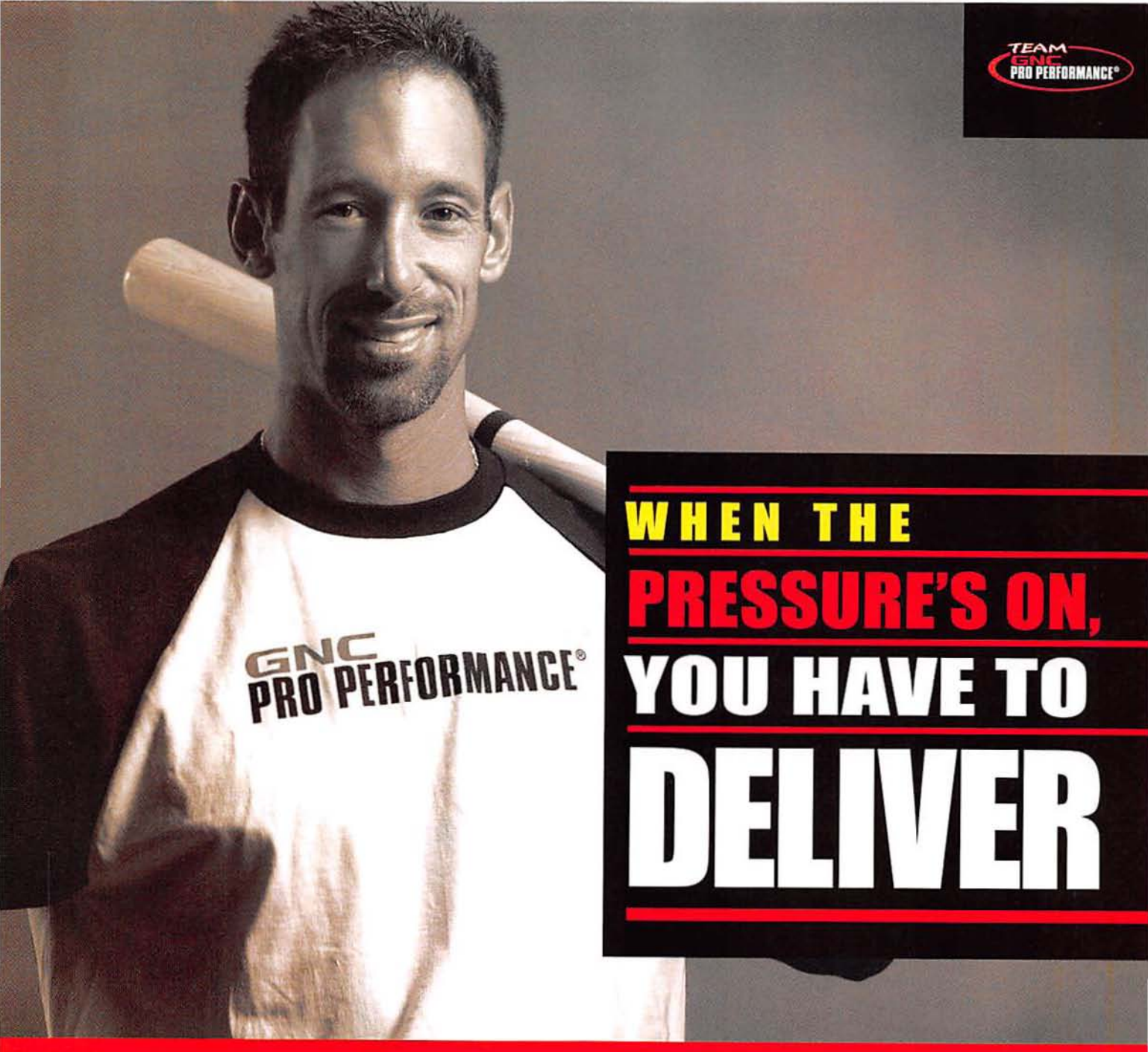
JACKSONVILLE JAGUARS

'02 skinny: Another 6-10 season got bullshit-in-a-china-shop coach Tom Coughlin the ax.
New blood: Ready or not, No. 7 pick QB Byron Leftwich is expected to take over in '03. You hear that, Mark "Lame Duck" Brunell?
Prediction: Coach Jack Del Rio's intensity will rub off on defense, and Brunell has to be happy the hated Coughlin is history. If they gel, the Jags could be one of the surprise teams in the AFC. Psych! No, really.



HOUSTON TEXANS

'02 skinny: Houston Texans? Why does that sound OK, while the Stamford Connecticuters doesn't? Shut up! In their inaugural season, Dom Capers' boys beat two playoff teams (Giants, Steelers).
New blood: QB David Carr (sacked an NFL record 76 times) has to love new OL Zach Weigert and OT Greg Randall.
Prediction: In just their second year, 6-10 is a possibility...but only if they change their name to the Houston Terbacky-Spittin' Gunslingers.



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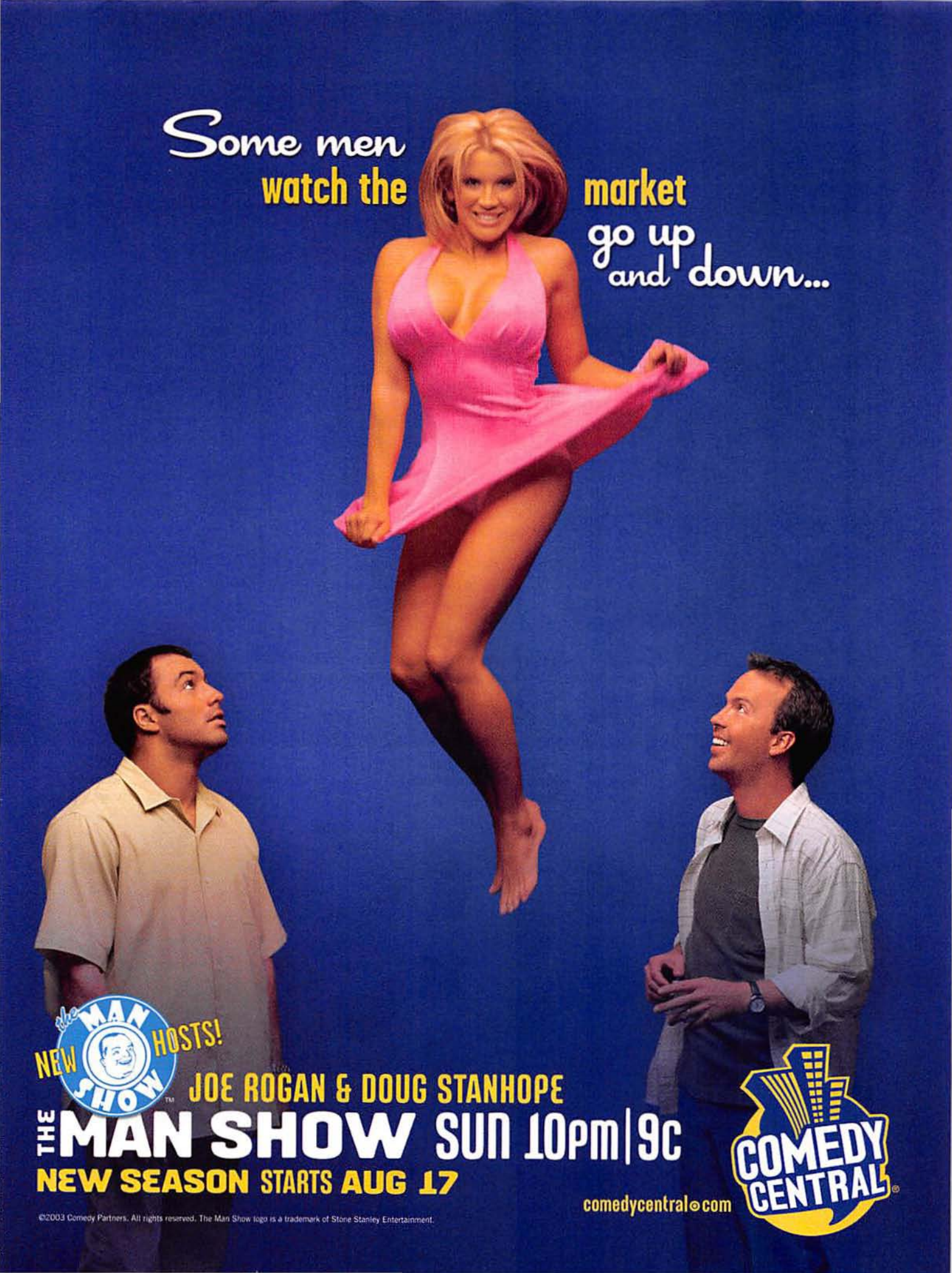
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JESSICA

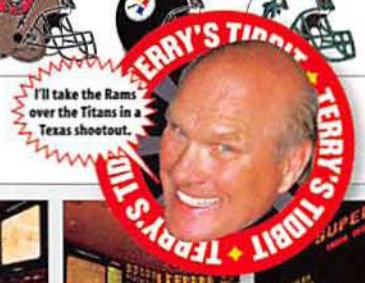
HERE, KITTY

Go team! Cincinnati Bengals, sixth year
Playing the field: Considering the Bengals nearly flawless record this millennium (8-24), the Ben-Gals are usually the best show in town. "People probably do watch us more than most cheerleaders," says 26-year-old Jessica. "But hopefully we'll get a little less attention this year."
Fan-tasy: Jessica, who is also a full-time graphic designer, knows how to entertain the crowd. "Last year I got hit by a football and the crowd went crazy," she laughs. "So I took a big bow and they loved it."
Jungle music: The minute Guns n' Roses' "Welcome to the Jungle" starts playing, it's show time. "We're great dancers," she insists. "So we do a lot more than just shake our pompoms." Mmm...pompoms.



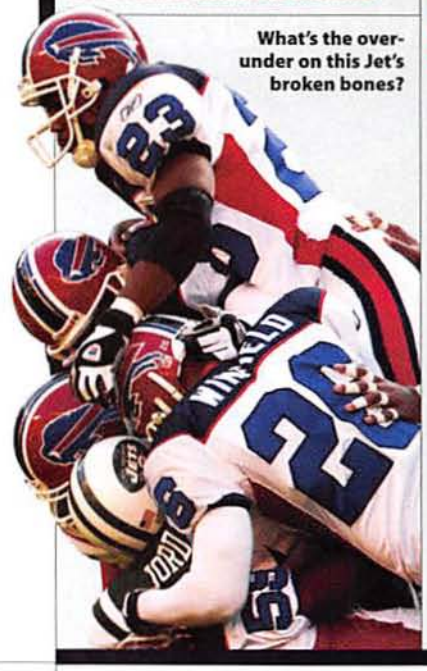

Some men
watch the
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go up
and down...
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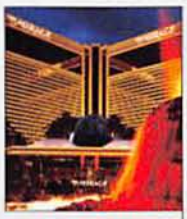


NFL BETTING SECRETS

Vegas' almighty sports-book manager Robert Walker teaches us the tricks.



What's the over-under on this Jet's broken bones?



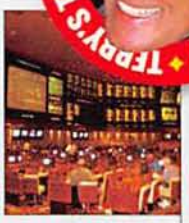
YOU CAN BEAT THE SYSTEM

"Amateur bettors can walk up with a suitcase full of cash and we're happy to take their bets," says Walker, who sets the line for all MGM Mirage properties. "But the smart money (professional gamblers) have very strict betting limits at our hotels. The NFL line is just too easy for those guys." But those guys do bet, and you're going to want to identify and follow their lead.



GOING ON LINE

In Vegas the Stardust casino has the honor of setting the opening line, which is promptly exploited by the pros. "The smart money literally waits at the Stardust betting window for those virgin numbers to post," Walker says. Within two hours the oddsmakers learn the miscalculations in their opening spread, which is adjusted quickly. Shortly thereafter, Walker sets his line, and they reset theirs.



MOVIN' ON UP

"Casinos don't change their lines to even the betting—that's a myth," says Walker. "We're looking to win, too." If the line moves up (Raiders were getting three against the Giants; now they're at 3.5), that means the pros like the favored Giants and bookies are offsetting the one-sided betting while at the same time enticing the masses to make semi-sucker bets.



TRICKLE-DOWN THEORY

If the line moves down (the Raiders were getting three, and now it's only 2.5) the smart money is on the underdog Raiders. Take 'em with the points for a smart bet, or take the money line (to win the game outright) for a bigger payoff.

FLAG ON THE PLAY

Aaron Gibson (Bears) is the NFL's biggest player at 6'6", 410 lbs. That's more than 2.5 times 155 lb. Aaron Lockett (49ers).



BOOK 'EM

Since you probably don't live in Sin City, home to some 2,000 nubile dancers who disrobe oh-so-slowly and grind so gingerly . . . What the hell were we talking about? Oh, yeah, gambling. Check out Stardustlv.com on Tuesday for the opening line, then watch for fluctuations. Now, where can you place these bets? That's for you to figure out, but let's just say they're friends of ours.

East	East
Philly	NY Jets
Washington	Miami*
NY Giants	New England*
Dallas	Buffalo
West	**West**
St. Louis	Oakland
San Francisco*	Denver
Seattle	Kansas City
Arizona	San Diego
North	**North**
Green Bay	Pittsburgh
Minnesota	Cleveland
Chicago	Baltimore
Detroit	Cincinnati
South	**South**
Tampa Bay	Tennessee
Atlanta*	Indianapolis
New Orleans	Jacksonville
Carolina	Houston

* Wild card

THE SUPER BOWL SWAMI

Hotshot analyst Danny Sheridan calls the playoffs. (We'll take our vig in cash.)





Sheridan's Champion:
OAKLAND RAIDERS

MAXIM'S NFL SMACKDOWN

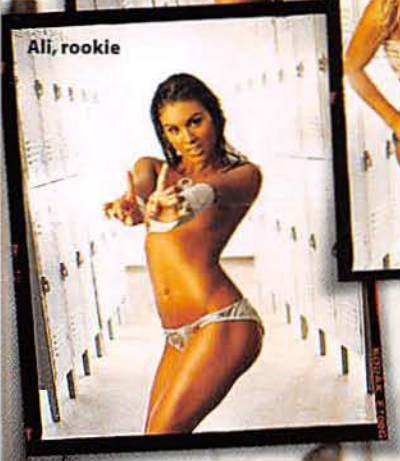
ADRIENNE

THE EAGLE HAS LANDED

Go Team! Philadelphia Eagles, third year
Playing the field: "There's nothing like the rush of running on that field in front of 65,000 people," says Adrienne, 24. "Only Britney Spears and Christina Aguilera get to do that every single week. I'd do it for free."
Fan-tasy: Apart form the letters and wedding proposals that cheerleaders get on a regular basis, one fan sent this elementary education major at the University of Delaware a picture of his custom-made birthday cake featuring a full-body picture of her. "I'm just wondering," she says with a smile, "which part he ate first."
Yo, Adrienne! "The Eagles cheerleaders are definitely some of the sexiest in the league," touts Adrienne. "Unless there's a touchdown, I want every eye in that stadium on us." Hmm . . . Adrienne & Co. or big, sweaty men in plus-size banana hammocks? We can definitely agree to that!


Jennifer, second year



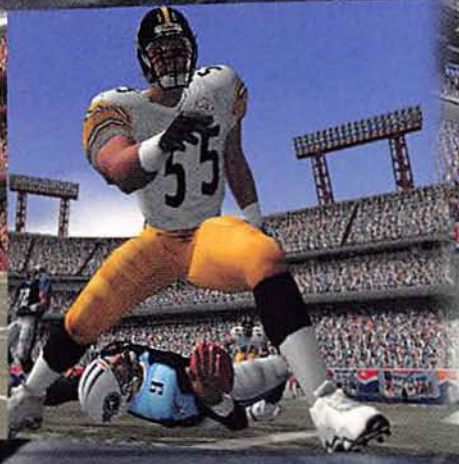

Ali, rookie

'Unless there's a touchdown, I want every eye on us.'

M

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NFL

PLAYERS INC

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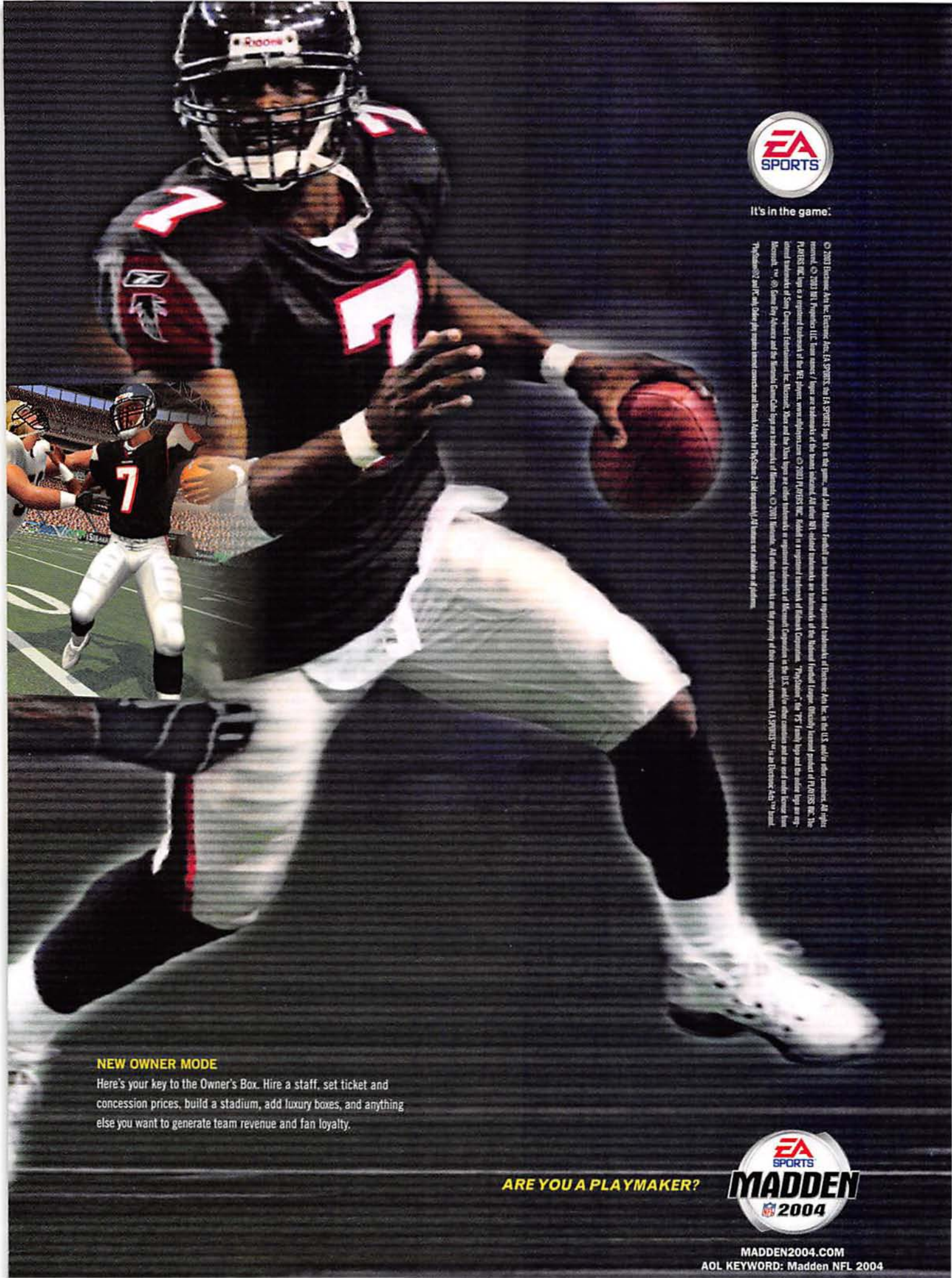
PlayStation 2

XBOX

NINTENDO GAMECUBE

PC CD ROM

ONLINE



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*Pre-Madden NFL and ff only. Online play requires internet connection and Network Adapter for PlayStation 2 (sold separately). All features not available at all stadiums.



As long as we're scouring the Earth for weapons of mass destruction, there are a few of our own we might want to track down first. Happy hunting!

BOMBS AWAY!

ATOMIC SUBS

SUNK AND DISORDERLY

Grab a snorkel and go bobbing for bombs lost at sea.

Broken arrow, bent spear, dull sword: They might sound like names for grievous genital injuries, but they're actually much, much worse. If you hear a government official mutter one of these terms, somebody's, um, misplaced a nuclear weapon. Bed-wettingly scary as that sounds, it's not uncommon. "Anytime you have 20,000 of anything, the odds that one can go missing are good," says Jon Wolfstahl of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. The ocean's lousy with 'em. Recently declassified documents list over 30 incidents of nuclear material lost at sea since 1950. The British HMS *Sheffield* sank in the South Atlantic with nukes in 1982, while the USS *Scorpion* and its warheads have been 10,000 feet beneath the Atlantic since 1968. And the Russkies are leaving atomic litter everywhere: The *Komsmolets* leaked plutonium at the bottom of the Norwegian Sea, the *Kursk* is in the Barents, and the *K-8* sank southwest of the U.K. in 1970—a Russian sentinel ship guarded the uranium-rich wreckage for years, but not anymore. Fishing, anybody?

In the 1960s American planes accidentally lost nuclear bombs over Spain and Greenland.

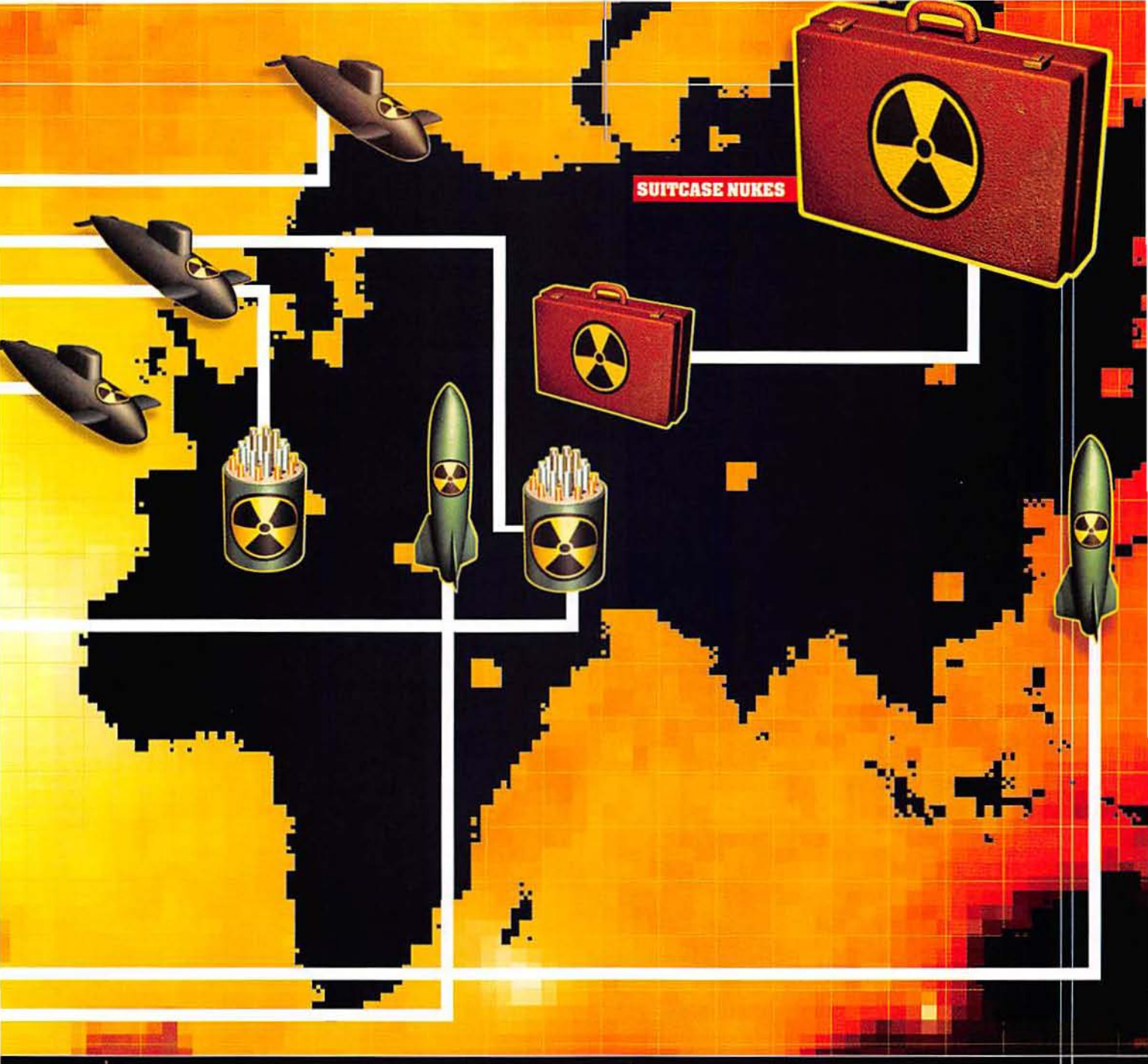
URANIUM

HOT RODS

Hard core you'll want to avoid.

In 1961 a spiraling American B-52 dropped a nuke over the evil empire of Goldsboro, North Carolina. The bomb shattered but failed to detonate, and its uranium core is still sitting somewhere in waterlogged farmland. Likewise, the two nuclear cores from a B-47 that disappeared over the Mediterranean in 1956 have never been recovered. And weapons-grade uranium can also be picked up in Russia: Two kilograms is still missing from a reactor in ex-Soviet Georgia. If you find some, please bring it to the lost and found.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STUDIO LIDDELL



MISSING MISSILES

BLOWN LOADS

Man, them little atomic buggers can be hard to hold on to.

The U.S. admits to 32 serious accidents between 1950 and 1980, including the A-4E Skyhawk jet that—whoopsie!—accidentally rolled off an aircraft carrier near Japan in 1965 and sank with a nuclear baby on board. There's also the C-124 transport plane that jettisoned two (still unrecovered) nukes over the sea just off the East Coast in 1957. And then there's the the 11-foot Mark 15, reportedly 100 times more powerful than the Hiroshima bomb, that's been lying off our coast since a midair crash in 1958. Classified as "irretrievably lost" by the military, it sits in shallow waters near Tybee Island, just off the coast of Georgia. The authorities claim that it is safe—phew!—but many experts, including the guy who loaded the bomb onto the plane, insist the bomb is still live and that its creamy uranium filling is there for the taking. The federal government has not released information about post-1980 incidents, but at the previous loss rate, there could be another 25 nasty surprises that will be revealed someday...to your grandkids.

The soldiers guarding Russia's nukes earn about $70 to $110 a month. Think they can't be bribed?

SUITCASE BOMBS

CARRY-ONS

Coming soon!

The latest rage, suitcase nukes are designed to be carried by one person and can be detonated in less than 30 minutes. Scared they'll fall into the wrong hands? Too late—they already have. In 1997 former Russian national security adviser Alexander Lebed told Congress that more than 100 suitcase bombs had gone missing in the early '90s. The Russians promise that all the bombs were always accounted for, but this doesn't seem to be soothing anyone's fears. Those Samsonite gorillas are in for quite a surprise.



No man wants to be the lap dog of an overbearing girlfriend. But when you've just started dating, it's natural to stay on your best behavior. That's where it starts to get tricky: You want to make a good impression, but you don't want her to get so used to your manners that she'll hold you to those impossibly high standards the whole time you're together. (Nobody wants to waste long-term time with chores like laundry and flushing the toilet.) The solution? Establish patterns you're comfortable with early in the relationship and you can get away with *anything* down the road.

"Instead of power-struggling over issues later on, you can bring them up at the start so she knows the real you," says Tina Tessina, Ph.D., a psychotherapist and the author of *How to Be a Couple and Still Be Free* (New Page, 2002). "If you try too hard at first, she'll get upset when you start to get lazy." Don't try belching the "Star-Spangled Banner" after a first-date dinner—just use some subtle psychology to introduce her to your "quirks" so she doesn't freak out later. Here's how to train even the most stubborn bit . . ., uh, girlfriend, to follow basic commands. (P.S.: Our experts believe you *can* teach an old dog new tricks, so try these even if you're already nuts-deep in a relationship.)

GIRLFRIEND OBEDIENCE SCHOOL

Believe it or not, girlfriends *can* be trained . . . if you start early enough. Here's what you need to know.

BY LAURA GILBERT
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLIE LANGELLA

Command: "Stay!"

Training goal: Quiet your girlfriend's barking when you go out with your dawgs.
Trick: Get her used to a predictable pattern of time apart so she barely even notices. It's your birthright to drink 40s with your homeys, no matter how hard your girlfriend has been trying to evolve you into a chardonnay-sipping sissy. Muzzle her by making roaming part of your routine; that way it's less likely to piss her off.

"Guys have had a Thursday-night poker game or some other regular outing with their friends since the beginning of time," says Richard Tuch, M.D., a Los Angeles psychotherapist and relationship specialist. So mention right off the bat that you and your boys hit the pool hall or bachelor couch once a week (even if you're really playing Dungeons & Dragons, loser). She'll come to see it as a nonthreatening part of your routine—not a way for you to avoid her and, by proxy, adulthood in general. "Since my boyfriend's buddies and job are a part of his set schedule, I can't really complain, because I don't feel like he's putting them before me," says Marilyn, 27. "In fact, I respect that he has a life." Bonus: She'll go out with the girls and vent . . . instead of venting to you.

Command: "Lay down!"

Training goal: Have her lay down a few bones so you don't get stuck paying—literally—for the rest of your dating life.
Trick: Give her the opportunity to pony up. Looking like a cheapskate too early on means very little humping for you. That's why you have to trick her into paying. By asking her to call Fandango for movie tickets ahead of time (and that's not the kind of movies that cost 25 cents to get into) or to pick up a bottle of wine (save the request for Boone's Farm for when you go home to see Mom) on her way to a dinner party, you give her the opportunity to assume some financial responsibility in the relationship without getting too huffy about it.

"My boyfriend always pays for bigger stuff like dinners, but I've always paid for the smaller tabs such as taxis and parking," explains Marisa, 24. "Whenever I pay for ▶


'If I can tell that he still wants to make me happy, I'll back off.'

something, he offers to reimburse me for it, but I'd feel dumb taking the money, since he's paying for other stuff."

Command: "Heel!"

Training goal: Get her to do guy stuff.
Trick: Disguise it as bonding.
Teaching a dog to meow isn't very likely without some genetic engineering, but you can get her to growl less about guy stuff. Instead of expecting a girl to dive into your world, find a teeny overlap and jump on it, says Tessina. Wait for your girlfriend to mention something she wouldn't usually enjoy—like a particularly funny Jackie Chan scene or some crappy fruit-infused beer. (Hint: All girls, in an attempt to stand out in the dating pool, eventually make some "I'm one of the guys" reference.) Then moon away over your "karmic" connection by saying something like, "I can't believe I have finally met a girl who actually likes kung fu flicks (or beer)! You're the perfect woman!"

This will get her excited about your bond—regardless of the fact that she never said she liked kung fu movies (or alcohol that doesn't taste like Kool-Aid). "Sure, I'm not especially fond of war epics, but I found out that my boyfriend is a history buff like me," says Nia, 26. "So we watch army shows together on the History Channel. I'm not paying attention all the time, but I like that we're sitting there together."

Command: "Roll over!"

Training goal: As if you didn't know.
Trick: Show her your wild side.
Doggy style not in her bag of tricks? Don't despair. Just as every dog feels great when it's freshly groomed, your girlfriend's sexual self-esteem will benefit from a little stroking. "Pamper your girlfriend's ego," suggests Michael Broder, Ph.D., author of *Can Your Relationship Be Saved? How to Know Whether to Stay or Go,* and you'll soon reap the rewards. "If a guy gets excited, it rubs off on me," says Ava, 24. "And once I get hot and bothered, I tend to let go and get more experimental." Lay on the compliments ("You are so hot!"; "You smell better than usual!"—OK, not that one) and touch the small of her back or caress her face for a few minutes, then passionately confess, "I'd really love to . . ." Woof!

Command: "Release!"

Training goal: Get out of going to all those boring girly events with her.
Trick: Initiate a guilt trip.
Events like wedding showers and white sales are no-win situations. Act bored and you're guaranteed to land yourself on her list of insensitive jerks; pretend that you're fascinated by all those finely woven linens and prepare for a lifetime of having to accompany her on that errand.

"You can absolutely get out of group activities you don't like if you can figure out what she *really* wants," says Tessina. Just explain, "I'm not at my best in those situations, and I'd hate to feel awkward ▶

GET OUT OF THE DOGHOUSE!

Big trouble? Give your gal one of these freebies from the National Association of Girlfriends.

SANCTIONED BY N.A.G.

"SORRY I STAYED OUT ALL NIGHT!"



The bearer of this card is hereby entitled to one free pass for the above-named offense. (This card does not, in all fairness, make up for his coming home with the stripper's number.)

May be used only once, and not in conjunction with any other offer. Only one card per unruly boyfriend. Not valid on repeat offenses.

SANCTIONED BY N.A.G.

"SORRY I GOT DRUNK AT THAT WEDDING!"



This card is legal tender for all debts (including but not limited to emotional distress, loss of standing in your family's eyes, and dry-cleaning bills) incurred due to his behavior at an event that, c'mon, you shouldn't have asked him to attend anyway.

May be used only once, and not in conjunction with any other offer. Only one card per unruly boyfriend.

SANCTIONED BY N.A.G.

"SORRY I SLEPT WITH YOUR BEST FRIEND!"



This card legally allows the bearer to skate—just this once!—for porking your pal. And, anyway, come on! Just look at her! If he were best friends with, like, Brad Pitt, you'd do the same thing. Admit it.

May be used only once, and not in conjunction with any other offer. Only one card per unruly boyfriend.



Styling, Anastasia Koutsioukis; props and sets, Jesse Nemeth for Kaboom Designs; hair, Hyunsun for Privé NY; makeup, Karen Paparo for Artists



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and look like a dork in front of your friends and family." This warning will encourage her to ask you only to the absolutely essential events (although that's "essential" in her book) for *her* sake. If it's an all-girl scene (no, not *that* type, doofus), chances are the real reason she wants you to go with her is to show you off to her friends. "Offer to pick her up or to show up at the tail end of an event," says Tessina. She'll earn her bragging rights, and you'll skip the ooh-ing over footwear.

Command: "No whining!"

Training goal: Stop her yapping about PlayStation and your other male habits.

Trick: Put it into perspective.

Your best shot here is to shrug off your girl's concerns when she brings them up, trivializing her fears that you're a chauvinist loser. Try this: When she takes you to task for watching too much sports, instead of becoming defensive, which can cause resentment or lead you to snap, "Now you know how *I* feel when *you're* watching Lifetime," laugh and go, "What can I say? I'm a guy. How can I make it up to you?" It may not make you woman's best friend, but it will keep you out of trouble. "As long as a guy stands his ground but still shows me he wants to make me happy, I back off," says Marie, 29. "Temporarily, at least."

Command: "Down, girl!"

Training goal: Limit PDA.

Trick: Gross her out.

What you let her lick, lie on, or nuzzle up against behind closed doors is one thing—she needs to know that too much public mushiness can seriously damage your man-rep. The problem, Broder explains: "You have to assume that your girlfriend thinks you're turned on by the PDA."

When her touchy-feelies become embarrassing, just tell her it's something your last girlfriend used to do. She'll stop anything that makes her seem like the demon in question. "Reminding you of an ex is a fate worse than death," says Romy, 27. "Just mention it once and you guarantee no more public-arena affection." Especially if the ex-girlfriend is Barbra Streisand.

Command: "Hush!"

Training goal: Stop her gossiping—to you.

Trick: Ruin her flow.

The best way to avoid listening to her rant about, say, Kathy from accounting's man troubles is to act like you can't keep the info straight. Continually interrupt her tales with asinine questions ("Is she the one whose boyfriend just moved to Tanzania?"; "Wait, was Alison the one who . . . no, was it Jane?") and she'll get so frustrated by bringing you up to date on the back story that she'll give up and call someone who actually cares.

Best of all, unless you're "forgetting" crucial info like her mom's name, she can't call you a jerk, because technically you're simply trying to understand. "I hate it when I'm trying to tell my boyfriend a story and he doesn't get it," says Tori, 25. "I always wind up walking off and IM-ing it to my best friend, which is far more rewarding." Let her get it off her chest—then you can move on to nonverbal communication. M

THE MAXIM LOUNGE
See more sexy obedience school photos at **maximonline.com.**

MAN DOWN

With these celebrity couples, the woman's always on top.



Jennifer Lopez and Ben Affleck
Worried that Affleck might get weary of her booty, J.Lo's prenup reportedly says that Ben must make love to her four nights a week. Tough luck, Ben, but at least Matt Damon still gets three nights.

Reese Witherspoon and Ryan Phillippe
Allegedly jealous that Witherspoon makes $15 million per flick to his C-list $1 million, Phillippe began therapy for depression. But can she include *Antitrust* on her résumé? We think not.

Madonna and Guy Ritchie
Ritchie cast his scene-mauling spouse as the lead in the epically bad chick flick *Swept Away*, obliterating his rep as a director of more watchable (though equally incomprehensible) movies like *Snatch*.

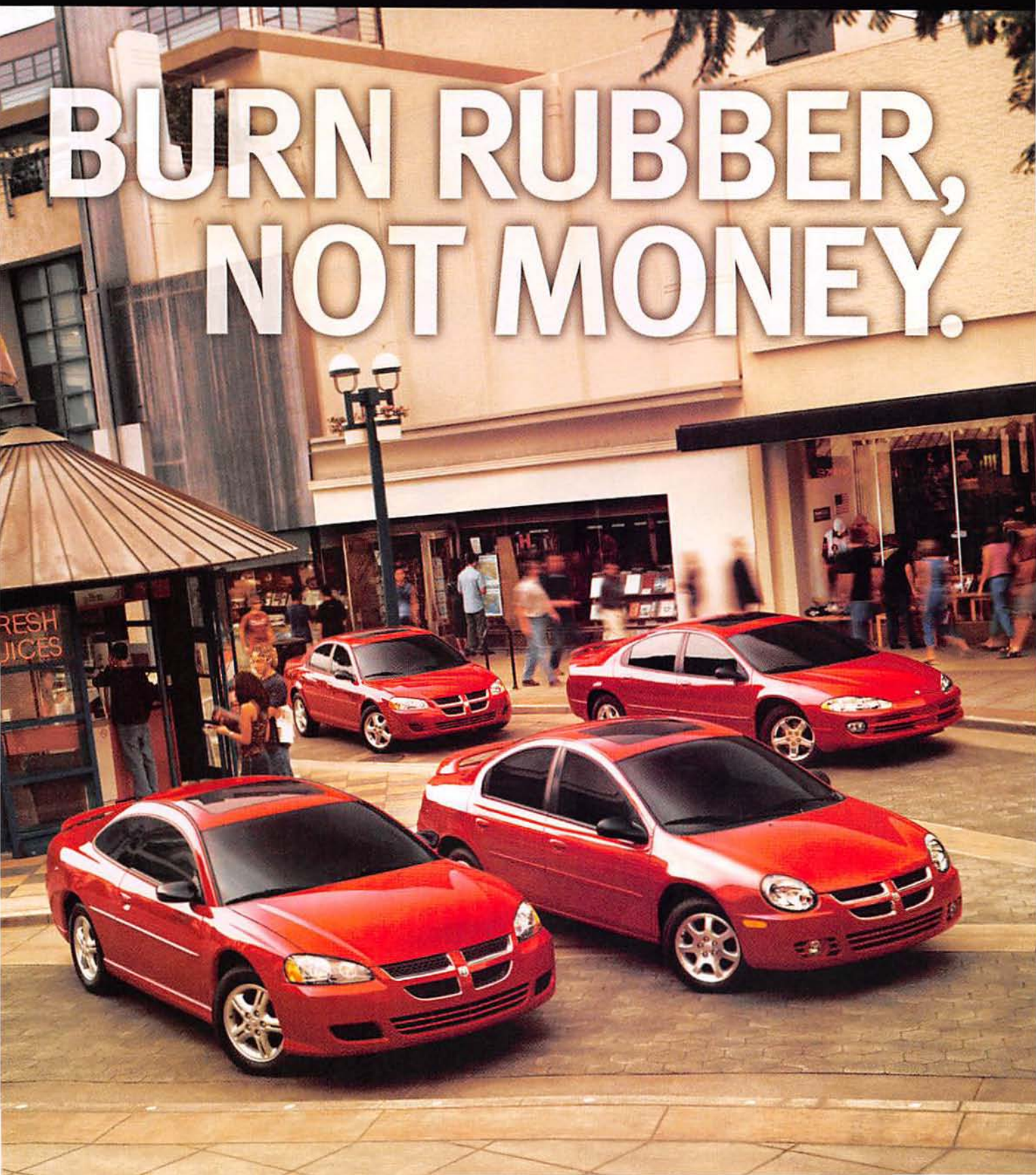
Halle Berry and Eric Benet
To keep sex-addict Benet from mackin' outside the lines, tabloids say, accident-magnet Berry fired his female assistant and insists that the couple eat only at gay restaurants. Kielbasa, anyone?

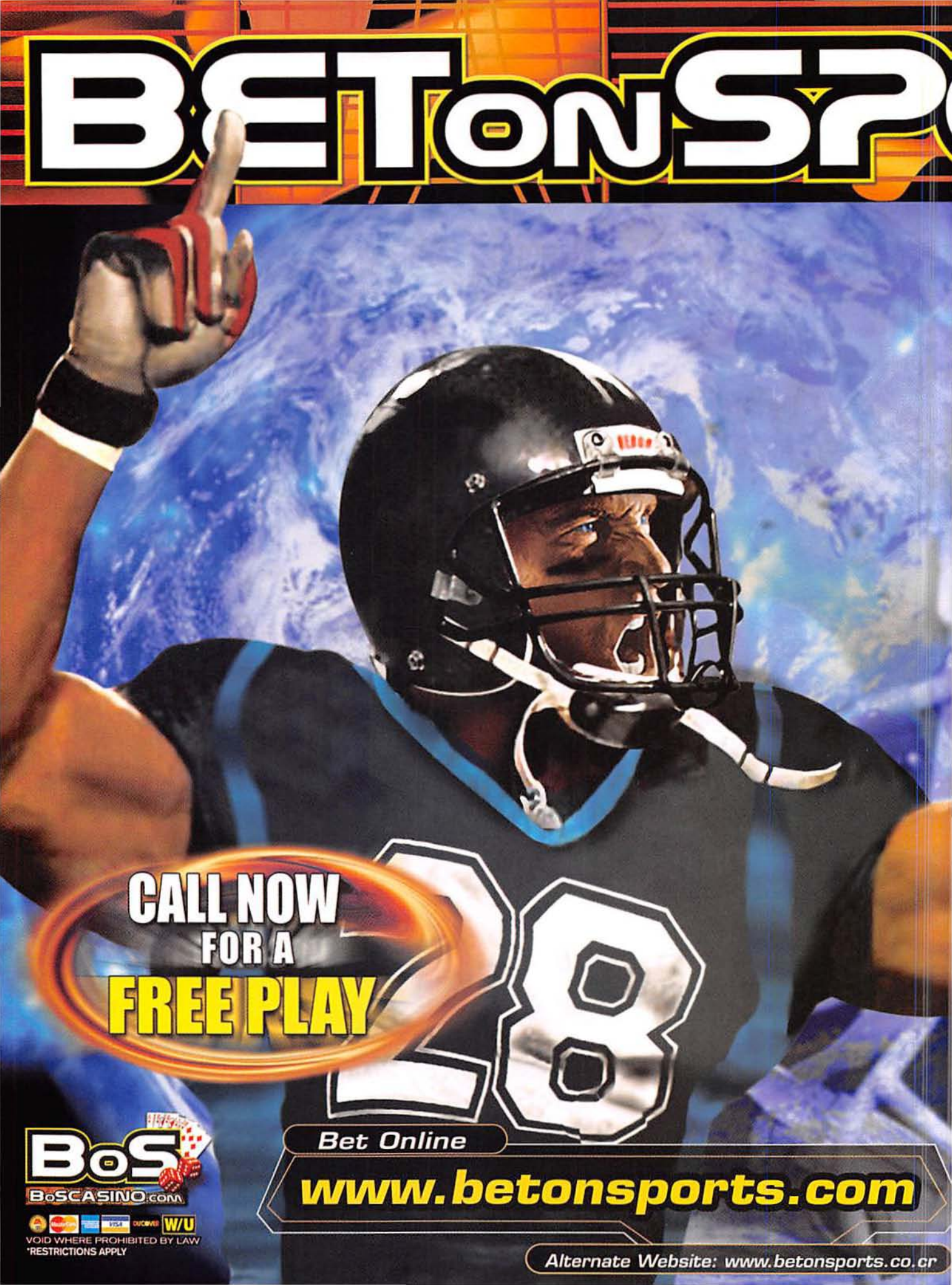
Jessica Simpson and Nick Lachey
Simpson maintained her virginity for the entire four years that she dated ex-98° singer Lachey, only letting him go for the dirty duet once the couple had exchanged wedding vows last October.
—*Jon Wilde*

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IRAQ'S WILD WEST



It's May 2003, a bright morning in western Iraq. A dust cloud looms on the horizon; from a distance it looks like one of the frequent sandstorms that scour the Iraqi desert. But as it draws near, sheep farmers in white robes shield their eyes—it's an armada of Apache attack helicopters roaring over the barren wastes and abandoned silt trenches. Beneath the choppers, an armored horde of 20 tanks and Bradley fighting vehicles barrel across the desert, churning up a brown wall of dust. The U.S. Cavalry has never been known for quiet entrances.

In the nearby town of Al Qaim, locals stand on the roofs of their mud-brick homes and watch, their arms draped over the skinny shoulders of their children, as the ▶

It took the U.S. Cavalry barely 50 years to win America's West. But in the badlands of western Iraq, taming a barren wasteland of sand, smugglers, and treachery at every turn may take closer to 500. Ready to ride, pardner? BY ADAM PIORE



Guard duty: Private Andrew Sherman watches an Iraqi prisoner after coming under AK-47 fire.

Americans approach. They crane their necks and stare as four F-18s appear on the horizon, unleashing a barrage of orange flares. The armored column is at their doorsteps in minutes, clanking through the cement arch that serves as the town's main gate.

Lt. Col. Bill Dolan—a bald, hard-charging cavalryman reminiscent of *Apocalypse Now*'s Colonel Kilgore—directs his armored vehicle straight through the center of town to the police station, where he pulls up, flips the hatch, and emerges, a pistol strapped to his thigh. Things could hardly have gone better; he has just taken Al Qaim without a shot.

But taking the town is one thing; taming it will be quite another. Dolan's real mission, bringing "peace and security" to Al Qaim, is just beginning. . . and may never be achievable. Al Qaim, as Dolan is about to discover, is Iraq's own twisted version of the Wild West, an ungovernable border town where the biggest gun is, in the end, just one more gun.

Welcome to that *Star Wars* town!

Perched on the Syrian border, Al Qaim has always been a lawless town where smugglers do a brisk trade in the movement of weapons and people. Outside of town barren wastes stretch for hundreds of miles into Syria, spanning a vast area far more permeable than any part of the U.S.-Mexico border. There's no Rio Grande outside Al Qaim to serve as a natural barrier—just acres of squat scrub brush, the occasional Bedouin, and dangerous, desert-roaming bandits who enjoy nothing better than an unfair fight.







Troops arrive: U.S. armor hits Al Qaim (below); its dusty streets (top right) reminded soldiers of *Star Wars*' Mos Eisley (bottom right); 3rd Cavalry's Lt. Col. Bill Dolan (far right).

A mob of 300 angry Iraqis greeted them with rocks and bullets.

"It's just like that town from *Star Wars*," one of the troops from Dolan's 3rd Armored Cavalry Regiment said upon arrival, referring to Mos Eisley, the city on the desert planet Tatooine where intergalactic criminals take one another down in smoky bars while Jabba the Hutt secretly runs the show.

When the war began in March, Al Qaim's location on the Syrian border made it a strategic target. It was an ideal spot for Baath Party loyalists to hide and a perfect point for radicals to slip into Iraq to kill Americans. It was here, in the early days of the war, that a group of tractor-trailers reportedly crossed into Syria, possibly carrying $1 billion that Saddam's ambitious younger son, Qusay, stole from Iraq's Central Bank. Saddam's older son, Uday, was also allegedly spotted in the area during the early days of the war, cruising the streets in a shiny, souped-up Mercedes with an entourage of bodyguards. Coalition forces heard whispered accounts of secret caves stocked with gold bullion and ancient tunnels and fortified lairs leading into Syria.

The only thing Dolan knew for sure was that the town was extremely dangerous. That info came from the British Royal Marines, who had entered Al Qaim a few weeks after hostilities began. When they arrived a mob of 300 angry Iraqis greeted them with rocks and bullets. The Brits fled to the hills outside of town, but not before an unknown number of villagers lay dead in the dusty streets. The town quickly spiraled into anarchy; most of the police force was driven out, and local thugs began looting and shooting at will.

"There's gunfire every night," a British major warned Dolan before the colonel's men arrived. "Don't go in there without armor."

Meet the new boss

If anyone could tame the town, Dolan seemed to be the man. His soldiers called him Stone Cold for his resemblance to wrestler Steve Austin, but with his old-school mustache, he would have fit in back when the 3rd Cavalry was chasing Apache Indians through the territories on horseback. At the change-of-command ceremony that first day in early May, he stood at attention, decked out in a wide-brimmed Stetson, a curved saber, and a pair of spurs. There was a new sheriff in town.

Dolan's first job was to meet with the old sheriff, Lt. Col. Abdul Kareem Ali, a well-fed official with full jet-black hair blow-dried off his forehead and a thick Saddam Hussein mustache. At their first meeting the day after the Americans arrived, Ali wore an immaculate olive green uniform and sat in a big chair behind a wooden desk. In a scene reminiscent of an awkward middle school dance, his lieutenants lined couches on the left side of the room; Dolan and his staff lined the right.

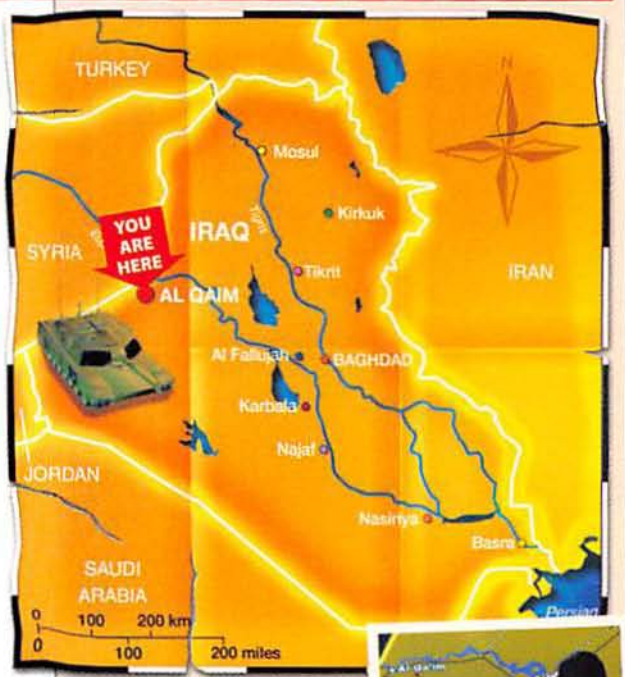
"We are going to be working together," Dolan began.

The chief smiled.

"Eventually, things will be easy," Dolan continued. "My goal is to get things peaceful and secure; that's why I have visited you first." Dolan explained that the Americans would leave when security had been established

THE EDGE OF CHAOS

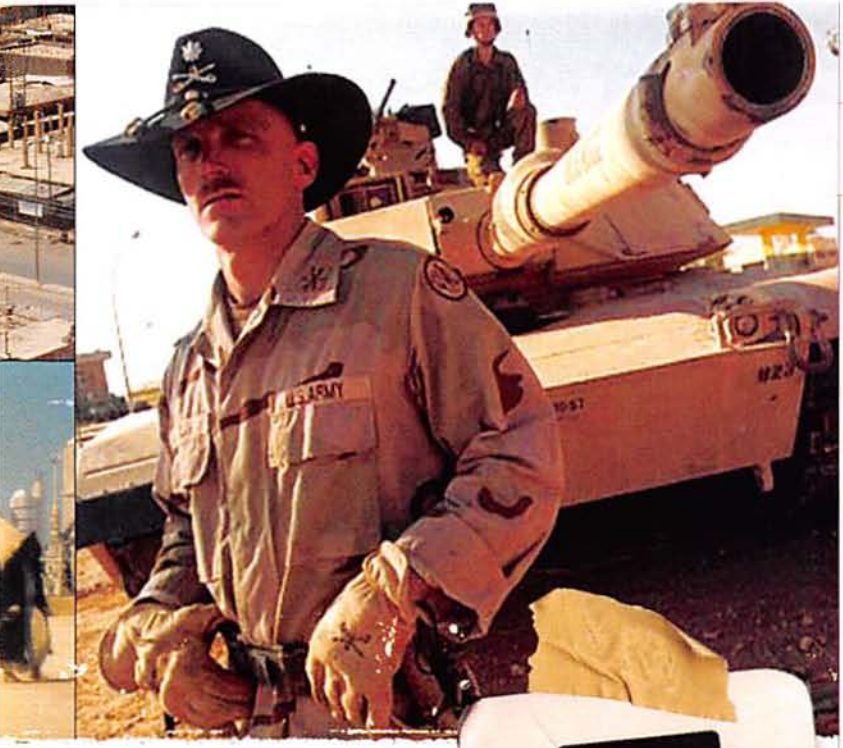
Al Qaim is Iraq's natural escape hatch.

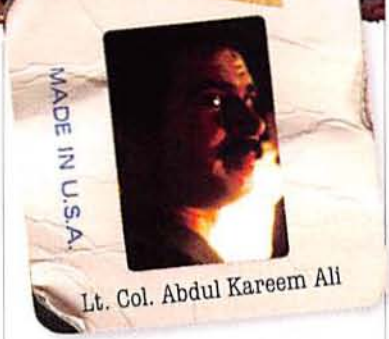




THE U.S. SHIFTS FOCUS
On April 12 Brigadier General Vincent Brooks briefed the media on Al Qaim.

Photographs, Andrade Patrick/Gamma





Lt. Col. Abdul Kareem Ali

and the border controlled. The two forces would conduct joint patrols, and the Iraqis would have to carry weapons permits issued by the Americans. "Now," Dolan concluded, "is there anything we can do for you?"

The chief drew a prepared document from his desk and began reading. Police and government vehicles had been stolen. There was no communication with the big cities. There was no cooking oil and no gas for the patrol vehicles. It was too dangerous for police in the center of the city between 11 P.M. and 7 A.M. Thievery was out of control; even the police station had been burglarized.

"We want to be strong," the chief said.

"That's why I'm here," Dolan responded.

"We are very happy."

"I am very pleased to hear that," Dolan said. They shook hands, then Dolan informed the chief that from then on he would be working with Captain Justin Brown, a West Pointer from Texas.

"You will not see me again," Dolan told the chief, "unless something really good happens—or something really bad."

Something really bad

The narrow streets of downtown Al Qaim usually begin filling up around sundown. Locals squat on the curbs or smoke at plastic-tabled cafés while degenerates entertain themselves by setting trees on fire or popping off AK-47s in alleyways. Donkeys meander freely through the detritus of broken cinder blocks and rusty car parts. Down the nicer residential streets, little children and women peek out from behind heavy metal gates. The air reeks of burning diesel and human waste.

Together the chief and Dolan's team walked the streets and got to know the residents. But Brown, a square-jawed former high school quarterback, noticed that the locals jumped out of Ali's way a little too fast. The chief looked down his nose as he walked, clasping his hands behind his back and surveying his surroundings with an air of proprietorship. He looked where Brown looked, nodding, offering encouraging words like, "Together we will make this the safest town in Iraq." But Brown couldn't shake the creepy feeling the chief gave him.

"It's like he's always trying to hide the sweat on his brow or the nervous twitch in his hand or the shuffling of his feet," Brown later recalled. "Like he's feeding you a line."

"If he hasn't been to work in a month," Dolan wondered out loud during those first days, "then why do the people seem so afraid of him?" The answer came a week later, when an elderly gas station owner interrupted a meeting between Brown and the chief.

"I will make your voice quiet!" the chief bellowed at the old man. "I will rip out your eyes, and that will make you quiet!" Shortly after that a man at a checkpoint claimed he'd been arrested at the local phosphate plant and tortured by Ali for 10 hours. He lifted his shirt to show deeply etched scars running from his chest all the way down his legs. More informants followed; they spoke of ▶



SYRIOUS PROBLEMS

Four reasons Syria could be next.

1. THE BAATH PARTY

Iraq's Baathists are history, but Syria's aren't. The party mixes socialist economic ideology with pan-Arab nationalism and fascism. (Think a threesome consisting of Stalin, Hitler, and Saddam as the Lucky Pierre.) Syria's Baathists took power in 1963 and effectively suspended the constitution. Human rights groups consider the regime one of the world's 16 most repressive.



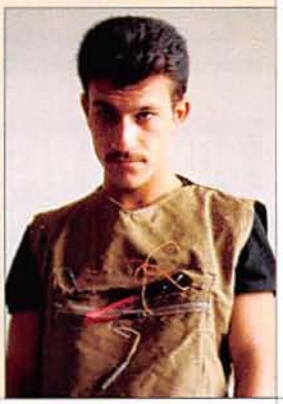
2. THE ASSADS

After seizing power in a 1970 coup, President Hafez al Assad was reelected five times by utilizing a simple campaign strategy: Kill the opposition. In 1982 Assad ordered the massacre of 20,000 Shiite Muslims in the town of Hama for opposing the rule of his minority Alawite clan. Upon his death in 2000, his son Bashar inherited a brutal dictatorship and more than $2 billion.



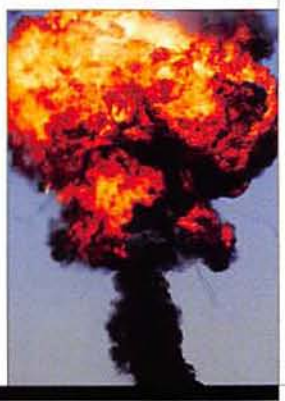
3. TERRORISTS

In Damascus almost anyone with a grudge and a god can set up shop. Among the terrorist groups based here: the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (PFLP), Palestine Islamic Jihad (PIJ), and the Islamic Resistance Movement (Hamas). Iranian arms flow through Syria into Lebanon and to Hezbollah, the group that killed 241 U.S. Marines in the 1983 Beirut bombing.



4. WMDs

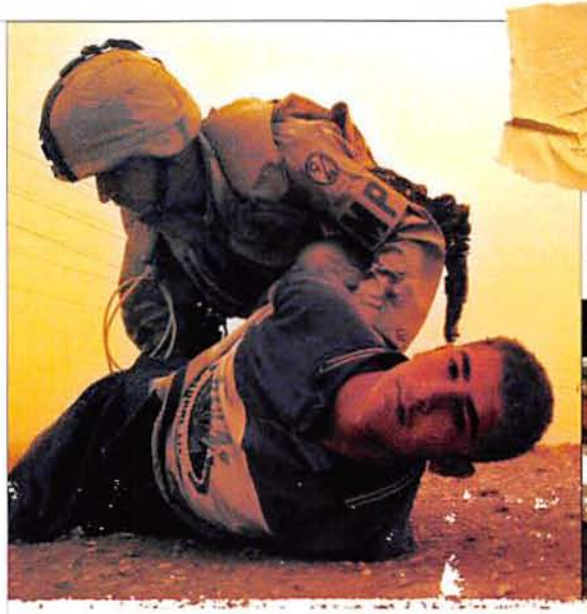
Despite Syria's claims that it has no WMD program, Israeli and U.S. intelligence sources believe Syria's Scientific Studies and Research Center (SSRC) is a front for the manufacture and procurement of sarin and VX nerve gases, as well as anthrax, botulin, and ricin biotoxins. Many believe Saddam sneaked Iraq's WMDs into, you guessed it, Syria.—*Todd Katz*



bloodthirsty posses and late-night raids led by the murderous sadist with a bouffant hairdo. Ali, the locals claimed, was one of Saddam's "hunters," a killer who tracked down army deserters and executed them.

"We're going to have to take the chief down," Dolan told Brown in mid-May. The next day he strode into the chief's office.

"Colonel, I've got enough information that you're up to no good," Dolan began. "I'm taking you into custody." An MP cocked his shotgun and stuck it in the chief's face. More soldiers barged in and threw the chief to the floor, shattering his glasses and sending him sprawling in a puddle of water. They cuffed him and led him past a crowd of gawking onlookers. The wet spot from the water made the chief appear to have peed his pants. It was appropriate—Ali would spend the next few days imprisoned in a cramped latrine.







Roundups begin: Night patrol outside Al Qaim (left); a recaptured escapee (below).

The raids begin

With alcohol technically illegal, there are no bars in Al Qaim. The night market, in an area called Husabaya, is where the locals socialize. Most nights they stand on the corners mingling, smoking, and occasionally shooting one another. Cramped stalls overflow with vegetables, meat, straw, canned goods, and livestock. Illegal whiskey, hashish, and cocaine are for sale. Even more exotic products can be purchased: At the market six sheep will get you an AK-47; eight will buy a woman.

Through the market and other gathering places, word began to spread of the American activities. With Ali gone, Dolan's men began cracking down on local smugglers who had become rabidly active in the wake of the regime's collapse. One of their first arrests was a local tough who had killed his own father in a hail of bullets; apparently, the old man had cheated him out of his cut in a cross-border weapons shipment. As the soldiers increased their raids, they collected enough rocket launchers, AK-47s, and mortar tubes to fill a small room. They stopped a truck carrying 2,000 40-pound bars believed to be gold worth as much as half a billion dollars. They charged into the night market with helicopters circling overhead. But the weapons smugglers had fled, tipped off by the unmistakable clanking of Dolan's armada. They always seemed to be one step ahead.

He'd killed his own father in a hail of bullets.

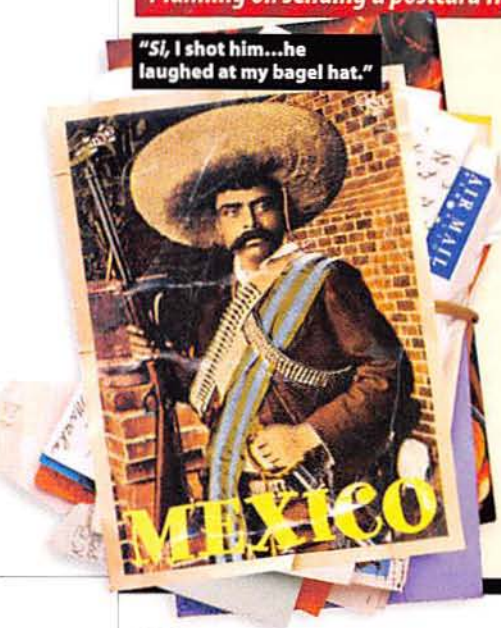


Cash seized from an Iraqi general

Nowhere was smuggling more rampant than at the border, where the 3rd Cavalry's "Outlaw" troop patrolled with helicopters. On each of their first 15 patrols, pilots spotted between 20 and 30 trucks heading unimpeded across the open border. The drivers made little attempt to hide their guilt. When the helicopters passed overhead, they'd stop their trucks and scramble into the nearest ditch. Sometimes they'd even strip and use their underwear as surrender flags, frantically waving the white cloth over their heads. ▶

BORDER DISORDER

Planning on sending a postcard from one of these border towns? Better write your will on the back.



JUÁREZ, MEXICO
In Juárez the only thing unnatural about death is its cause. In the past 10 years, 300 bodies have turned up in this town just across the border from El Paso, Texas. Drug cartels and serial killers are prime suspects, with the latter often preying on female factory workers. Before crossing the border here, cross yourself.

PESHAWAR, PAKISTAN
Mix countless Islamic fundamentalists, a world-class arms bazaar, and myriad heroin labs and—*kaboom!*—you have Peshawar, the cultural jewel of Pakistan's lawless tribal lands. Many believe bin Laden and other remnants of the Al Qaeda terrorist network are hiding here, just 30 miles from Afghanistan.

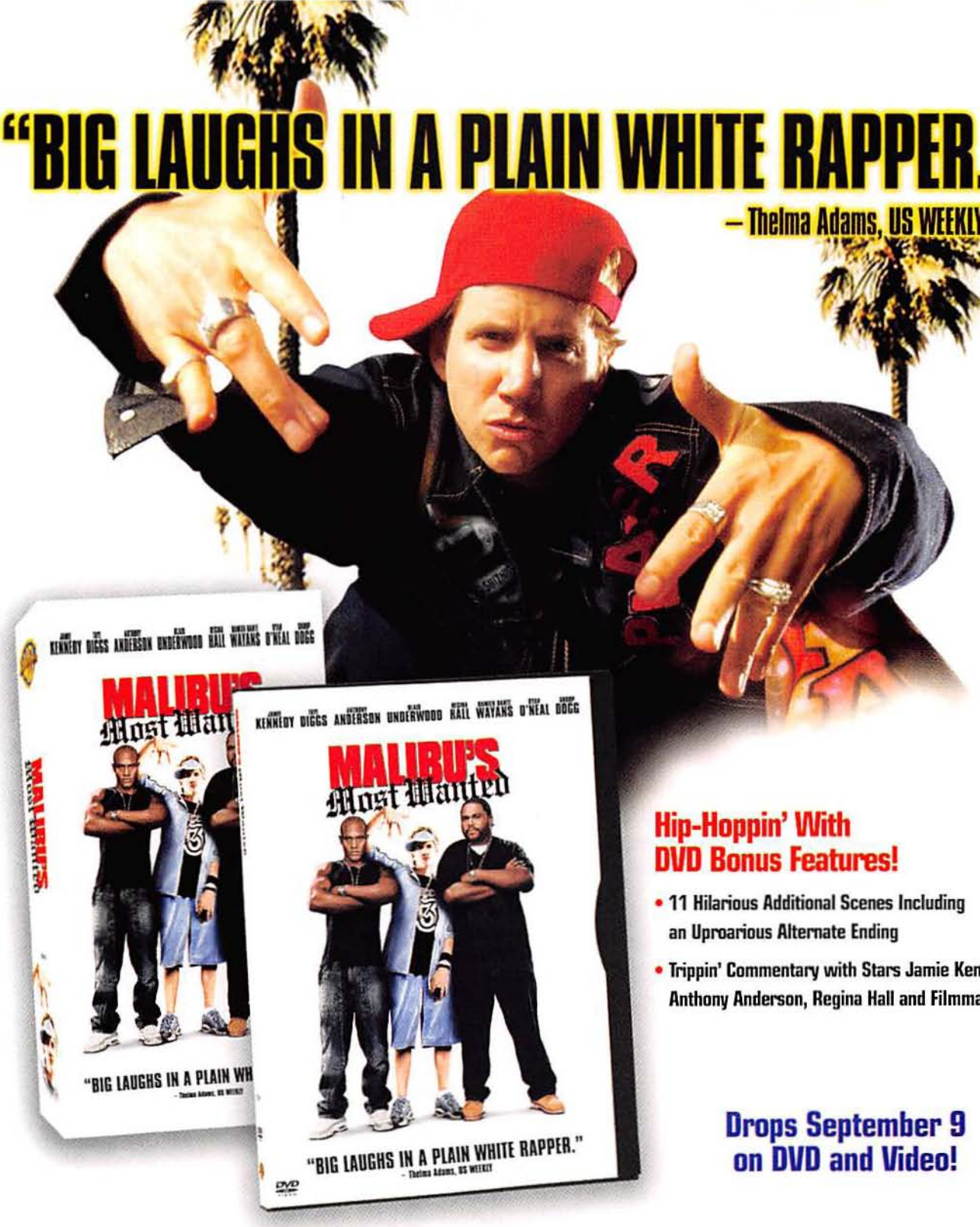
POIPET, CAMBODIA
Call it a pimp's paradise. Straddling the line between one of the planet's poorest countries and the sex-tourist mecca of Thailand, Poipet is a place where people literally sell their kids to secure them a "better life" in Thailand, to the tune of thousands a year. Run away, but stay on the road: The countryside is rife with land mines.

APARTADO, COLOMBIA
A town where the world's largest coke producer meets the land bridge to North America is doomed. Throw in ultraviolent guerrillas and paramilitaries and you've got Apartado, Colombia. The town lies in the Uraba region, where over 700 murders went down in 1996. While it's quieter now, civilian massacres are not uncommon.

GOMA, DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC OF THE CONGO
After the 1994 Rwandan genocide, Hutu militiamen crossed the border here and slaughtered more Tutsis. A Tutsi reprisal and Congo's civil war have killed millions more. Last year nearby Mount Nyiragongo erupted, burying many of the not-yet-murdered under six feet of lava.—*Todd Katz*

"BIG LAUGHS IN A PLAIN WHITE RAPPER."

– Thelma Adams, US WEEKLY



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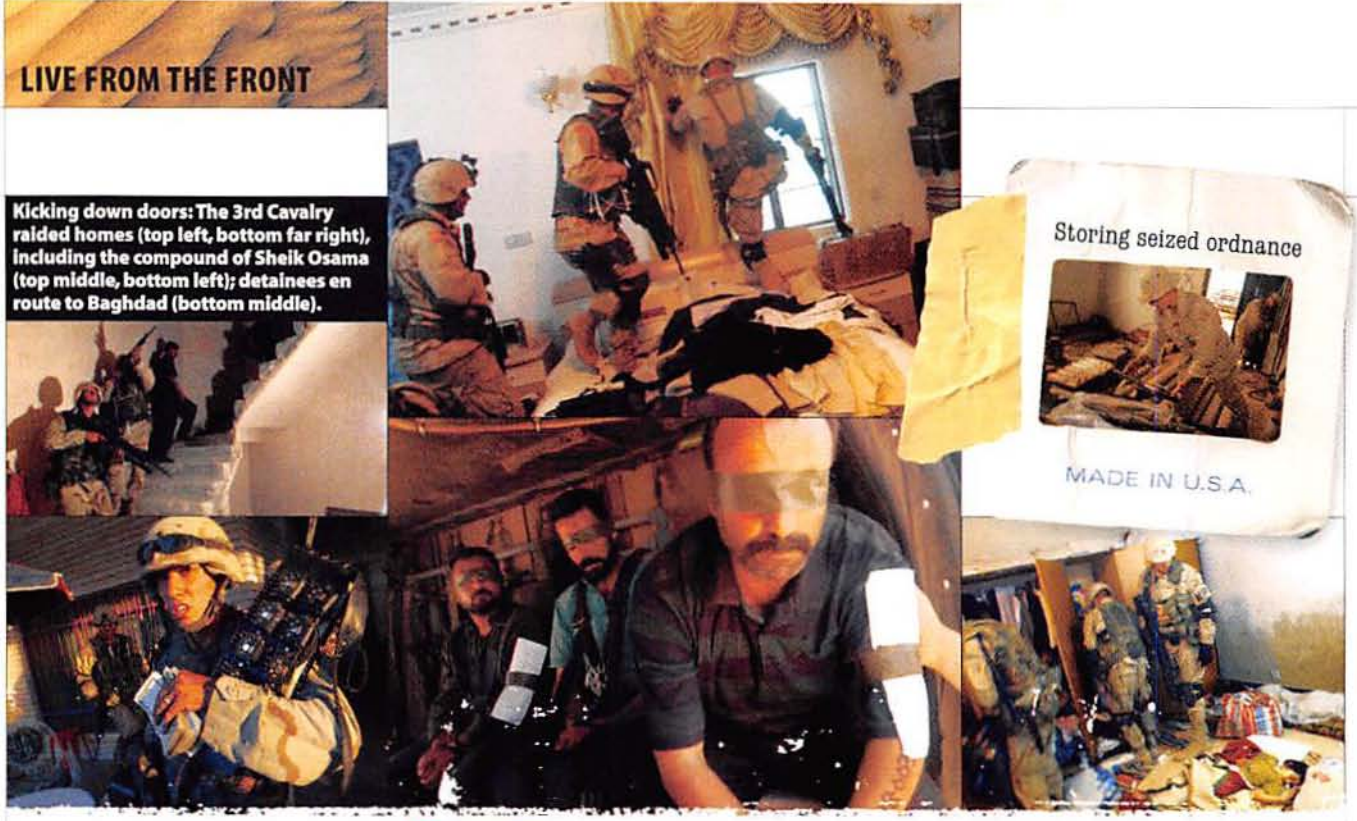
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Kicking down doors: The 3rd Cavalry raided homes (top left, bottom far right), including the compound of Sheik Osama (top middle, bottom left); detainees en route to Baghdad (bottom middle).

But the men in Outlaw's helicopters could only circle tentatively. They were under strict orders not to intercept the smugglers, despite rumors that the trucks could be carrying weapons of mass destruction or even Saddam himself. If a chopper strayed into Syria, it could cause an incident that would ripple from Damascus to Washington. So the trucks continued north out of Iraq, unhindered. (On June 18 a U.S. Special Forces team annihilated an entire column and wounded several Syrian soldiers in a raid across the border in Syria. At press time the Pentagon still would not give any specifics on the attack, but locals report the convoy was smuggling sheep.)

Guns, guns, and more guns

Dolan had a pretty good idea what was in those trucks. His troops had found a huge weapons storage complex about 65 miles southeast in a town called Haditha. The complex, made up of more than 200 cavernous, sand-covered bunkers stocked with munitions, spanned almost 15 square *miles*. There were land mines from Jordan, RPGs from Syria, and explosives that appeared to be from the U.S. and Britain. Outside the buildings, the Iraqis had stacked boxes of explosives to look like vehicles from above. There were brass artillery shells, sticks of C-4, and boxes of plastic explosives stacked 15 deep and 20 feet high. Inside one of the buildings, three-foot-long armor-piercing tank munitions were piled to the ceiling in crates. Other crates contained rocket-propelled grenades, mortars twice the size of those used by the U.S. Army, and more than 500 Bangalore torpedoes used for blowing up bridges. "You take several of these, you load them in a cart and put a fuse on it, and you could have another Oklahoma City bombing," sighed Lt. Juan Santiago as he surveyed the area with a flashlight. "There's no telling what was taken before we got here."

'This country was just one huge ammo depot with a government,' Dolan said. 'Now the government is gone.'



Weapons were found everywhere.

That some weapons were already missing was indisputable. At another nearby complex, U.S. forces arrived in time to find seven Iraqi soldiers in a truck filled to the brim with 30 mm rounds. A second truck, believed to be a decoy, was filled with wood. Inside one of the warehouses, open boxes were strewn across the floor, and most of the ammunition was gone. Ominously, almost every warehouse door in the compound stood open.

Dolan assigned Santiago and his team to guard the complex. "With only 40 men, I still don't know for sure we're keeping them all out," Santiago said. Even if they did, there were hundreds, perhaps thousands, of ammo depots like Haditha scattered all across Iraq.

"This country was just one huge ammo depot with a government," Dolan said. "And now the government is gone."

Flash point

With so many weapons floating around, it was only a matter of time before the smugglers and Saddam loyalists turned them on Americans. A few days into the occupation of Al Qaim, a passing motorist tossed a small bomb into the police station. Luckily, no one was hurt, but the violence was just warming up. A few nights later, one of Brown's men, Sfc. Alfred Ronneburg, heard a loud pop and spun around just in time to watch a rocket-propelled grenade zip past his Bradley, slam into a nearby shop, and explode. Calmly following the vapor trail that still hung in the air, the young squad leader opened fire with his semiautomatic, stitching 30 rounds in the direction the shot had come from. For the next hour Ronneburg and his troops searched the dark streets, but the shooters had fled. "It's going to get exciting," he said, smiling. "You've got people firing RPGs."

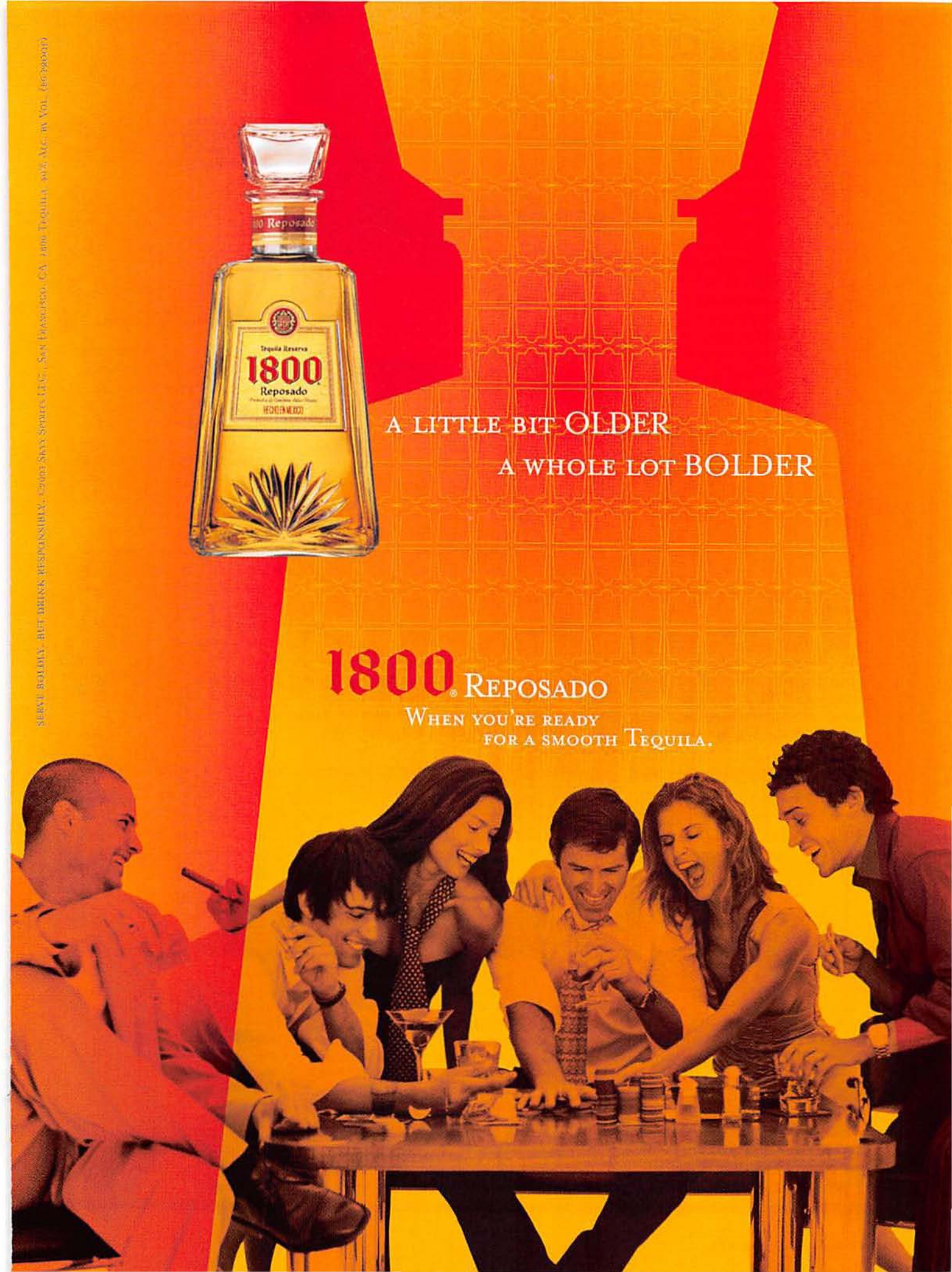
Dolan was less cheery. "My priority is to protect my men," he said. "If any of them die, it would be criminal."

But it was bound to happen. On the morning of May 26, a supply convoy headed to Al Qaim turned to go around a collapsed bridge. Suddenly, the air exploded with the sound of gunshots and RPGs, as 15 men hidden in a nearby ditch opened fire. Major Matthew Schram, a popular supply officer, reeled as bullets cut into him; seconds later an RPG hit his Humvee and tore him in half. Schram was a quiet guy, not a door kicker—the last guy anybody expected to get killed.

Keep your sheiks close

Sometimes it seemed Dolan's only ally was Sheik Osama Jadal Ubead, a toothless elder with a curling mustache. He occasionally dropped by the U.S. base at the old train station, often bearing gifts: one day cigars, the next day vodka and 12-year-old scotch. As a young man Osama had moved to Baghdad and made a fortune importing everything from cars to medical supplies; he claimed the war had cost him millions in contracts.

Osama also claimed to have worked for the CIA, the Israeli Mossad, and the Kuwaiti Intelligence Service, and to have provided ▶


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WHEN YOU'RE READY
FOR A SMOOTH TEQUILA.



The shaky peace collapses: An Iraqi man wounded during a checkpoint shootout (left); saluting a fallen sergeant (below).



the British with intelligence that two other local sheiks were actively working against the coalition. The Brits arrested and shipped them off to Nasiriya, where they were interrogated and forced to listen to Blink-182 for 24 hours straight. Osama had also helped Dolan by persuading several locals to turn in weapons.

"Those other sheiks, they are sons of bitches," Osama told Dolan, but the sheik's luster wore off a few weeks later when Dolan learned he was harboring Rasheed Ahab, a local tough with Baath Party connections who had been stealing cars. It turned out the CIA had never heard of Osama; his claim of working for Mossad was also false. Osama *did* have a secret history . . . as a producer of patriotic pro-Saddam jingles.

On a quiet morning about a month after Dolan met Osama, the Americans rolled up to the metal gate of Osama's home at dawn and bashed it in with an armored vehicle. Soldiers swarmed in behind, placed Osama's terrified family in the living room, and methodically searched the compound, room to room.

In the dining room was a portrait of a young Osama posing defiantly with an AK-47. Behind a locked door on the second floor, the Americans discovered a pile of 350,000 Syrian lire, boxes of Cuban cigars, and a receipt for 800 new Mercedes from Iran. They also discovered the sheik's personal armory: a machine gun, a shotgun, an electric cattle prod, and several leather bandoliers with hollow-tipped bullets. But Osama's two nickel-plated kalashnikovs with California Highway Patrol buttons impressed the soldiers the most. They also found a video of Osama with a man who was thought to be Saddam's notorious henchman Chemical Ali.

When Sgt. Mike Dooley looked in the car window, a man inside shot him in the face.



Osama seemed to have fled, but days later he brazenly showed up at the U.S. camp in a 1970s leisure suit and suspenders, with a new set of teeth he'd apparently picked up in Syria. It was the first time anyone had seen him in Western clothes. He was furious about the raid, but Dolan wouldn't let him speak.

"You don't care about your people!" Dolan yelled. "All you care about are your contracts!" He chastised Osama but didn't arrest him. Dolan needed all the friends he could get.

That point was driven home a few days later when two men ran up to a checkpoint and frantically told Dolan's men that one of their friends was sick in the car. When Sgt. Mike Dooley approached and looked in the window, a man inside opened fire, killing him. Over the next few weeks, several more men of the 3rd Cavalry would be wounded or killed. Privately, the colonel couldn't shake the feeling that *Star Wars* town could only be quieted, never tamed.

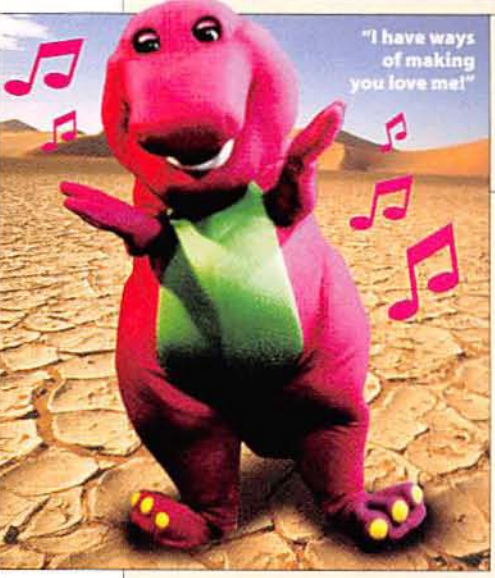
"These people have been surviving and making money for 1,000 years, long before we got here," Dolan said in mid-June. "They did it under the Turks, the Brits, and Saddam, and I'm sure they will continue to do it long after we're gone. In the end, I don't think we're really going to change it at all." M



The insignia of the proud 3rd Cavalry

DETENTION SONGS

The Geneva Convention forbids using torture as an interrogation tool . . . but it never said anything about Barney!



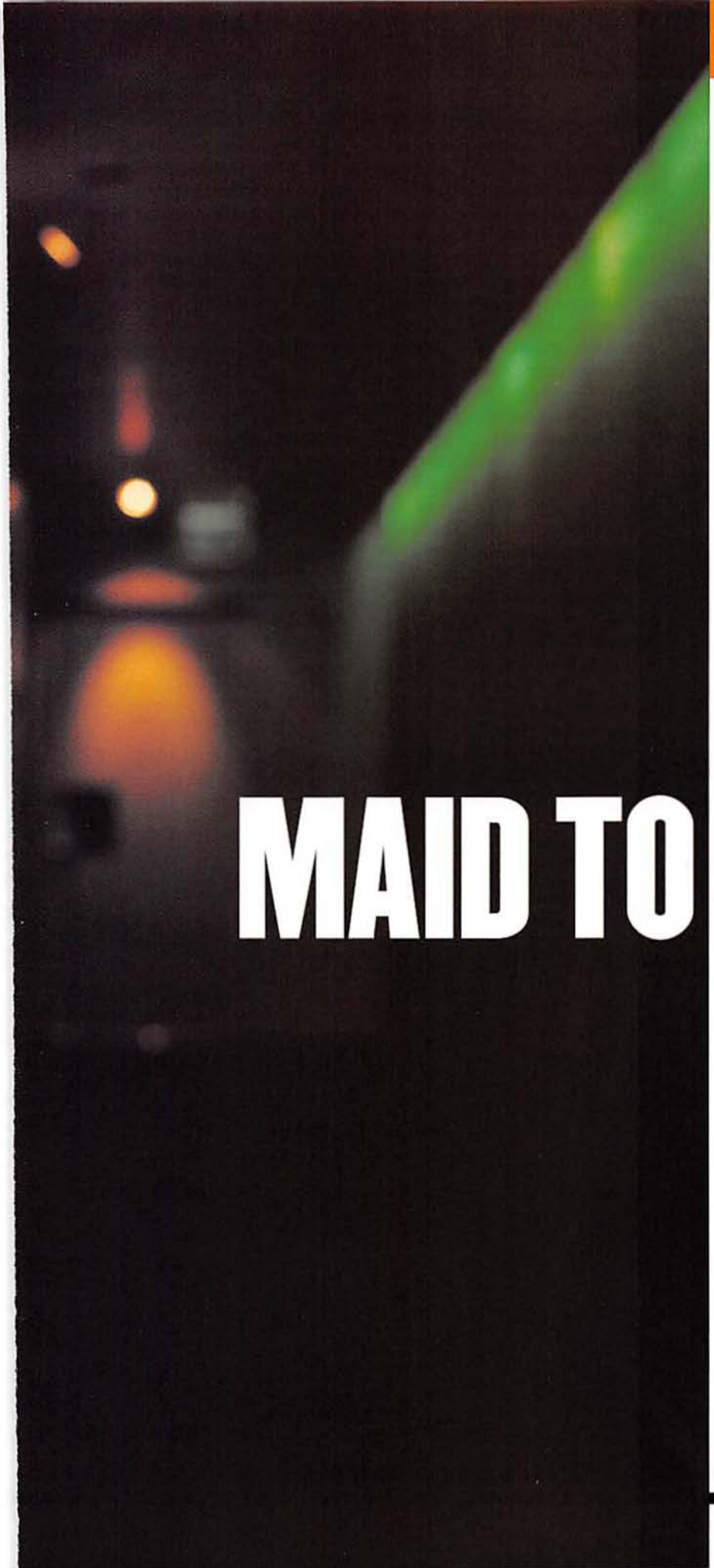


How do you get a stubborn Iraqi to show you his weapons without violating those pesky international laws? Blast him with heavy doses of bluegrass. Staff Sergeant Tony Griskey, an interrogator working out of Al Qaim's train station, has been refining the use of bluegrass as an interrogation tool since May. He's now a firm believer in its coercive powers. "I can play it for people in New York, and it will drive them crazy," he says. His favorite band: the Stanley Brothers. The group's 1950s songs "Stone Walls and Steel Bars" and "Man of Constant Sorrow" are particularly effective, he says. The whiny tone of the homesick crooner and the constant banjo are more than most can bear. Sergeant Mark Hadsell, a psy-ops specialist in Al Qaim, says he's seen Iraqi prisoners rocking on their haunches and moaning when exposed to the Stanley Brothers, but he likes using the terrifying screams of Metallica's "Enter Sandman," Dope's "Die MF Die," and "Bodies" by Drowning Pool. "It really messes with their heads. They're not used to that kind of music," Hadsell explains. "Even us—we listen to it at a kegger for maybe six hours and then go home. Imagine listening to it for 35 hours." Other standbys: the Barney "I Love You Song" and *Sesame Street*'s theme. "Those will drive anyone crazy," Hadsell says.

—*Adam Piore*


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Amanda Swisten takes *American Wedding*'s bachelor party on a world tour with her German accent and all-American hotness. Oh, did we mention the French maid outfit?

MAID TO ORDER

BY ERIC ALT
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT MAXWELL

Why do movies let us fantasize that someday we'll own robot butlers, that superheroes exist, and that actual bachelor parties can get staggeringly gorgeous women like Amanda Swisten as "entertainment"? *American Wedding*—the third helping of *American Pie*—will be our first taste of this long-legged Manhattan-born but Connecticut- and Virginia-raised stunner who needs a passport to describe her character.

"Well, her name is Fräulein Brandi," explains Amanda. "But she's dressed as a French maid. I asked them if I needed to have a German or a French accent, and they were just like, 'Do whatever!'" she laughs. "I guess I'm supposed to be a stripper who doesn't know any better."

That's something Amanda certainly can't be accused of, even when faced with her first bout of on-screen nudity. "It was something I wrestled with," she admits, inadvertently filling our heads with delicious imagery. "I wasn't one of those girls at the party throwing her clothes off. I was a nerdy kid who didn't go to the prom! But when I saw the opportunity, I read the script and I was peeing in my pants. I wouldn't have done it if it were some B-movie on Cinemax at two in the morning. No way." And we wouldn't have watched if . . . oh, who are we kidding?



Amanda's steady hand makes sure Stifler lives up to his name

"It's not a demeaning role. The comedy helps that. Nikki Ziering—who plays a dominatrix—and I are sort of mocking the guys at the party. We're not psyched to be there, which is how I imagine real strippers are. It's just a day at the office."

The self-described "humble girl" found acting early on, but not before considering nearly every other profession. Explains Amanda: "As a student I was into science and medicine. Plus, I have an artistic side that loves to write, paint . . . I'm always trying to balance this very artistic side with this very scientific side. But I couldn't see myself working in a lab coat somewhere." Whether or not *we* can is beside the point. Amanda soon set out for Hollywood, where she promptly nailed two feature roles at the same time: *American Wedding* and *The Girl Next Door*. "*The Girl Next Door* is about this porn star, played by Elisha Cuthbert, who falls in love with this high school kid," says Amanda. "I play Elisha's best friend. But it's more of a romantic comedy. We're not *porn star* porn stars." (Yes, we already have our tickets.)

Romantic comedies may be paying her bills, but don't expect Amanda to curl up with Meg Ryan flicks at home. "I'm fascinated with true crime and serial killers," she says. "It's this really sick side of me! But not slasher flicks. They're cheesy. If something's realistic, it's scarier. It's like sexiness—sometimes what you don't see is sexier, or scarier, than anything else."

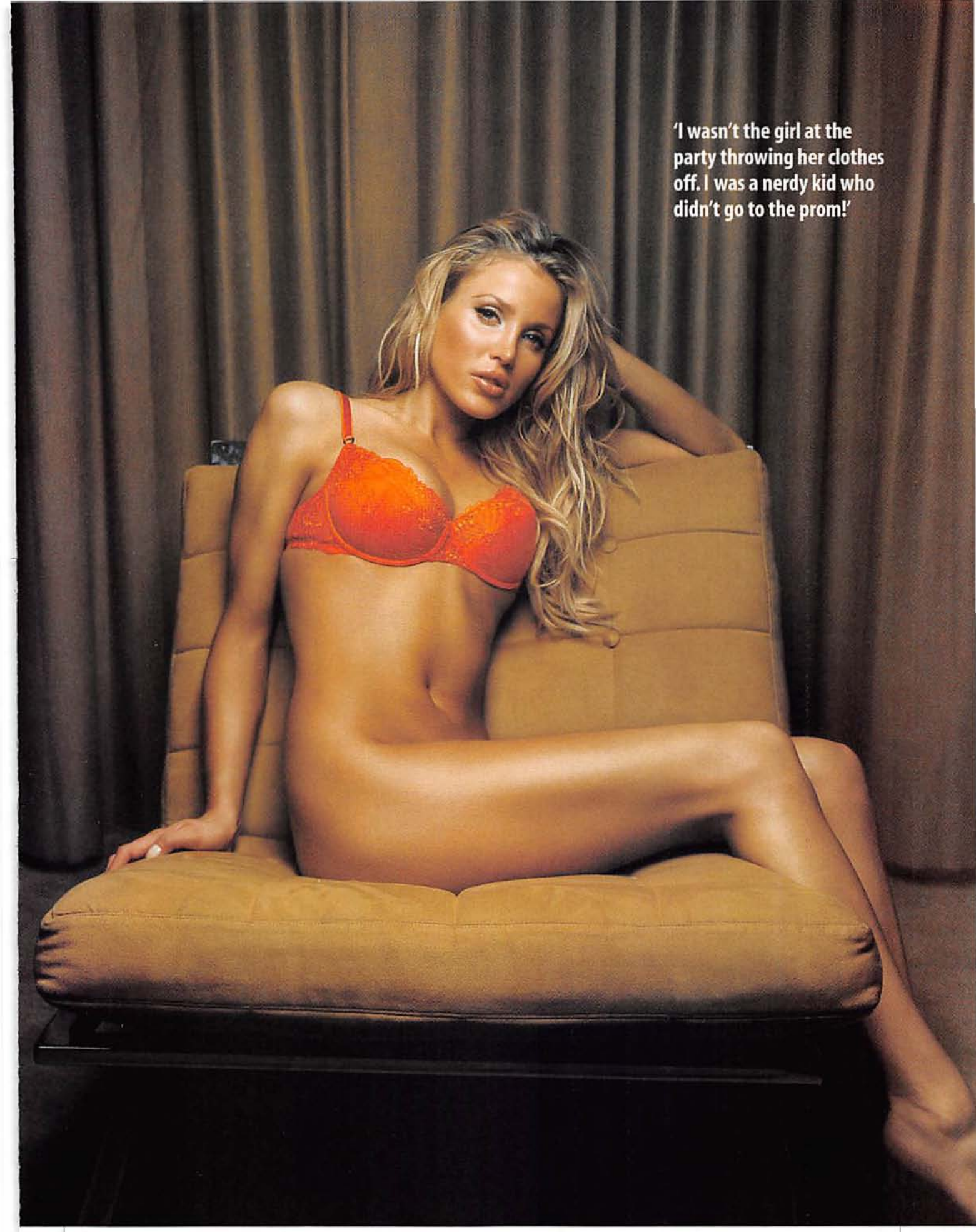
Being sexy and famous is scary enough. "I had a stalker, and I'm kind of glad I've gotten that out of the way," says Amanda, as if describing her first flu bug of the season. "He tracked me through my Web site. But I'm a big girl. I can hold my own. I grew up learning how to use a gun." Got that, creeps?

Having already dealt with the good, bad, and ugly sides of the business, is this fresh face ready to hightail it home? Don't count on it. "There's so much I want to do," exclaims Amanda. "You haven't heard the last of me!" Thank God for that. M

Subscribers get more pics and video in the *Maxim* Lounge at maximonline.com.

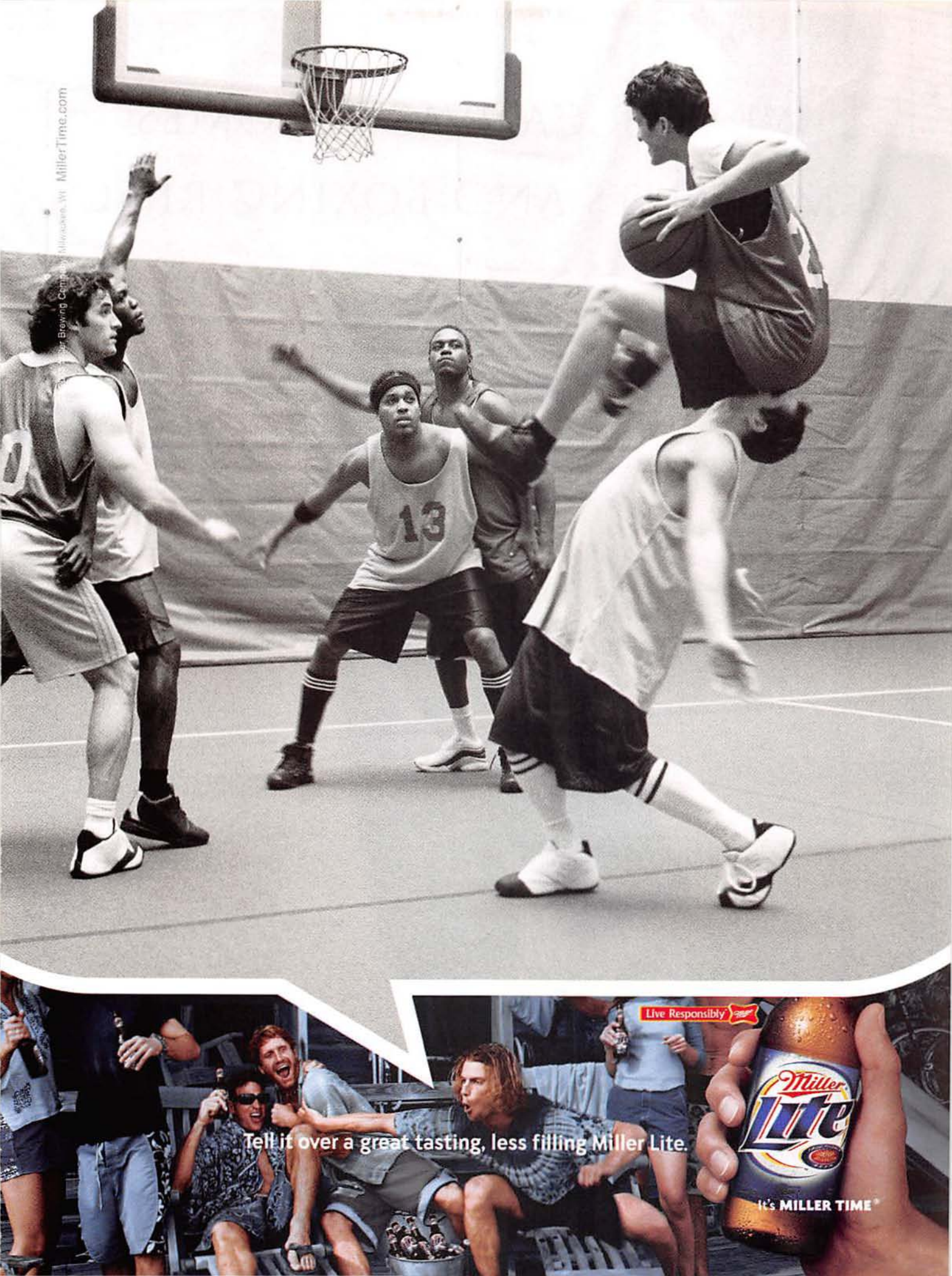


Styling, Karen Shapiro; hair, Steven Lake for Luxe; makeup, Hiromi Inoko for Luxe. Shot on location at the Avalon Hotel, Beverly Hills.


'I wasn't the girl at the party throwing her clothes off. I was a nerdy kid who didn't go to the prom!'



'We're mocking the guys at the party. We're not psyched to be there, which is how I imagine real strippers are.'


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- Chairman Gert Boyle

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STREET SMART

Swing yourself mad props this fall with Sean John's streetwise swag.

(from left) Sweater, $125, distressed leather pants, $850, distressed shearling coat, $1,850. Shirt, $125, tie, $95, denim jeans, $195, leather trench coat with fox lining, $2,250, Henley sweater, $350, canvas motocross pants, $310, multilayer jacket, $850, all by Sean John. Boots, $625, by J.M. Weston; $163 and $164, both by Harley-Davidson Footwear.

FALL FASHION BLAST! PLAYAS' CHOICE FALL FASHION BLAST!

Styling, Kimberly Kelly; grooming, Sasha Harford for aRT miX the agency. For buying information, see page 202.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KEVIN KNIGHT



Metallic bomber jacket, $485, by DieselStyleLab



Sterling silver barbell cuff links, $100, by Links of London

Reflective stainless-steel phone, $6,500, by Vertu



YOU GOT THE LOOK

Keep your multiple personalities satisfied with Maxim's ultimate guide to the hottest fall gear.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVIES & STARR

Silver sneakers, $220, by Mihara by Puma

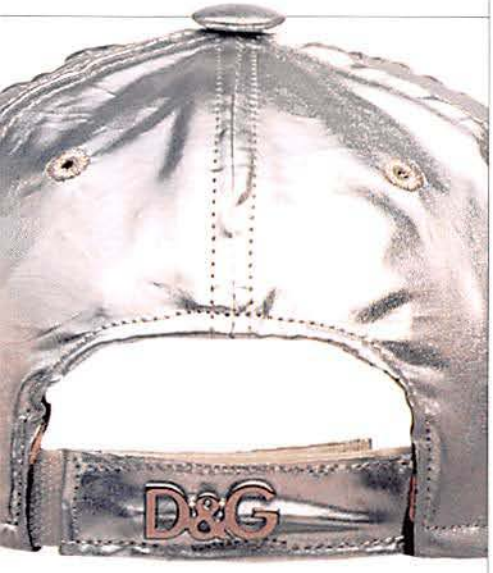




Foil track jacket, $100, by Nike

Foiled Again!

Find your inner superhero with this cool shiny stuff.



Silver baseball cap, $80, by D&G

Kinetic sneakers, $70, by Rush by Gordon Rush



COMPILED BY MARIA RUOCCO



Hooded sweatshirt, $70, by Phat Farm

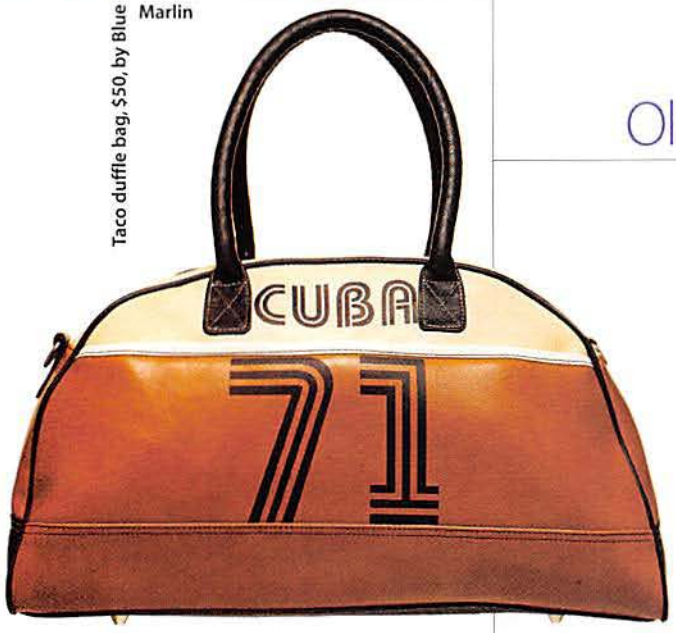


Shoes, $95, by Pepe Jeans London

Polo shirt, $32, by Fossil



Taco duffle bag, $50, by Blue Marlin



Old Skool Cool

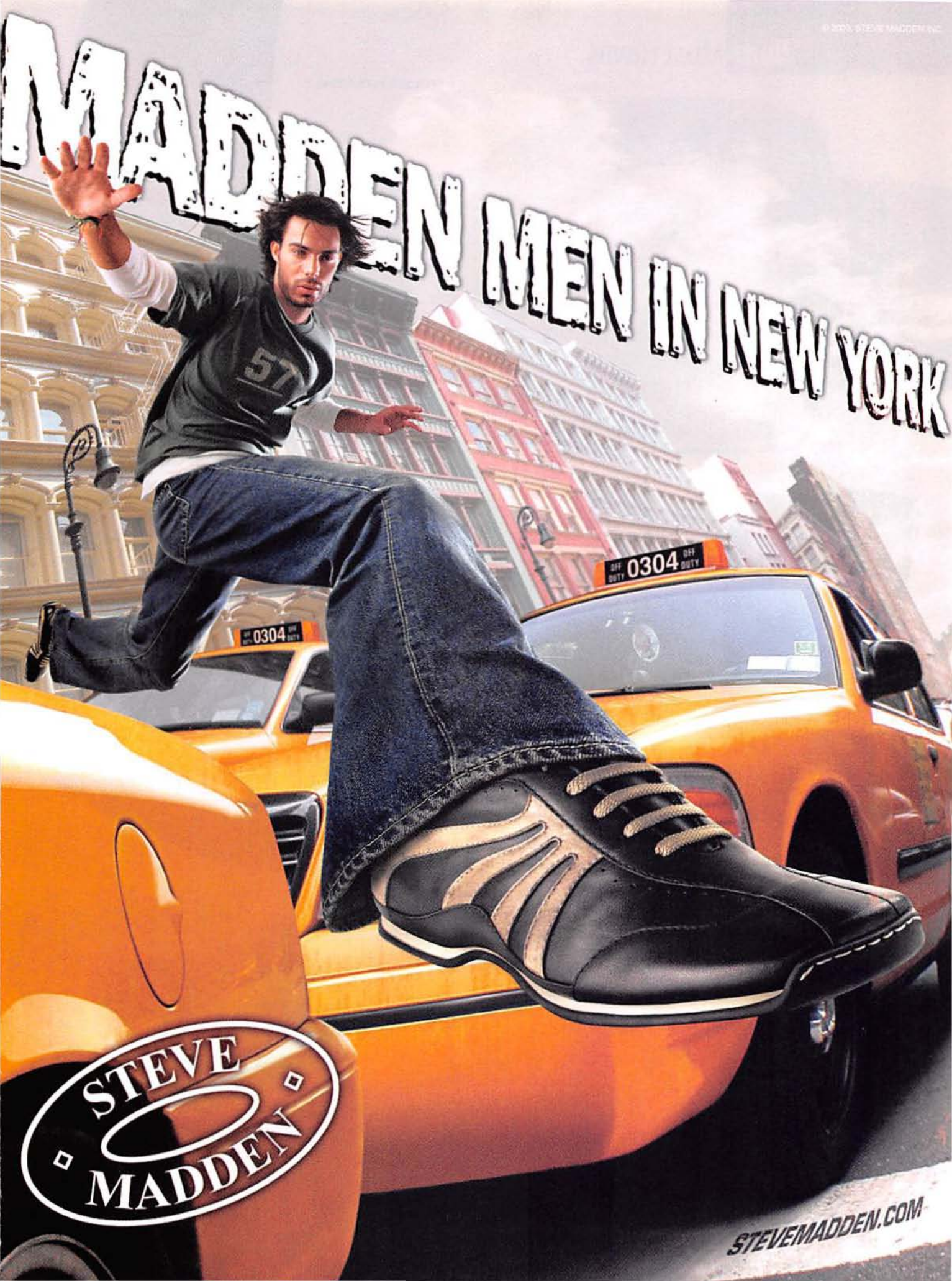
Go back to the future with retro brown and gold threads.

Aviator hat, $29, by Akademiks





Tabac sunglasses, $280, by Face à Face


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STEVEMADDEN.COM

Belt, $29, by Quiksilver





Corduroy pants, $69, by DKNY Jeans



Boots, $164, by Harley Davidson

Eagle-themed clothes will help you soar to new heights. Rabbits beware.

Wing Nut

Trucker hat, $22, by Globe



Two-tone eagle cuff links, $65, by Jan Leslie





Eagle seal T-shirt, $28, by Guess?

Pendant, $110, by Liberty Coin Jewelry at guyshop.com



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RUSSIAN VODKA



The Mod Squad

Twist yourself into these '60s-inspired clothes from spring's swingingest collections. Yeeeaaaah, baby!



(from left) Wool mini-houndstooth trench coat, **$1,450,** by Marc Jacobs; wool/cashmere turtleneck sweater, **$225,** by Calvin Klein Black Label. Cotton moleskin peacoat, **$950,** turtleneck, **$395,** and cotton moleskin pants, **$250,** all by Marc Jacobs. **On her:** Dress and turtleneck sweater by Marc Jacobs; tights by Wolford.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NICOLAS WAGNER

STYLING BY KIMBERLY KEILY

(from left) Velvet suit, **$1,050,** by Calvin Klein Black Label; wool turtleneck sweater, **$220,** by Pringle of Scotland; shoes, **$318,** by Calvin Klein. **On her:** Men's corduroy jacket, **$2,295,** by Ralph Lauren Purple Label; turtleneck sweater by Marc Jacobs.

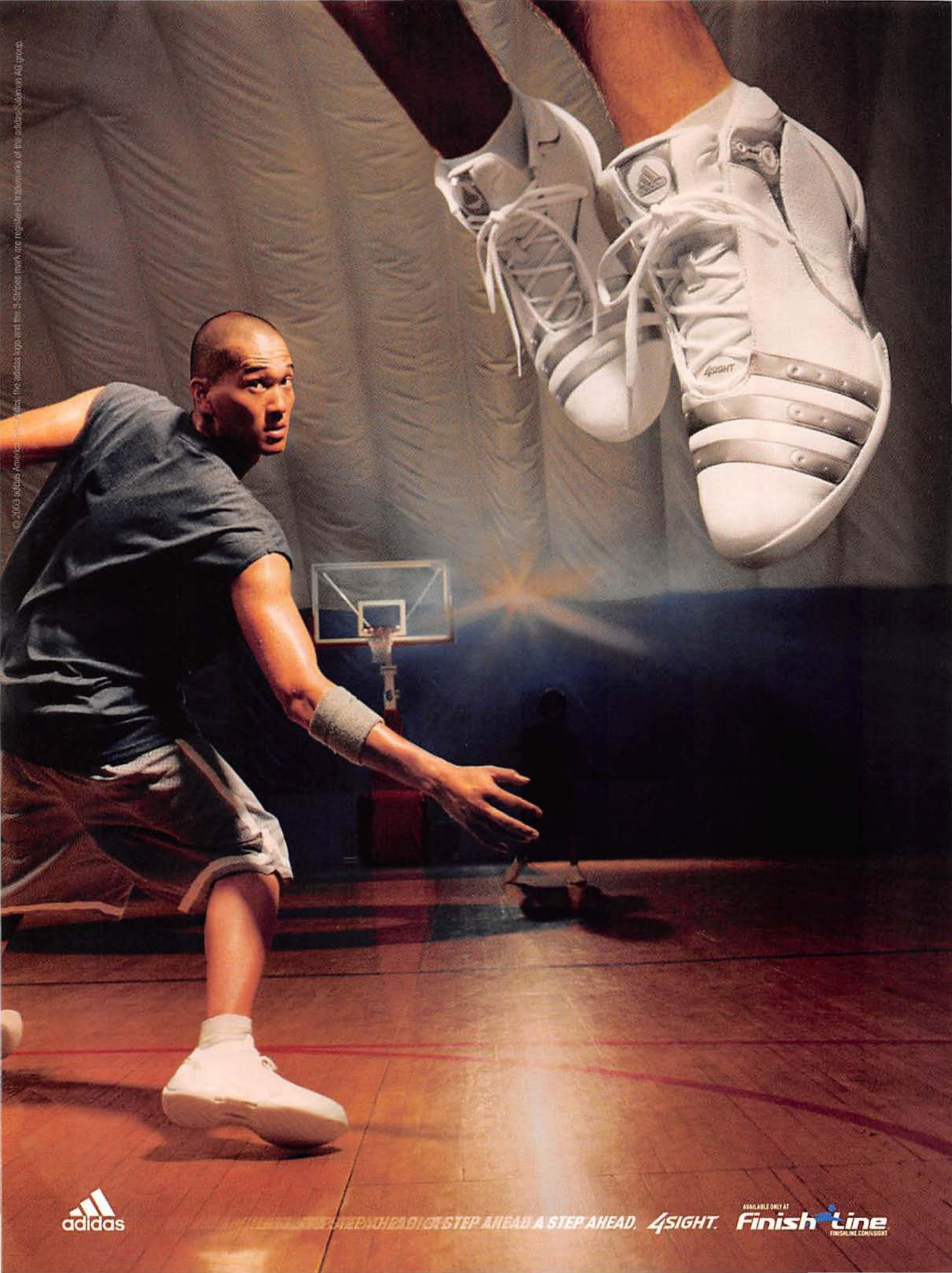


Styling assistance Maria Rucco; props, Liz Engelhardt; hair, Elizabeth Morache for TWI-NYC using Rusk Products; makeup, Landy Dean for TWI-NYC/Edris Salon. Models, Adam Wallace and Assaf (Next); Abigail (Ford). For buying information, see page 202.



Cotton/cashmere trench coat, **$2,580,** and cashmere/silk turtleneck sweater, **$840,** both by Gucci; glasses, **$245,** by L.A. Eyeworks.




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Checkerboard-stripe shirt, **$315,** checkerboard turtleneck sweater, **$395,** and straight-leg pants, **$825,** all by Burberry Prorsum. **On her:** Hat, top, and skirt, all by Burberry London.





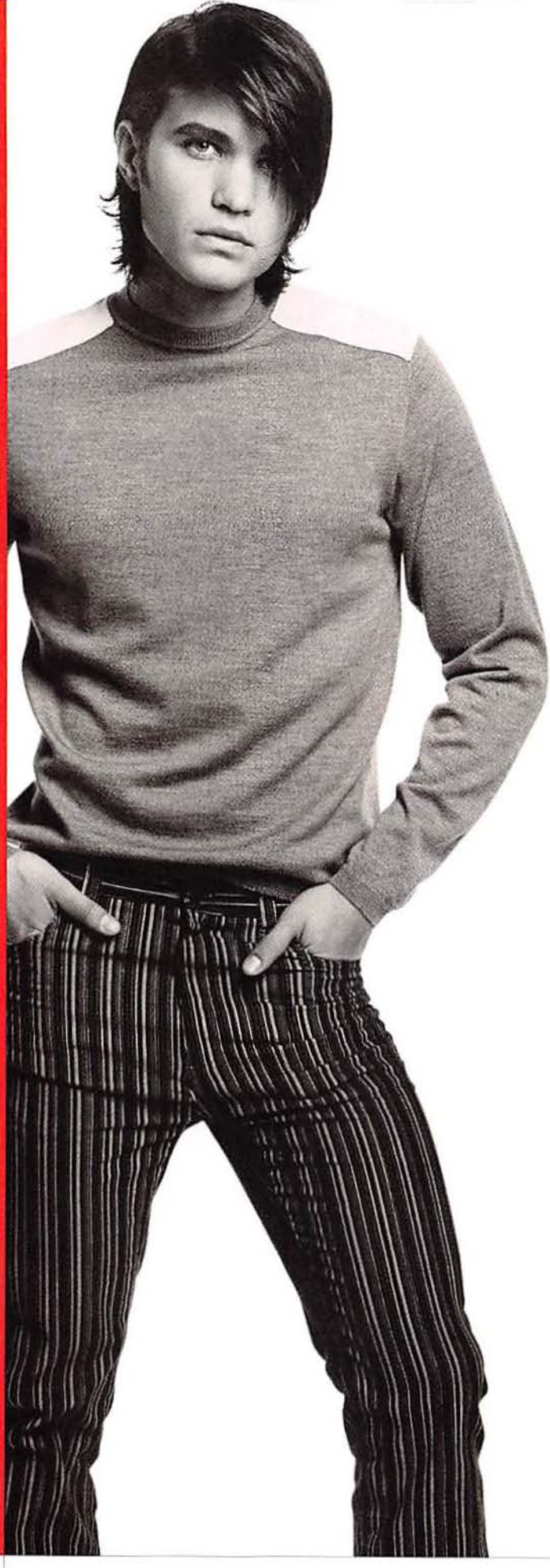
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Miller Genuine Draft is cold-filtered at a constant 32°. What's left is pure beer that hasn't had its flavor heated away. Only cold-filtering gives you a taste this pure, this refreshing.

Live Responsibly

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(from left) Sweater, **$135,** by Kenneth Cole New York 20th Anniversary Collection; pants, **$79,** by Kenneth Cole New York. Turtleneck sweater, **$95,** and houndstooth pants, **$195,** both by Tommy Hilfiger.






28) no one is watching
one more reason to get it on.

Tweed hat, **$252,** silk tie, **$126,** silk print shirt, **$850,** wool pinstripe pants, **$725,** and suede shoes, **$565,** all by Prada.





PERRY MAN



PERRY WOMAN

by Perry Ellis

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Freeze Frame

Look dope on the slopes with U.S. Ski Team endorsed gear, as worn by Olympic medalist Joe Pack.





Olive microfleece mock-neck sweatshirt, **$90,** red microfleece hooded sweatshirt, **$80,** and ivory three-layer performance polyester twill ski pants, **$125,** all by Tommy Hilfiger.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ZACH GOLD

Grooming, Elisa Flowers for Bernstein and Andriulli. For buying information, see page 202.

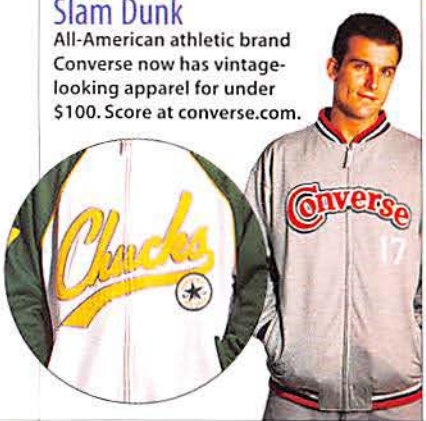


Sure Shot

With this stainless-steel automatic watch by the hunting lifestyle company Beretta, you won't need a license to pack heat. Set your sights on one, $2,225, at Beretta stores, or call 212-319-3235.

Slam Dunk

All-American athletic brand Converse now has vintage-looking apparel for under $100. Score at converse.com.



Coach Class

When you think of Coach, you probably think of fine leather goods. This fall the brand branches out with new neckwear that's sure to spiff up your back-to-work wardrobe. Now all you need is a job. The ties, which sell for $80 each, are available at Coach stores, or visit coach.com.

STYLE GUIDE

Clothes and accessories so cool the other nerds won't recognize you.

Crumple Zone

Don't iron these Ubi all-over-wrinkle jeans; they're supposed to be that way! Find them at Fred Segal Melrose, L.A. and Henry Lehr, N.Y.C. ($250).

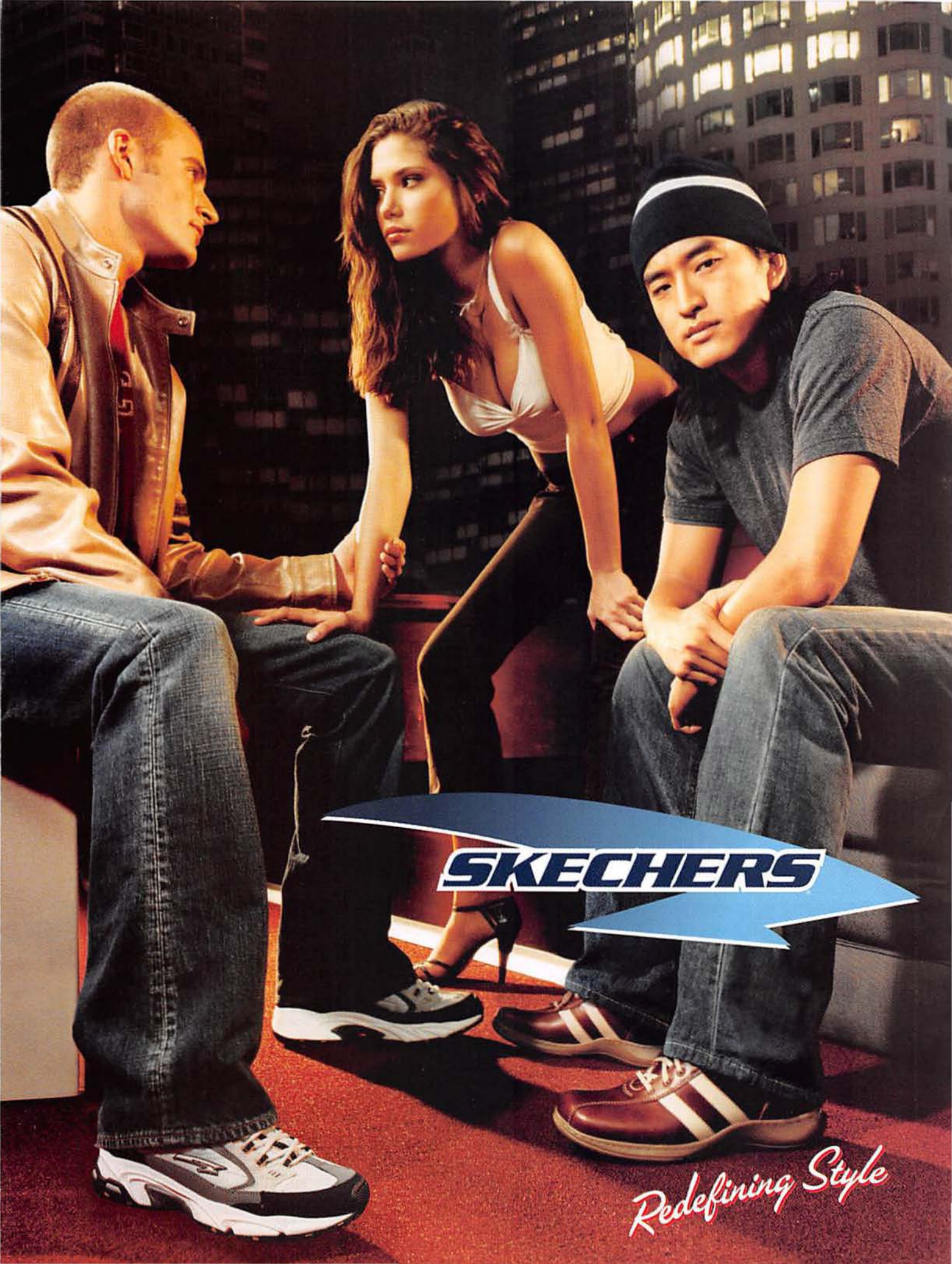




Pit Patrol

No one will know your smelly pits are working overtime when you slather on Old Spice's new Red Zone deodorant. It takes care of stink-causing bacteria, then adds a scent to make even your mom smell good. Do us a favor and get a tube. (It's only $3.79, for God's sake!)

Photographs, Brian Klutch. For buying information, see page 202.


SKECHERS
Redefining Style



This Month's Label

Designers Steven Cox and Daniel Silver have come up with a new collection full of hand-tailored jackets, hand-dyed T-shirts, and chunky sweaters. To get yours, waddle over to Barneys New York or Maxfield, L.A.





Peak Performance

Luxury über-brand Montblanc wants to step up your après-ski style with sunglasses, ranging from $165 to $320, at Montblanc stores, or visit montblanc.com.

Deep Purple

You may not be making six figures, but spritz on a little of the new Ralph Lauren Purple Label fragrance and you'll smell like a million, even if that's in Iraqi dinars. It's $55 for a 2.5 ounce eau de toilette spray, at Polo Ralph Lauren stores.





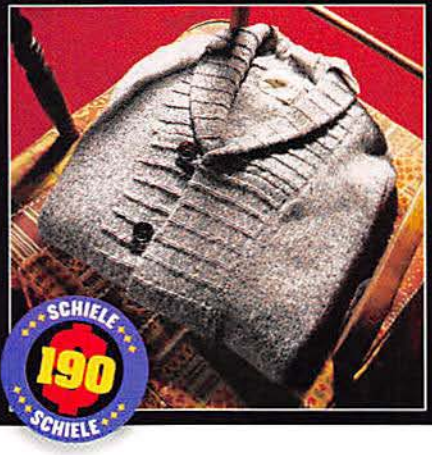
Can You Dig It?

Clae's pared-down, low-profile casual footwear has a cult following among stylin' skateboarders and surfers. Rock a pair of these and even a couch potato like you could look cool. About $100 at specialty stores, or visit claefootwear.com.

Name Your Price

At last! With one of these sweaters, from Claiborne, Schiele, or Robert Talbott, you can be as cool as Granddad but have none of the urinary tract issues.







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"My girlfriend loves the results, but she doesn't know... she thinks it's natural!"
–TM, Oklahoma

"I don't mind telling you that... I went from 3-1/2" to 6". I'm trying for even more."
–RC, South Carolina





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SAVE $49.95 ON THE ECONOMY PACK!

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Contents

Everything you need to keep your life from sucking!

Grab Bag
Ack! Scary *T3* lady! Plus, a whirlybird and golf shoes! **p.198**

Torture Test
We demolish four bar blenders, just 'cause we can **p.200**

Top Gear



It's bad enough that airlines force you to wear those filthy, lo-fi plastic headsets, but charging five bucks to view an edited version of *Daddy Day Care* is skyway robbery! The next time you fly, pack your own entertainment—from *Airplane!* to *Zoolander*—inside the palm-size Archos AV320. This 20 GB multimedia marvel can store up to 1,000 hours of music or 20 feature-length movies at near-DVD quality. The 12.5 oz. handheld has a built-in 3.8-inch color LCD screen and enough juice to last from New York to Moscow (10 hours) on MP3 mode. Headphones are included; peanuts are complimentary. *($570, archos.com)*

BIT PLAYER

A multiplex theater that fits in your pocket.

Join the mile-high movie club

Photograph, Satoshi; prop styling, Liz Engelhardt

GRAB BAG

You're skating! You're golfing! You're streaming! You're contemplating a violent death at the hands of an evil robotess!

BY JOHN WALSH
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVIES + STARR

1





2. TERMINATOR T-X HEAD ($499)

She was sent back in time to complete the deadly mission left unfinished by her predecessor, the T-1000. So, are you sure you want her on your mantel, next to the Klingon batleth and Darth Maul's lightsaber? Have you seen what this bitch can do to people? Yeah, baby! This black-chrome replica, made from the same molds used to create the props for *Terminator 3: Rise of the Machines*, can't pull that oddly arousing move where her legs clamp backward, but those pulsing blue eyes sure are sexy! *(sideshowtoy.com)*

3

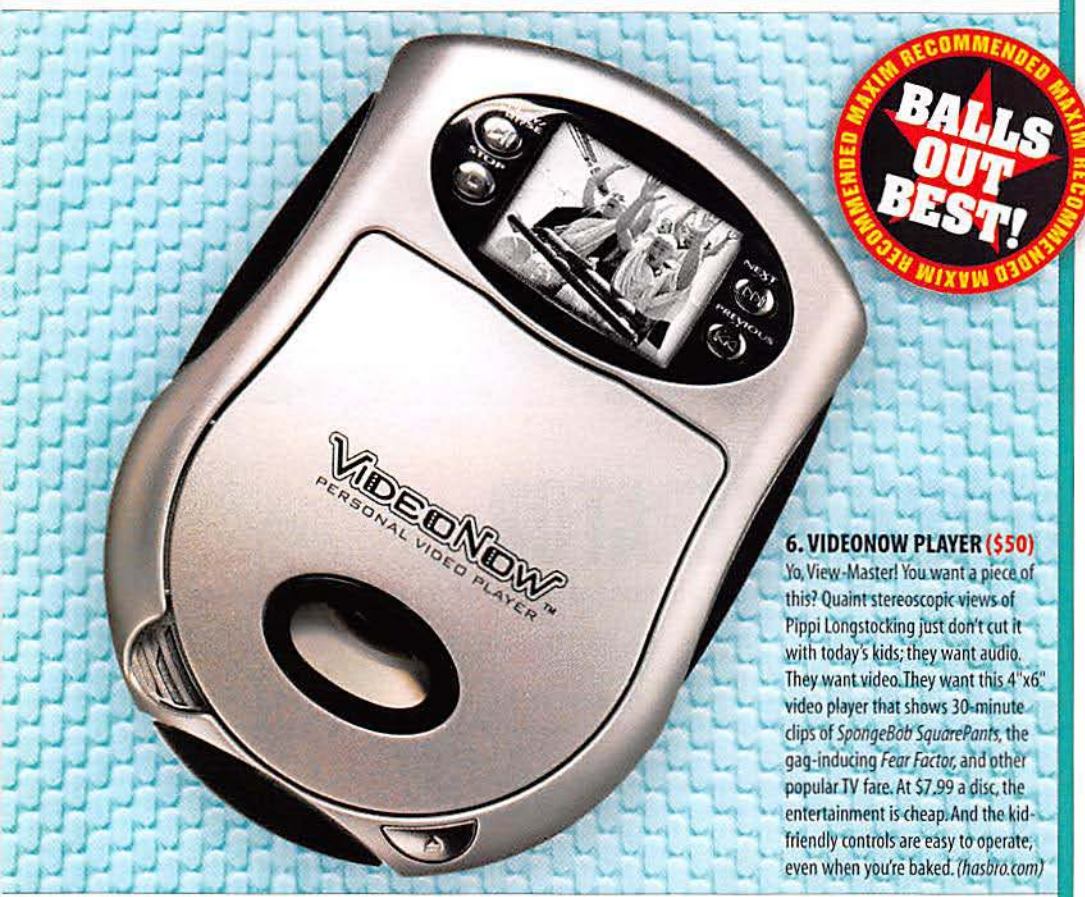


4



5





MAXIM RECOMMENDED
BALLS OUT BEST!
MAXIM RECOMMENDED

6. VIDEONOW PLAYER ($50)
Yo, View-Master! You want a piece of this? Quaint stereoscopic views of Pippi Longstocking just don't cut it with today's kids; they want audio. They want video. They want this 4"x6" video player that shows 30-minute clips of *SpongeBob SquarePants*, the gag-inducing *Fear Factor*, and other popular TV fare. At $7.99 a disc, the entertainment is cheap. And the kid-friendly controls are easy to operate, even when you're baked. *(hasbro.com)*

7



8



1. G-CLAMP BACKPACK ($70), OLLIEBLOCKS ($29)
Samurai warriors of feudal Japan often carried their swords on their backs, keeping their hands free and blades at the ready. Samurai skaters of present-day California carry their boards the same way, thanks to this backpack with a rack. We rock ours with Ollieblocks—boards fitted with urethane wedges (in place of wheels) that let us practice tricks in the privacy of the our day room... until they come around with the meds, and then it's beddy-bye time. Tomorrow is pudding day! *(globeshoes.com; flowlab.com)*

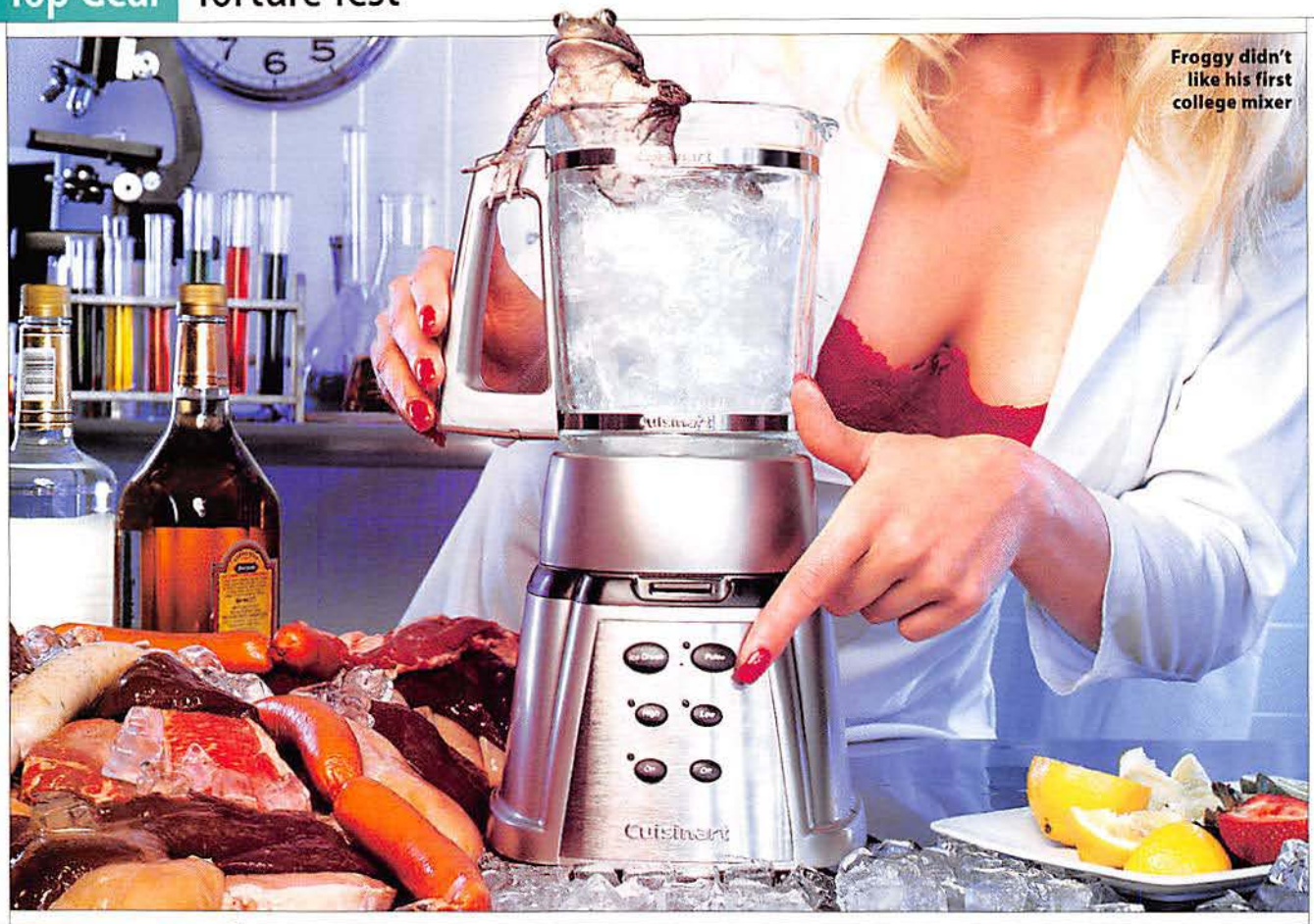
3. I'MASPEAKER ($30)
New flat-panel speaker technology can turn almost any surface—a notebook, a jacket, even the wide, misshapen forehead of that weird kid down the street—into an unexpected audio source. Lighter and more compact than clunky three-piece systems, this padded foam CD case plugs into your laptop or music player and packs a surprising sonic wallop. *(tdk.com)*

4. ADIDAS GOLF SHOES ($100)
Your feet can produce nearly two tablespoons of sweat during a nine-hole outing. Nasty! Aside from making your feet reek, that perspiration could lead to gnarly blood blisters and a cozy environment for fungal parasites. Enter Adidas' new line of athletic footwear, which employs ClimaCool technology, a combo of cool-wicking material and ducts to enhance airflow and keep those dogs from getting too darn hot. So they've got that going for them. Which is nice. *(adidasgolf.com)*

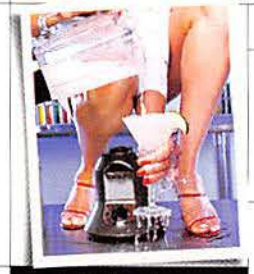
5. PHILIPS FW C577 ($200)
What could make your *Madden '04* video game experience any better? Maybe a dash of Mozart? Just kidding. Plug your platform into this shelf system's front-panel Gameport and get mashing. If the 330-watt crunches, bangs, and booms get a little monotonous, mix the game soundtrack with your own audio from a CD, an MP3 player, or a victrola. The supplied PC link lets you hear all those stolen songs on your hard drive in rich, room-filling sound. *(philips.com)*

7. THUMB THING ($20)
Autumn is here! That means pressing cider, egging the neighbors' houses, and the start of thumb-wrestling season! This may look like a toy, but it's actually a sophisticated training aid. Dodge and feint as you try to outwit your mechanical adversary's wily maneuvers. Now get in that ring! Or are you just going to let that thumb go unopposed? *(tigerelectronics.com)*

8. AIRSCOOT ($846)
Toy helicopters always look like fun, until you peek inside the box at those insanely complicated kits. But the battery-operated AirScoot, with 28-inch blades, ships with a pre-installed 340-watt Cobalt motor. And it has a 90-foot range! So even schmoes like us can go all Airborne for a few hours, if only by remote control. Just be careful—Charlie's everywhere... *(airscoot.com)*



Froggy didn't like his first college mixer



Test 1: Icebreaker



Test 2: Cream of meat



Test 3: Crash & burn

BLENDER BENDER

SMOOTHIE OPERATOR

Stir, liquefy, crush, obliterate... Which mixers take a beating and keep on spinning? BY JOSH ROBERTSON

1. CUISINART SMARTPOWER $100

The chops: In theory this 600-watt stainless-steel, cast-metal gorilla is the strongest blender in our lineup. In reality...

Icebreaker: It crushed 50 ounces of ice in 2.5 seconds. Wow.

Cream of meat: Each blender was tasked with puréeing liver, sausages, chicken, pork, and T-bone steaks, in that order. Perhaps due to its squat shape, the SmartPower had difficulty sucking pork into its jaws of death. The result: a very chunky meat shake.

Crash test: To test its durability, we rolled a human bowling ball into the SmartPower, repeatedly. It whirred until the sixth strike. Then it was lights out.



Verdict: This boxy beast iced our frozen margarita test, but it wouldn't swallow our meat.

★★★☆☆

2. VIKING PROFESSIONAL $150

The chops: We were intrigued by this blender's "high-torque commercial-grade motor" as well as its simple, no-nonsense two-speed control dial: high and higher.

Icebreaker: It whipped up a tequila slushie in seven seconds.

Cream of meat: Like a blood-thirsty Norseman of old, the Viking turned liver and pork into a sickly gray sludge in about 90 seconds. The T-bone steak, however, stopped the spinning blades like a halberd to the thorax.

Crash test: Four head butts split it asunder. And its 40-ounce glass carafe was the first to shatter!



Verdict: Like its namesake, the Viking is bone simple. But it cracked like a frozen Charleston Chew.

★★★☆☆

3. OSTER IN2ITIVE $100

The chops: This thing's "In2itive" LCD control screen serves up pre-programmed recipes for popular soups, salsas, and cocktails. Neat idea if it weren't for its 20,000 menu options. And there's no recipe for meat shakes.

Icebreaker: Seventeen seconds. Feeling sorry for the pathetic thing, we recrammed it with ice, and in a do-over it improved to 11 seconds.

Cream of meat: Dead last. It struggled with the sausage and stalled on the chicken. Then its motor began to smoke.

Crash test: Nearly indestructible. After 10 hits we had to chuck it out of a second-story window and onto a concrete sidewalk—five times—to crack it.



Verdict: It may be sturdy as hell, but it chokes on chicken.

★★☆☆☆

4. KITCHENAID ULTRA POWER $180

The chops: Great copper finish and five speeds. Best of all, it's "Assembled with Pride in Greenville, Ohio." Big ups to Greenville.

Icebreaker: Five seconds.

Cream of meat: The KitchenAid ably shredded sausage, grumbled through bird, and carved up pig. It was the only blender to shred the steak; it even munched through half the bone.

Crash test: It withstood 10 direct hits from our crash-test dummy's concussed noggin. So it suffered the same fate as the Oster, shattering on its third fall.



Verdict: Brawny, powerful, and made in America.

★★★★★

BEST ALL AROUND · MAXIM #1 · BEST ALL AROUND

Photographs, Frank Veronsky; set design and props, Eyal Baruch; styling, Cannon for Oliver Piro; hair and makeup, Karen Panoch for artistsbytimothyphano.com; meat, Johnny and Mike LePine, Empire Market, College Point, Queens, N.Y. "the Sausage Kings of Queens.


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EX model shown with accessory roof rack. © 2003 American Honda Motor Co., Inc. honda.com 1-800-33-Honda
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BUYING GUIDE

STREET SMART

Page 169: (from left) Sweater, $125, pants, $850, coat, $1,850, shirt, $125, tie, $95, jeans, $195, coat, $2,250, sweater, $350, pants, $310, and jacket, $850, all by Sean John, available by special order only, visit seanjohn.com. Boots, $625, by J.M. Weston, at J.M. Weston, N.Y.C.; or call 877-4-WESTON. Boots, $163, and boots, $164, both by Harley Davidson, call 888-637-7001.

YOU GOT THE LOOK

Page 170: (clockwise, from top left) Jacket, $485, by DieselStyleLab, at DieselStyleLab, N.Y.C. and San Francisco. Cuff links, $100, by Links of London, at Links of London, N.Y.C.; or call 800-210-0079. Phone, $6,500, by Vertu, at Neiman Marcus; Barneys New York; or call 866-448-3788; or visit vertu.com. Sneakers, $220, by Mihara by Puma, at Barneys New York; Neiman Marcus.
Page 171: (clockwise, from top left) Track jacket, $100, by Nike, at niketown.com. Sneaker, $70, by Rush by Gordon Rush, call 800-322-1477. Cap, $80, by D&G, at D&G stores, Las Vegas, Costa Mesa, CA, and Bal Harbour, FL.
Page 172: (clockwise, from top left) Sweatshirt, $70, by Phat Farm, visit phatfarmstore.com. Shoes, $95, by Pepe Jeans London, call 888-PEPE. Polo shirt, $32, by Fossil, visit fossil.com. Hat, $29, by Akademiks, at Bloomingdale's; The Lark; and Downtown Locker Room. Sunglasses, $280, by Face à Face, call 888-388-3223. Bag, $50, by Blue Marlin, at Barneys Co-Op; and Macy's.
Page 174: (clockwise, from top left) Belt, $29, by Quiksilver, visit quiksilver.com. Pants, $69, by DKNY Jeans, at Bloomingdale's; Macy's; Nordstrom; or call 800-777-4524. Hat, $22, by Globe, call 888-4-GLOBE; or visit globeshoes.com. Pendant, $110, by Liberty Coin Jewelry, at guyshop.com. T-shirt, $28, by Guess?, at Guess? stores; or call 800-39-GUESS. Cuff links, $65, by Jan Leslie, visit janleslie.com. Boots, $164, by Harley Davidson, call 888-637-7001.

THE MOD SQUAD

Pages 176–177: (from left) Coat, $1,450, by Marc Jacobs, at Marc Jacobs, N.Y.C. and San Francisco. Turtleneck sweater, $225, by Calvin Klein Black Label, at Calvin Klein stores, N.Y.C. and Dallas. Peacoat, $950, turtleneck, $395, and pants, $250, all by Marc Jacobs, at Marc Jacobs store, N.Y.C. and San Francisco.
Page 178: Suit, $1,050, by Calvin Klein Black Label, at Calvin Klein store, N.Y.C. and Dallas. Turtleneck sweater, $220, by Pringle of Scotland, at select Saks Fifth Avenue stores. Shoes, $318, by Calvin Klein, at Calvin Klein stores, N.Y.C. and Dallas.
Page 179: Men's jacket, $2,295, by Ralph Lauren Purple Label, at Ralph Lauren stores, N.Y.C., Las Vegas, Chicago, and Beverly Hills; or call 888-475-7674; or visit runway.polo.com.
Page 180: Coat, $2,580, and turtleneck, $840, both by Tom Ford for Gucci, at select Gucci stores. Glasses, $245, by L.A. Eyeworks, call 800-348-3337; or visit laeyeworks.com.
Page 182: Shirt, $315, turtleneck sweater, $395, and pants, $825, all by Burberry Prorsum, at select Burberry London stores.
Page 184: (from left) Sweater, $135, by Kenneth Cole New York 20th Anniversary Collection, at Kenneth Cole stores; or call 800-KEN-COLE; or visit kennethcole.com. Pants, $79, by Kenneth Cole New York, at Kenneth Cole stores; or call 800-KEN-COLE; or visit kennethcole.com. Turtleneck sweater, $95, and pants, $195, both by Tommy Hilfiger, at Tommy Hilfiger stores; or call 888-TOMMY-4U.
Page 186: Hat, $252, tie, $126, shirt, $850, pants, $725, and shoes, $565, all by Prada, at select Prada stores; or call 888-977-1900.

FREEZE FRAME

Pages 190–191: Sweatshirt, $90, hooded sweatshirt, $80, ski pants, $125, all by Tommy Hilfiger, at select department stores; or call 888-TOMMY-4U.

NAME YOUR PRICE

Page 194: Cardigan, $125, by Claiborne, at select Dillard's; and select Hecht's. Cardigan, $190, by Schiele, at Isa, Williamsburg, NY, and Steven Allen, N.Y.C. Cardigan, $595, by Robert Talbott, at Robert Talbott stores; Khakis, Carmel, CA; and Harrold's in the Heights, Houston, TX; or call 800-847-8778; or visit robertalbott.com.

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p.96: Bra by Deborah Marquit, available at C. Ronson, N.Y.C. Panties available at Religious Sex, N.Y.C. Necklace available at Religious Sex, N.Y.C.
p.123: (Rams) Bottoms by Susan Elizabeth. Shoes by Stuart Weitzman
p.126: (Cowboys) Necklace by Noir. Shoes by Stuart Weitzman. Cuff by Conner-ho. Custom football by Brittany Bardo
p.130: (Redskins) Bikini by Lost Art. Skirt by customheidi.com
p.132: (Dolphins) Boots by Stuart Weitzman. Cuff by Connor-ho. Shirt by customheidi.com. Bikini bottoms by Rosa Cha
p.136: (Bengals) Shirt by customheidi.com. Shoes by Stuart Weitzman. Necklace (worn on boot) by Kenneth Jay Lane. Earring by Damselfly, at Elizabeth Charles, N.Y.C.
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p.144: Gladiator cuff (as choker) available at the Leather Man, N.Y.C. Studded leather cuffs available at Hotel Venus by Patricia Field, N.Y.C., call 212-966-4066. Two-row studded cuff available at Religious Sex, N.Y.C., call 212-477-9037
p.145: Leather corset by Sean John Women's Collection. Black cotton boy shorts by Cosabella, call 212-206-7477
p.146: Studded Black Bra by Guess?, available at selected Guess? stores. Leather front lace-up shorts by Sean John Women's Collection. Studded leather cuffs available at Hotel Venus by Patricia Field, N.Y.C., call 212-966-4066. Two-row studded cuff available at Religious Sex, N.Y.C., call 212-477-9037
p.148: Studded string bikini bottom by J.Lo by Jennifer Lopez, available at selected department stores. Silver Bracelet by Guess? Accessories, available at Bloomingdale's
p.162: Bra and panties by Deborah Marquit
p.164: Pink satin panties available at La Petite Coquette, N.Y.C.
p.165: Orange bikini by Liza Bruce. Bracelet by Religious Sex, N.Y.C.
p.200: Shoes by Stuart Weitzman

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Jamie Ireland is a freelance writer in the areas of sex, fitness, romance, and travel.

Hot Spot

the inside story on Great Sex!

by Jamie Ireland

Learning "The Ropes"..

This month I got a letter from a reader in Texas about a "little secret" that has made her sex life with her husband absolutely explosive. (Those Texans know their stuff, let me tell you.)

Tina writes:

Dear Jamie,

Last month my husband returned from a business trip in Europe, and he was hotter and hornier than ever before, with more passion than he has had for years. It was incredible. He flat wore me out! And the best part of all—he was having multiple orgasms. I know what you're thinking... men don't have multiples, but trust me he was, and his newfound pow! pow! power! stimulated me into the most intense orgasms I've ever had. So, before we knew it, we were both basking in the glow of the best sex of our lives!

We tried tantric stuff in the past, and the results were so-so. But this was something new and exciting, completely out of the ordinary. I asked my husband what had created such a dramatic change in our lovemaking and he told me he'd finally learned "the ropes."

On the last night of his business trip my husband spent an evening dining out with a Swedish nutritionist and his wife of 20 years. The couple was obviously still quite enamored with each other, so my husband asked their secret. The nutritionist told him their sex life was more passionate than ever. Then he pulled a small bottle from his satchel and gave it to my husband. The bottle contained a natural supplement that the nutritionist told my husband would teach him "the ropes" of good sex.



My husband takes the supplement every day. The supply from the nutritionist is about to run out and we desperately want to know how we can find more. Do you know anything about "the ropes," and can you tell us how we can find it in the States?

Sincerely,
Tina C., Ft. Worth, Texas

Tina, you and the rest of our readers are in luck, because it just so happens I do know about "the ropes" and the supplement your husband's Swedish friend likely shared.

The physical contractions and fluid release during male orgasm can be multiplied and intensified by a product called Ogöplex Pure Extract™. It's a daily supplement specially formulated to trigger better orgasmic experiences in men. The best part, from a woman's perspective, is that the motion and experience a man can achieve with Ogöplex Pure Extract can help stimulate our own orgasms, bringing a whole new meaning to the term simultaneous climax!

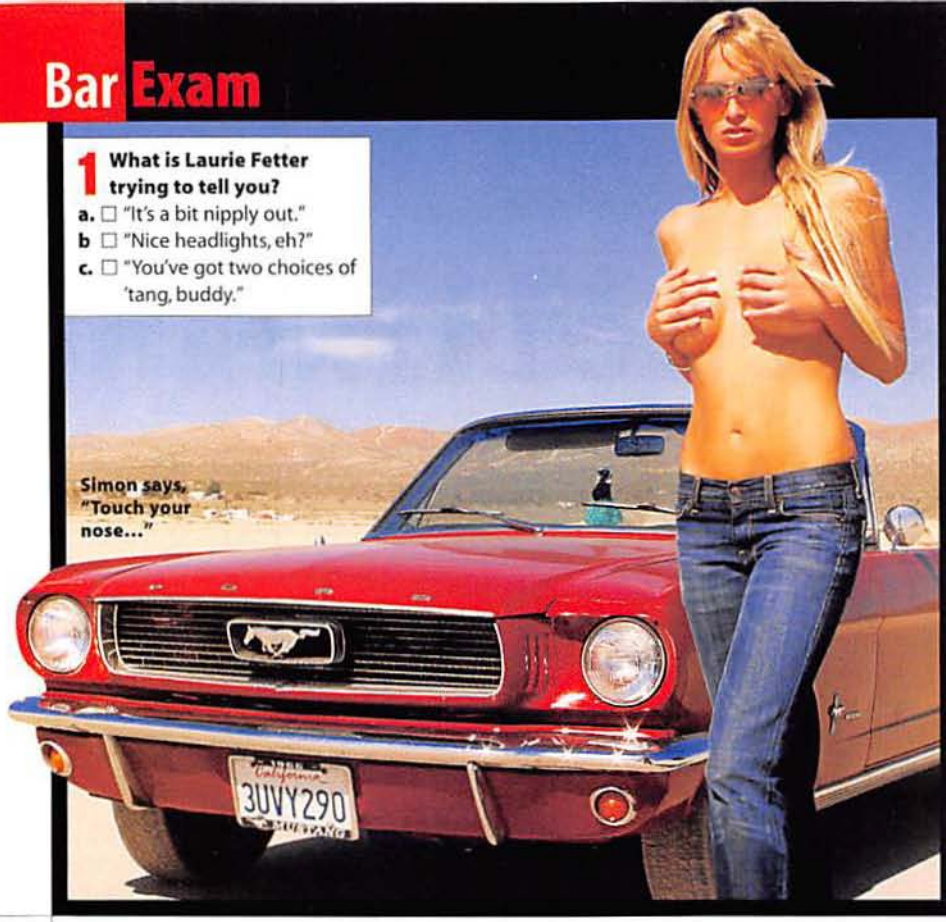
The term used by the Swedish nutritionist is actually fairly common slang for the effect your husband experienced. The enhanced contractions and heightened orgasmic release are often referred to as ropes because of the rope-like effect of release during climax. In other words, as some people have said, "it just keeps coming and coming and coming."

As far as finding it in the States, I know of just one importer—Böland Naturals. If you are interested, you can contact them at 1-866-ogoplex or ogoplex.com. Ogöplex is all-natural and safe to take. All the people I've spoken with have said taking the once-daily tablet has led to the roping effect Tina described in her letter.

Aren't you glad you asked?

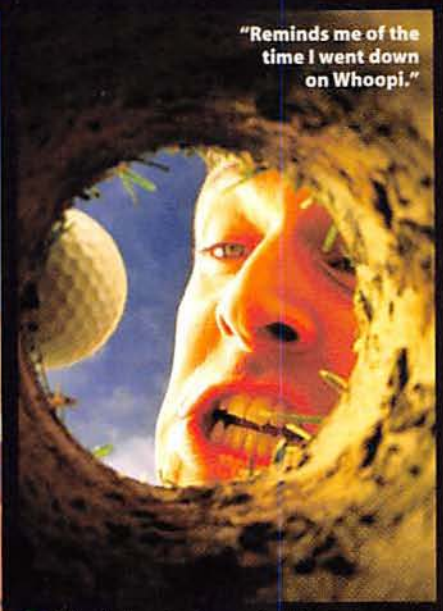
Jamie Ireland

Bar Exam



1 What is Laurie Fetter trying to tell you?

a. ☐ "It's a bit nipply out."
b ☐ "Nice headlights, eh?"
c. ☐ "You've got two choices of 'tang, buddy."



"Reminds me of the time I went down on Whoopi."

2 Why is four inches a significant sports measurement?

a. ■ It's the minimum depth of a PGA golf hole.
b. ■ It's the width of an NHL hockey puck.
c. ■ It's the length of an NFL football seam.
d. ■ It's the maximum penis length allowed by the WNBA.

ARE YOU AS DUMB AS YOU LOOK?

Find out right now! Answers can be found at **maximonline.com**, or just be lazy and read 'em here next month.

3. After disemboweling someone, which kill line delivers the best punch?

a. ☐ "What's the matter, can't stomach it?"
b. ☐ "You haven't got the guts!"
c. ☐ "Hmm, polyps on the colon. You really should see a doctor."

4. True or false: Yo' mama's so dumb it takes her two hours to watch *60 Minutes*.

a. ☐ True
b. ☐ False, and she also hates game shows.

5. When Smokey radios the code 10-94, he means what?

a. ☐ Notify coroner
b. ☐ Drag racing arrest
c. ☐ Kris Kristofferson is at it again





6. Arachibutyrophobia is the fear of what?

a. ☐ Getting peanut butter stuck to the roof of your mouth
b. ☐ Suffering the bite of a Black Widow
c. ☐ Losing a rectal thermometer in the ol' Khyber Pass
d. ☐ Taking asinine tests, like this one

7. What's the benefit of having a female coworker who hates you?

a. ☐ Bosses like competitive conflict.
b. ☐ It's an excuse to skip group lunches.
c. ☐ It fuels superior anal sex fantasies.

8. Match each antiquated law to the boneheaded state that passed it.

1. It's illegal to use a lasso to catch a fish.
2. It's illegal to incite laughter in church by wearing a fake mustache.
3. It's illegal for a woman to wear false teeth without her husband's written permission.



a. ☐ Vermont
b. ☐ Tennessee
c. ☐ Alabama

9 What three fruit juices provide the punch in Hawaiian Punch?



a. ☐ Passionfruit
b. ☐ Pineapple
c. ☐ Snozzberry
d. ☐ Orange

10. Which of the following actresses is, improbably, a member of MENSA?

a. ☐ Salma Hayek
b. ☐ Sharon Stone
c. ☐ Geena Davis



11. Which film won an Oscar for best song, "Say You, Say Me"?

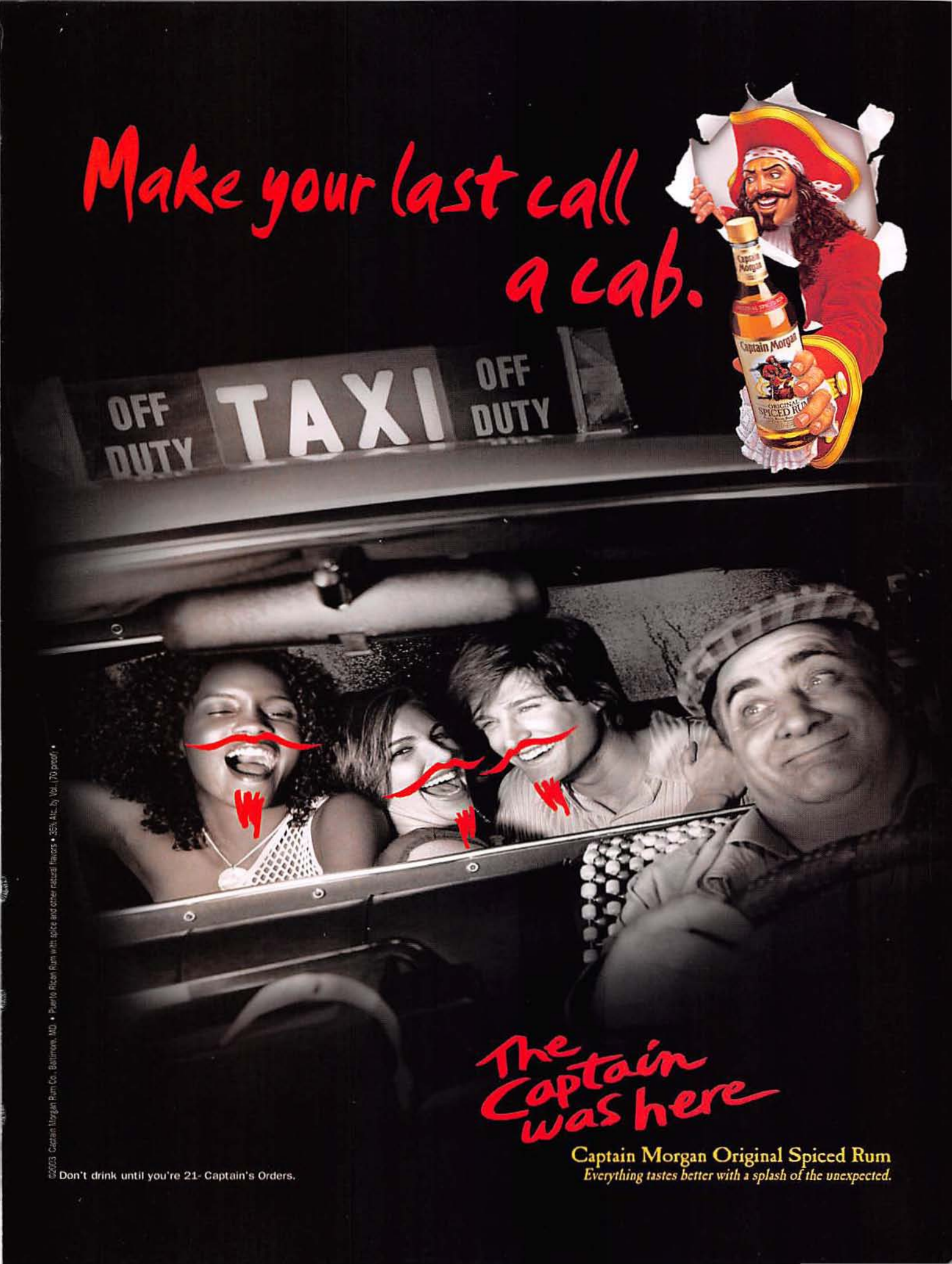
a. ☐ *Flashdance* (1983)
b. ☐ *The Woman in Red* (1984)
c. ☐ *White Nights* (1985)
d. ☐ Aha, all *Maxim* editors are prancing boys—I *knew it!*

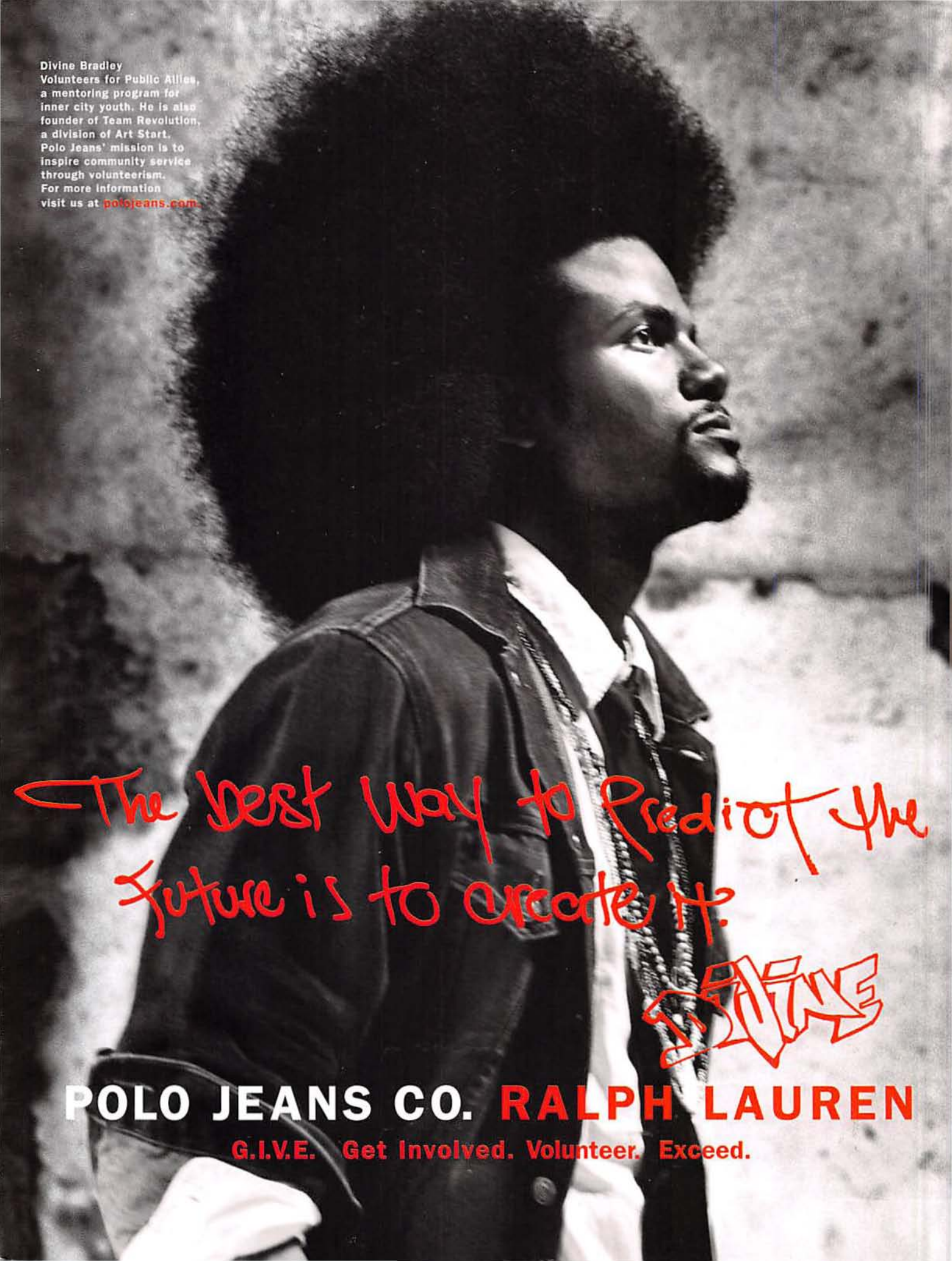
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Last month's answers: 1. c 2. d 3. c 4. a 5. a and d 6. b 7. b 8. c 9. c 10. a 11. b


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